















(THE)  
SCOTTISH MINSTREL  
A SELECTION  
from the  
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND  
ANCIENT & MODERN  
ARRANGED FOR THE  
PIANO FORTE  
— BY —  
R. A. SMITH.  
VOL. III



Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stat. Hall.

Price 8 s

EDINBURGH

Published & Sold by ROBT PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument  
Warehouse, N<sup>o</sup> 70 Princes Street.



## INDEX TO VOLUME THIRD.

---

	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
AND are ye sure the news is true? .....	<i>Jean Adam,</i>	There's nae Luck about the House, .....	10
AS I was a-walking by yon river side, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	He's dear, dear to me, .....	2
Auld Robin, the laird o' muckle land, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Jamie o' the Glen, .....	100
Ay wakin', oh! Wakin' ay and wearie, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Ay wakin', oh, .....	12
A wee bird came to our ha' door, .....	<i>Glen,</i>	Johnny Faa, .....	91
Bessy's beauties shine sae bright, .....	<i>Ramsay,</i>	Bessy's Haggis, .....	5
Blithe was the time, .....	<i>Tannahill,</i>	Mor nian a Ghibarlau, .....	80
Blithe, blithe, and merry was she, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Andrew wi' his Cutty Gun, .....	33
Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Bonnie wee Thing, .....	58
Brave Lewie Roy, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Brave Lewie Roy, .....	102
By Logan streams, that rin sae deep, .....	<i>Mayne,</i>	Logan Braes, .....	16
Can aught be constant as the sun, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Twine weel the Plaidin', .....	8
Charlie cam to our lord's castle, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Charlie came to our Lord's Castle, .....	94
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	O'er the Water to Charlie, .....	26
Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle, .....	<i>Glover,</i>	O'er the Muir amang the Heather, .....	52
Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, O, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Dumbarton Drums, .....	6
Edina! aft thy wa's hae rung, .....	<i>Gall,</i>	The Flowers of Edinburgh, .....	25
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Macpherson's Farewell, .....	24
Fortune, frowning most severe, .....	<i>Allan,</i>	Bonnie winsome Mary, .....	46
Fy, buckle your belt an' braid-sword on, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Fy, buckle your Belt, .....	105
Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land, .....	<i>Ramsay,</i>	Gi'e me a Lass, .....	26
Gill Morice was an earl's son, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Gill Morice, .....	106
Haud awa, bidc awa, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Haud awa frae mc, Donald, .....	73
Happy's the luve that ineets return, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Mary Scott, .....	1



	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
✓ Here awa, there awa, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Wandering Willie, .....	10
Here's to the king, sir, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Hey Tutti, Taiti, .....	55
He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	He's o'er the Hills, .....	94
Hey how, Johnny lad, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Hey how, Johnny Lad, .....	108
How pleasant the banks, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	The Dairy Maid, .....	34
How sweet this lone vale, .....	<i>J. Erskine,</i>	Lord Breadalbane's March, .....	102
I dreamed I lay, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	The Dream, .....	14
✓ I lo'e nae a laddie but ane, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	I lo'e nae a Laddie but ane, .....	69
✓ I'm wearin' awa, John, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Hey Tutti, Taiti, .....	54
In simmer when the hay was mawn, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	In Simmer when the Hay was mawn, .....	104
In the garb of old Gaul, .....	<i>Erskine,</i>	The Highland Character, .....	50
In the hall I lay, I lay at night, .....	<i>Ossian,</i>	The Maid of Selma, .....	38
It was a' for our rightfu' king, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Adieu for evermore, my Dear, .....	18
Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head, .....	<i>Pickering,</i>	Donocht-head, .....	96
Maid of my heart, a long farewell, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Maid of my Heart, .....	98
Musing on the roaring ocean, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Drumion Dubh, .....	54
My sheep I've forsaken, .....	<i>Elliot,</i>	My Apron, Dearie, .....	45
Nae mair we'll meet again, my love, .....	<i>Sim,</i>	Daft Robin, .....	6
Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, .....	<i>Hayley,</i>	Burial of Sir J. Moore, .....	76
Now nature hangs her mantle green, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, .....	53
✓ O bonnie was yon rosy brier, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	O bonnie was yon Rosy Brier, .....	93
✓ Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Miss Admiral Gordon, .....	18
O false Sir John a wooing came, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	May Colvin, .....	92
O fare ye weel, my auld wife, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	My Auld Wife, .....	66
O gin my love were yon red rose, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	The red, red Rose, .....	74
Oh, Billy, Billy, bonny Billy, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Battle o' Bothwell Brig, .....	62
Oh, was not I a weary wight, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Massacre of Glencoe, .....	48
O heard ye yon pibroch sound, .....	<i>T. Campbell,</i>	Glenara, .....	70
O, how can you gang, lassie, .....	<i>Tannahill,</i>	O, how could ye gang sae to grieve me, .....	98
O, I hae seen great anes, .....	<i>Hamilton,</i>	Todlin Hame, .....	43
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Kenmure's on and awa, .....	81
O, lady, twine no wreath for me, .....	<i>Scott,</i>	The Laird o' Cockpen, .....	36
✓ O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Lord Gregory, .....	4
O, my love is like a red, red rose, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Low down in the Broom, .....	85
On Ettrick banks ae simmer night, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Ettrick Banks, .....	84
O rattlin', roarin' Willie, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Rattlin', roarin' Willie, .....	34

	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
✓ O, sweet sir, for your courtesie,.....	Unknown,.....	My Jo Janet,.....	20
O, this is no my ain house, .....	Ditto, .....	This is no mine ain House,.....	41
✓ O wash that drap frae aff your cheek,.....	Ditto, .....	Lady Kenmure,.....	42
O, wat ye wha's in yon town,.....	Burns, .....	We'll gang nae mair to yon Town, .....	82
O whare hae ye been, Lord Ronald,.....	Unknown,.....	Lord Ronald, my Son,.....	58
Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas, .....	Ditto, .....	The Douglas Tragedy,.....	86
Romantic Esk ! what sweets combine,.....	Gall, .....	Fy, gae rub her o'er wi' Strae,.....	40
See, spring her graces wild disclose,.....	Unknown,.....	Bonny Jane,.....	89
Shall monarchy be quite forgot,.....	Ditto, .....	In Days of Yore,.....	66
Simmer comes, and in her train,.....	Sim, .....	Simmer comes,.....	97
Since all thy vows, false maid,.....	Cromleck, .....	Cromleck's Lilt,.....	21
The auld Stuarts back again,.....	Unknown,.....	The auld Stuarts back again, .....	70
The bonniest lass in a' the world,.....	Ditto, .....	The bonniest Lass in a' the World, .....	56
✓ The day returns, my bosom burns,.....	Burns, .....	The Day returns, .....	13
The do'e flew east, the do'e flew west,.....	Hogg, .....	Sir David Græme, .....	49
The gypsies came to our lord's yett,.....	Unknown,.....	Johnny Faa,.....	90
The laird o' Cockpen, .....	Ditto, .....	The Laird o' Cockpen,.....	36
The lass of Patie's mill, .....	Ramsay,.....	The Lass of Patie's Mill,.....	29
The last time I came o'er the muir, .....	Ditto, .....	The last Time I came o'er the Muir, ..	32
The moon's o'er the mountain,.....	Unknown,.....	O Conner, loved Conner, .....	22
The soldier may toil,.....	T. Campbell,.....	Alloa House, .....	46
✓ The tears I shed must ever fall, .....	Cranston, .....	Miss Forbes' Farewell,.....	101
The weary pund, the weary pund,.....	Burns, .....	The weary Pund o' Tow,.....	88
The widow can bake, .....	Unknown,.....	Wap at the Widow, my Laddie,.....	2
The winter it is past,.....	Ditto, .....	The Winter it is past,.....	14
Ditto,.....	Ditto, .....	Ditto,.....	15
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,.....	Ditto, .....	There's cauld Kail in Aberdeen,.....	61
There's nought that ever met the eye,.....	Anderson, .....	The Bonniest Lass in a' the World, .....	56
There was ance a May,.....	Lady Home, .....	An' werena my Heart light I wad die, .....	17
Thou art gane awa, thou art gane awa,.....	Ditto, .....	Thou art gane awa, .....	60
Thou ling'ring star ! with less'ning ray, .....	Burns, .....	O, Mary, dear departed Shade, .....	72
Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,.....	Skinner, .....	Marquis of Huntly's Reel,.....	9
'Twas past one o'clock,.....	Unknown,.....	Cauld Frosty Morning, .....	74
'Twas wearing gay and late at e'en,.....	Gall, .....	Dainty Davie, .....	68
Ullin, Carril, and Ryno, .....	Ossian, .....	Song of Selma,.....	57
Up wi' the carls o' Dysart,.....	Unknown,.....	Hey ! ca' thro',.....	22

	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
What beauties does Flora disclose,	<i>Crawford,</i>	<i>Tweedside,</i>	65
When braving angry winter's storms,	<i>Burns,</i>	<i>Neil Gow's Lament for Abercairney,</i>	82
When fragrant winds at eve blew saft,	<i>Unknown,</i>	<i>Ettrick Banks,</i>	84
When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,	<i>Ditto,</i>	<i>Todlin Hame,</i>	42
✓ When merry hearts were gay,	<i>Macniell,</i>	<i>Donald and Flora,</i>	28
When the sheep are in the fauld,	<i>Unknown,</i>	<i>Auld Robin Gray,</i>	30
✓ Wilt thou be my dearie,	<i>Burns,</i>	<i>Wilt thou be my Dearie,</i>	64
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,	<i>Unknown,</i>	<i>The Ewe-bughts, Marion,</i>	37
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,	<i>Burns,</i>	<i>Ditto,</i>	37
✓ Young Jamie lo'ed me weel,	<i>Lindsay,</i>	<i>Auld Robin Gray,</i>	30
Ye gallants bright, I redd you right,	<i>Burns,</i>	<i>Beware o' bonnie Ann,</i>	44

## INDEX TO VOLUME FOURTH.

---

AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
ADIEU, dear stream, that smoothly glides,.....	<i>Seadlock</i> , .....Halloween,.....	93
Adieu to rock and to waterfall,.....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....Cia mar a Surra' sinn fuirach, .....	4
A friend o' mine came here yestreen,.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....My Wife has ta'en the gee,.....	44
Aften hae I played at the ring,.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....Lord Aboyne, .....	6
Again the breeze blows thro' the trees,.....	<i>Nicholson</i> , .....Nae Dominies for me, Laddie,.....	80
A heavenly muse in green Erin is singing,.....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....Miss Carmichael,.....	16
A laddie and a lassie dwalt, .....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....The rin awa Bride,.....	37
A lady looked out at a castle wa',.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....Fine Flowers in the Valley,.....	33
Ance mair I hail thee, .....	<i>Burns</i> , .....Through the lang Muir,.....	82
And a' the fear my Jenny had, .....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....Jenny's Bawbee,.....	69
An' thou wert my ain thing, .....	<i>Ramsay</i> , .....An' thou wert my ain Thing, .....	2
An' was you e'er in Crail toune,.....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....Crail Tounne,.....	8
As I came in by Auchindown,.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....The Haughs of Cromdale,.....	58
As I was a-walking all along,.....	<i>Burns</i> , .....The wee, wee Man, .....	61
Bannocks o' bear-meal,.....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....Bannocks o' Barley,.....	74
Blithe hae I been on yon hill, .....	<i>Burns</i> , .....The Quaker's Wife,.....	31
Boatman, haste, launch your skiff,.....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....The Cowboy,.....	8
By smooth-winding Tay, .....	<i>Crauford</i> , .....John Hay's bonnie Lassie, .....	34
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,.....	<i>Unknown</i> , .....Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes,.....	52
Charlie, ye are welcome, .....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....Charlie, ye're welcome, .....	10
Duncan Gray came here to woo,.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....Duncan Gray, .....	86
Fareweel, Edinburgh,.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....Mrs M'Leod of Rasay, .....	50
Fareweel, oh! fareweel,.....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....Gaelic Air, .....	71
Frae Dunidier, as I cam through, .....	<i>Ditto</i> , .....The Battle of Harlaw, .....	36
From his booth on the hill, .....	<i>Glassford</i> , .....Si do mholla, .....	70
From thee, Eliza, I must go,.....	<i>Burns</i> , .....Donald, .....	46
From the chase on the mountains,.....	<i>Maclaren</i> , .....Macgregor a Ruara,.....	49



	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
Gin I had a wee house, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Bide ye yet, .....	97
Gloomy winter's now awa, .....	<i>Tannahill,</i>	Lord Balgonie's Favourite, .....	60
Hame cam our gudeman, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Our Gudeman cam Hame at e'en, .....	66
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain, .....	<i>Ramsay,</i>	The Bush aboon Traquair, .....	54
Hech hey, the mirth that was there, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Country Bumpkin, .....	90
I am my mammy's ae bairn, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	I'm o'er young to marry yet, .....	34
I hae a green purse and a wee pickle gowd, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	I hae a green Purse, .....	45
In April, when primroses, .....	<i>Ramsay,</i>	The yellow-haired Laddie, .....	62
In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Tak your auld Cloak about ye, .....	86
I sigh and lament me in vain, .....	<i>Mary, Queen of Scots,</i>	Queen Mary's Lamentation, .....	76
It fell about the Lammas time, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Leezie Bailly, .....	90
It's here awa, there awa, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Loons, ye maun gang Hame, .....	85
It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Souters o' Selkirk, .....	72
I wish I were where Ellen lies, .....	<i>Mayne,</i>	Kirkconnel Lea, .....	20
Jocky he came here to woo, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock, .....	22
Jocky said to Jenny, .....	<i>Ramsay,</i>	Jocky said to Jenny, .....	42
Jocky met with Jenny fair, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	O'er the Hills and far awa, .....	ib.
Let us go, lassie, go, .....	<i>Tannahill,</i>	Braes o' Balquhither, .....	89
Little wat ye wha's coming, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Tail toddle, .....	102
Merrily danced the quaker's wife, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Quaker's Wife, .....	30
My dear and only love, I pray, .....	<i>Marq. of Montrose,</i>	I'll never love thee more, .....	48
My heart's in the Highlands, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	Crochallan, .....	4
My love has forsaken me, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	My Love has forsaken me, .....	74
My Ronald was a gallant gay, .....	<i>Burns,</i>	Highlanders' Farewell, .....	94
Nine times bleak winter's cranreuch snell, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	The Flower o' Dunoon, .....	24
Now, Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Rock and a wee pickle Tow, .....	5
O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, .....	<i>Ramsay,</i>	O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, .....	21
O can ye sew cushions, .....	<i>Unknown,</i>	O can ye sew Cushions, .....	32
O Castcl Gloom, thy strength is gone, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Castle Gloom, .....	12
O far, far frae him, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	Our ain Countrie, .....	30
O hae ye been by Maggy's muir, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	St Andrews Toune, .....	50
O how can I be blithe and glad, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	The bonnie Lad that's far awa, .....	82
Oh ! lang the Lady Grainge did live, .....	<i>Ditto,</i>	In lonely wilds, .....	64



# INDEX TO VOLUME FOURTH.

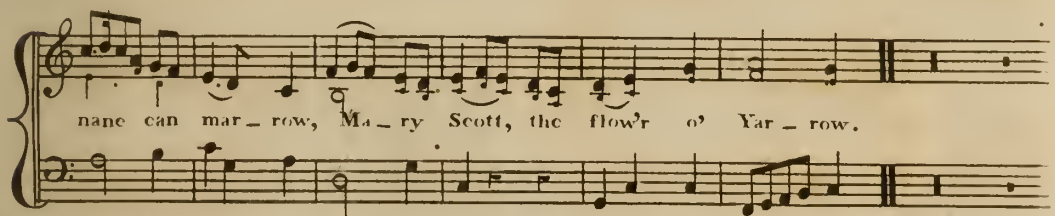
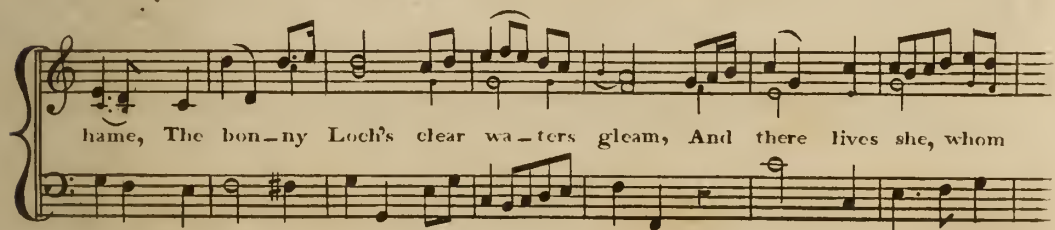
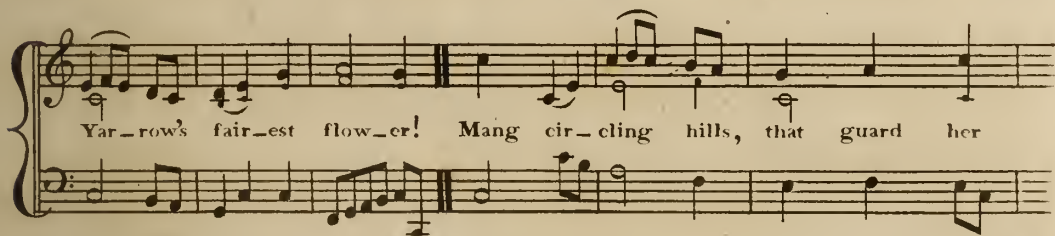
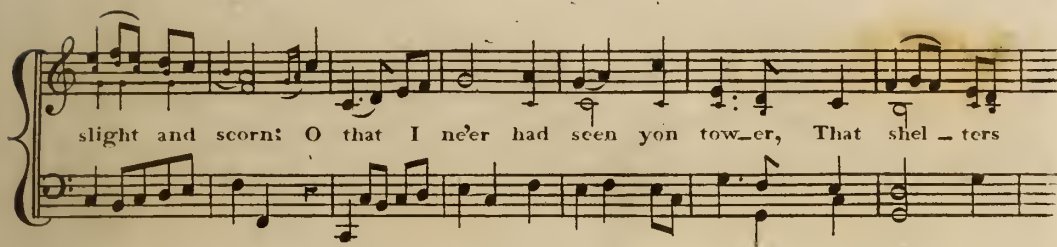
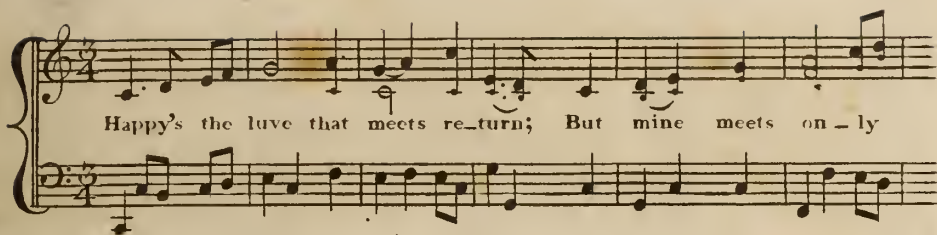
3

	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
O Lady Mary Ann,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Lady Mary Ann,	14
O lovely Polly Stewart,	<i>Burns,</i>	You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,	78
O mighty nature's handy works,	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Butcher Boy,	73
O, Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Through the wood, Laddie,	94
Our lords are to the mountains gane,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Hughie Grahame,	22
Out over the Forth,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Graham's welcome Home,	65
O wae to us was Flodden's plain,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Cockburn's Coronach,	28
O weel may the boatie row,	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Boatie rows,	25
O we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,	<i>Ditto,</i>	We're a' noddin,	104
Revolving time has brought the day,	<i>Skinner,</i>	Hey Tutti, Taiti,	57
Robin is my ain gudeman,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Kind Robin lo'es me,	102
Saw ye Johnny comin, quo' she,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Saw ye Johnny comin,	92
Saw ye nae my Peggy,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Saw ye nae my Peggy,	3
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,	<i>Burns,</i>	Hey Tutti, Taiti,	56
Sing on, thou little bird,	<i>Chalmers,</i>	The Pride o' the Broomlands,	12
Strathearn, O how shall I quit,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Miss Carmichael,	16
The auld gudeman came hame at night,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Lord Eglinton's Auld Man,	84
The auld man's mare's dead,	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Auld Man's Mare's dead,	40
The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,	<i>Ditto,</i>	To daunt on me,	46
The craws killed the pousie,	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Craws killed the Pousie,	81
The Duke of Gordon has three daughters,	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Duke of Gordon,	98
The king sits in Dunfermline town,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Sir Patrick Spence,	58
There's none to sooth my soul to rest,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Gaelic Air,	70
There's threescore o' nobles rade,	<i>Ditto,</i>	Glenogie,	78
There's three true good fellows,	<i>Ditto,</i>	There's three good Fellows,	10
The smiling morn, the breathing spring,	<i>Blacklock,</i>	Birks of Invermay,	77
The sun rises bright in France,	<i>Cunningham,</i>	Gaelic Air,	6
The tailor, busy at his seam,	<i>Unknown,</i>	The Drummer,	29
The yellow-haired laddie,	<i>Ramsay,</i>	The yellow-haired Laddie,	63
They say that Jocky'll speed weel o't,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Lucy Campbell,	96
The women are a' gane wud,	<i>Ditto,</i>	The Women are a' gaen wud,	41
Thou dark-winding Carron,	<i>Tannahill,</i>	The Maids of Arrochar,	88
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,	<i>Gall,</i>	My only Jo and Dearie,	1
'Twas at the solemn midnight hour,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Colonel Gairdner,	16
Turn again, thou fair Eliza,	<i>Burns,</i>	The bonnie brucket Lassie,	38
Tibby Fowler o' the glen,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Tibby Fowler,	100

	AUTHORS.	AIRS.	PAGE
We hae the crown without a head, .....	<i>Unknown,</i> .....	The Quaker's Wife, .....	31
We'll hap and row, we'll hap and row, .....	<i>Creech,</i> .....	Hap and row the Feetie o't, .....	54
Wha'll buy caller herrin' ? .....	<i>Unknown,</i> .....	Caller Herrin', .....	18
What think ye o' the scornfu' queen, .....	<i>Robertson,</i> .....	The Scornfu' Queen, .....	99
Wha wadna fight for Charlie, .....	<i>Unknown,</i> .....	Will ye gang and marry Katy, .....	68
When first ye courted me, I own, .....	<i>Ditto,</i> .....	Donald, .....	47
When I was in my nineteenth year, .....	<i>Ditto,</i> .....	Johnny's Grey Breeks, .....	38
When o'er the muir the twilight grey, .....	<i>Anderson,</i> .....	The Lee Rig, .....	15
Will ye gang o'er the lee rig, .....	<i>Unknown,</i> .....	The Lee Rig, .....	14
Where are you gaun, thou bluidy duke, .....	<i>Ditto,</i> .....	The Silken Snood, .....	56
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, .....	<i>Ditto,</i> .....	The bonnie Earl o' Moray, .....	101

MARY SCOTT.

1



When tender pity fills her ee,  
The dewy bloom's less fair to see;  
But when she smiles, the beaming light  
Is morning breaking thro' the night.  
There is a charm, there is a spell,  
And nane e'er had it but her sel;  
It's cast owre me, in dool and sorrow,  
For Mary Scott, the flower o' Yarrow.

She's heard my vows; but a's in vain;  
Her luv I never can obtain;  
She kens my truth, she sees my tears,  
But nae hope my anguish cheers.  
Tho' sad's my fate, I'll ne'er complain;  
Wha luv's her ne'er can luv again:  
Oh! where's the maid that e'er could marrow  
Mary Scott, the flower o' Yarrow.

## HE'S DEAR DEAR T'O ME.

Slow.

As I was a-walking by yon ri-ver side, My heart it was sair, and

O but I was wea-ry; I thought up-on the days that are past and

gane, For he's dear dear to me, tho' he's far far frae me.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Slow'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

I've been in the lowlands where they shear the sheep, But I'll write a letter, an' send it to him,  
 An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather; An' tell him he's dearer to me than ony,  
 I ken a bonny laddie that lo'es me weel, An' that I've ay been sorry, sin' he gaed awa',  
 But he's far far awa that I lo'e far better. Tho' he's far far awa, yet he's dear dear to me.

If winter were past, an' the simmer come in,  
 When daisies an' roses spring sae fresh an' bonny,  
 Then I will change my silks for a plaiden coat,  
 An' awa to the lad that is dear dear to me.

## THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

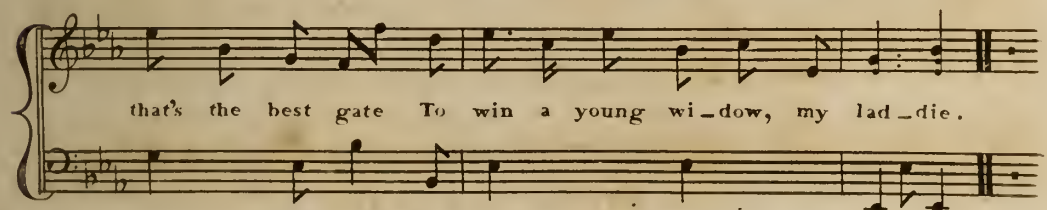
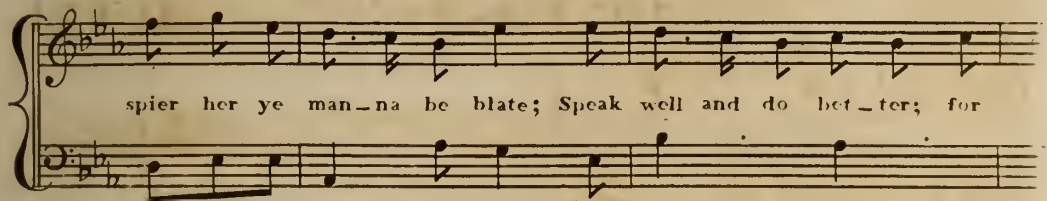
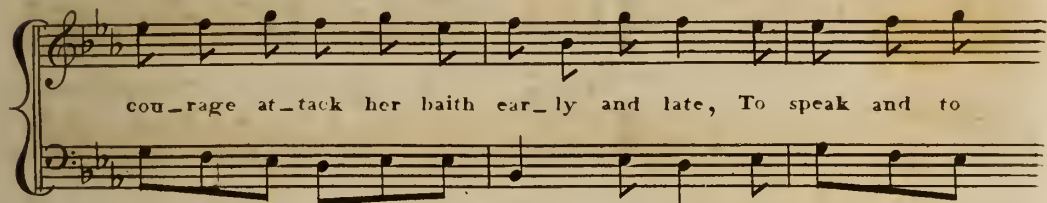
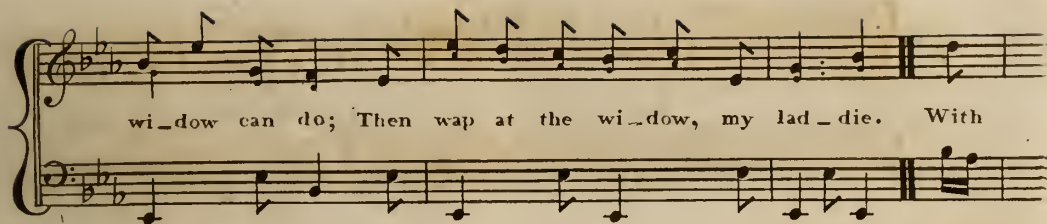
Lively.

The wi-dow can bake, The wi-dow can brew, The wi-dow can

shape, and the wi-dow can sew, And mo-ny braw things the

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a piano introduction in G minor, 6/8 time, marked 'Lively'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody and bass line.





The widow she's youthfu', and nane can compare.  
 Wi' her that I ken; she has a good skair.  
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could you wish better your fortune to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,  
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a'ye can plead,  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
 Wi' a' bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.



## LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk, is the mid - night hour, And loud the  
 tem - pests roar, A wae - fu' wan - d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord  
 Gre - g'ry ope thy door. An ex - ile frae her  
 fa - ther's ha', An' a' for lov - ing thee; At least some  
 pi - ty on me shaw, If love it may - na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
 • By bonnie Irvine-side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love  
 I lang, lang had denied.  
 How often did'st thou pledge and vow,  
 Thou would'st for ay be mine,  
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast;  
 Thou dart of Heav'n, that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest!  
 Ye mustering thunders from above,  
 Your willing victim see!  
 But spare, and pardon my false love,  
 His wrongs to Heav'n and me.

# BESSY'S BEAUTIES SHINE SAE BRIGHT.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

Bes - sy's beau - ties shine sae bright, Were her mo - ny  
 vir - tues few - er, She wad e - ver gie de - - light, And in  
 trans - port make me view her. Bon - ny Bes - sy, thee a - - lane  
 Love I, nae - thing else a - bout thee; With thy com - li - -  
 ness I'm taen, And lan - ger can - na live with - out thee.

Bessy's heart is warm and true,  
 Busy working ay I find her;  
 At making haggis, saps, or broo,  
 There's no ane, that I ken, dings her.  
 My dear Bessy, when the roses  
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,  
 The guid sense thy mind discloses,  
 Will keep love from growing cauldier.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,  
 Yet her face and soul discovers  
 Those enchanting sweets in plenty  
 Maun entice a thousand lovers.  
 'Tis not money, but a woman  
 Of a temper kind and easy,  
 That gives happiness uncommon;  
 Petted things can nought but tease ye.

NAE MAIR WE'LL MEET AGAIN, MY LOVE.

Slow

Nae mair we'll meet a-gain, my Love, by yon burn-side; Nae

The image shows a musical score for a song. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the staff. The music consists of a single melodic line with some ornamentation (trills) and a simple bass line. The lyrics are: 'Nae mair we'll meet a-gain, my Love, by yon burn-side; Nae'.

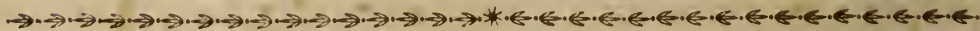
A musical score for a song titled "The Mavis's Lay". The score is written on two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are repeat signs in the middle of both staves. The lyrics are: "mair we'll wander thro' the grove, by yon burn-side: Ne'er a-gain the mavis' lay Will we".

mair we'll wander thro' the grove, by yon burn-side: Ne'er a-gain the mavis' lay Will we

hail at close o' day, For we ne'er a-gain will stray down by yon burn-side.

Yet mem'ry oft will fondly brood, on yon burn-side,  
O'er haunts which we sae aft hae trod, by yon burn-side;  
Still the walk wi' me thoult share,  
Tho' thy foot can never mair  
Bend to earth the gowan fair, down by yon burn-side.

Now far remov'd frae ev'ry care, 'hoon yon burn-side,  
Thou bloom'st, my love, an angel fair, 'hoon yon burn-side;  
And, if angels pity know,  
Sure the tear for me will flow,  
Who must linger here below, down by yon burn-side.



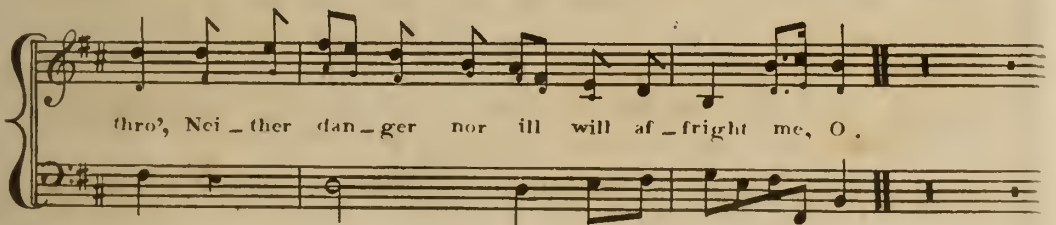
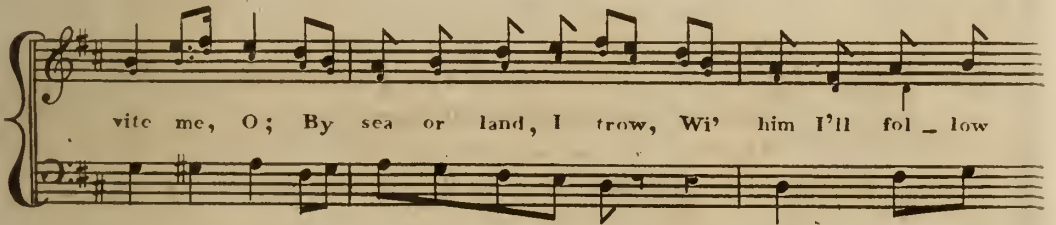
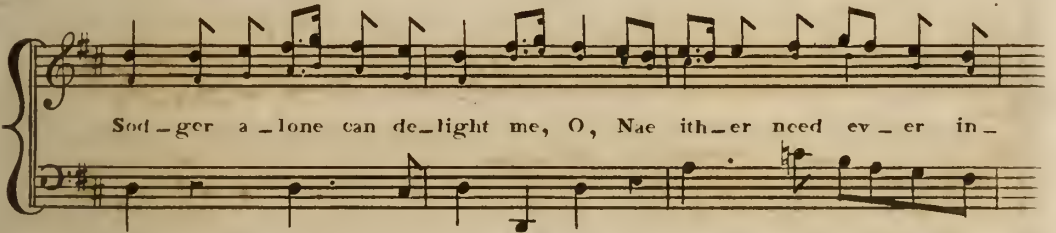
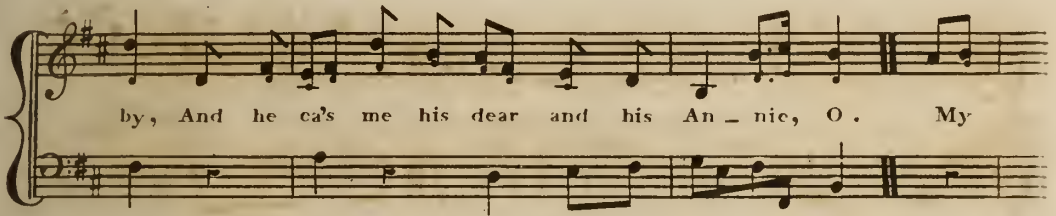
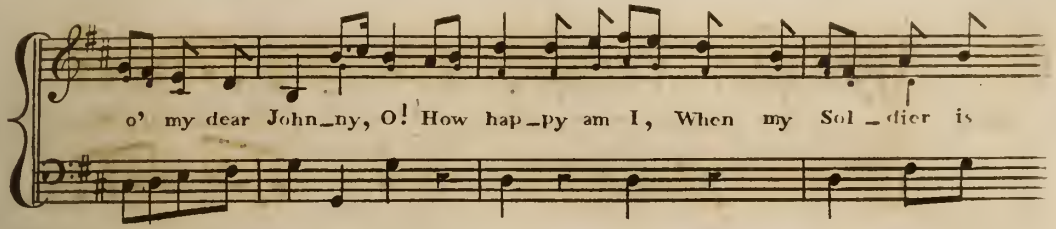
*DUMBARTON'S DRUMS BEAT' BONNIE O.*

Slowly

Dum-bar-ton's drums beat bon-ny, O, When they mind me

The image shows a musical score for a piano piece. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The melody is in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with many beamed pairs. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics 'Dum-bar-ton's drums beat bon-ny, O, When they mind me' are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes.





A Soldier has honor and bravery, O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O;  
     He minds no other thing,  
     But his true love and his king,  
 And all other care wad be slavery, O.  
 Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O,  
 Farewell a' my friends and my Daddie, O;  
     I must stay nae mair at home,  
     But follow wi' the drum,  
 And whenever it beats I'll be ready, O.

## CAN AUGHT BE CONSTANT AS THE SUN.

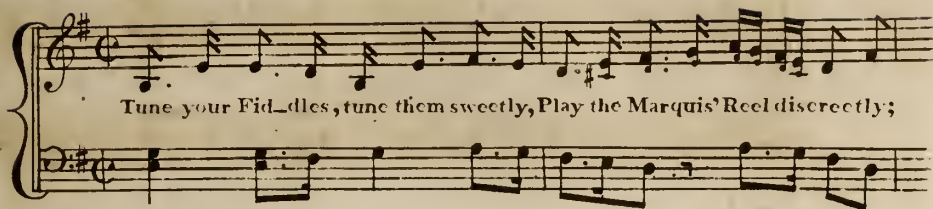
Slow

Can aught be con-stant as the Sun, That  
 makes the world sae chee-ry? Yes, a' the pow'rs can  
 wit-ness be, The love I bear my dear-ie. But what can mak the  
 hours seem lang, An' rin sae wond'rous-drea-ry? What, but the space that  
 lies be-tween me and my on-ly dear-ie.

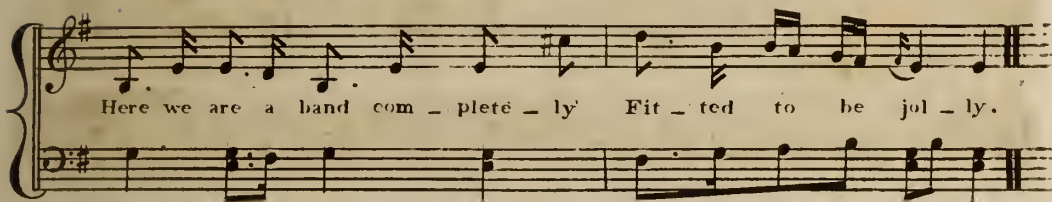
Than fare ye weel, wha saw me aft,  
 Sae blythe, baith late an' early!  
 An' fareweel scenes o' former joys  
 That cherish life sae rarely!  
 I'll hail Loehaber's valleys green,  
 Where mony a rill meanders;  
 I'll hail wi' joy its birken bowers,  
 For there my Mary wanders.



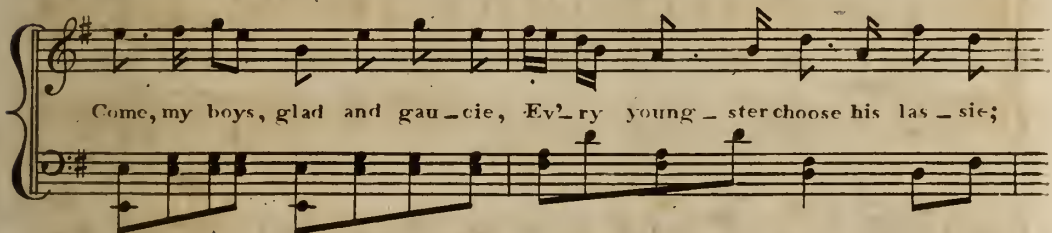
## TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.



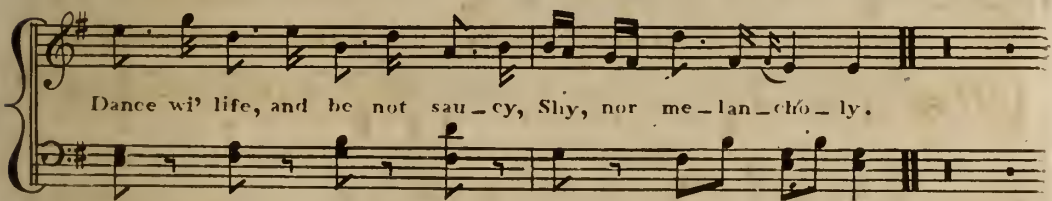
Tune your Fid-dles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly;



Here we are a band com - plete - ly Fit - ted to be jol - ly.



Come, my boys, glad and gau - cie, Ev' - ry young - ster choose his las - sie;



Dance wi' life, and be not sau - cy, Shy, nor me - lan - chö - ly.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,  
 Clouded brows and drumly faces;  
 Look about, and see their Graces,  
 How they smile delighted!  
 We'll extol our noble master,  
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor;  
 Heaven preserve him from disaster!

So we pray in duty.

We'll extol, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,  
 In refin'd and worthy measure;  
 Merit, gain him choicest treasure

From the Royal Donor.

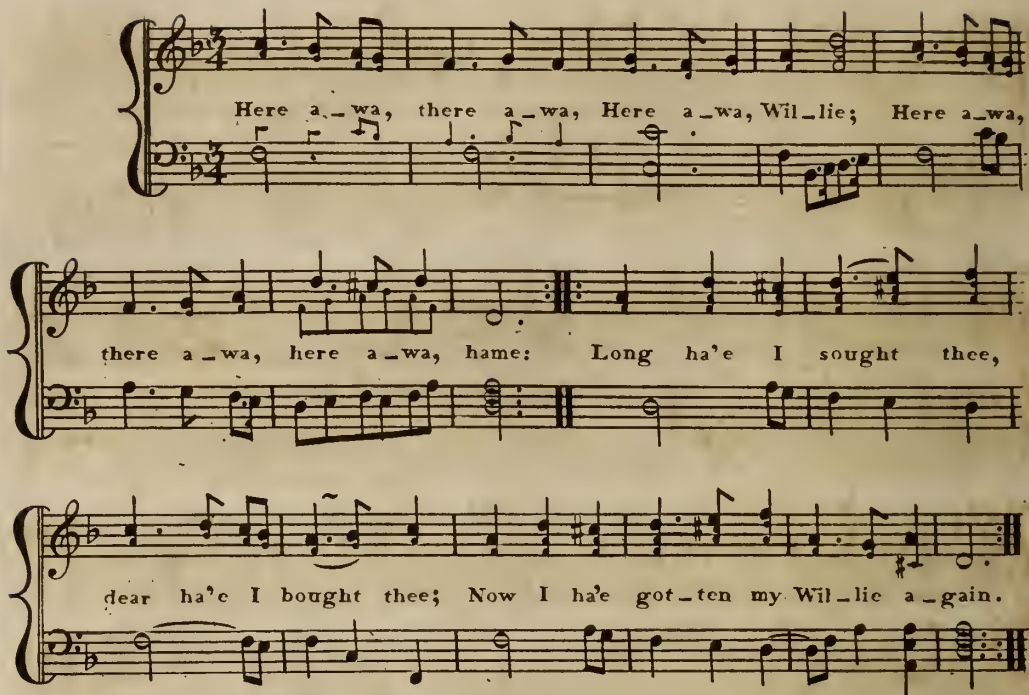
Famous may he be in story,  
 Full of days and full of glory;  
 To the grave, when old and hoary,

May he go with honour.

Famous may, &c.

Gordons join our hearty praises,  
 Honest, tho' in homely phrases;  
 Love our chearful spirits raises,  
 Lofty as the lark is;  
 Echoes waft our wishes daily  
 Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,  
 Sound o'er every hill and valley,  
 Blessings on our Marquis.  
 Echoes waft, &c.

# HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

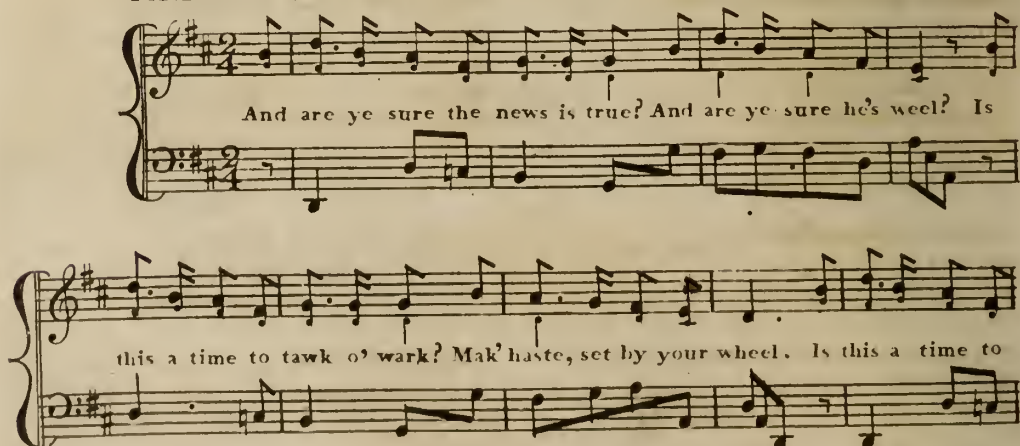


Here a-wa, there a-wa, Here a-wa, Wil-lie; Here a-wa,  
there a-wa, here a-wa, hame: Long ha'e I sought thee,  
dear ha'e I bought thee; Now I ha'e got-ten my Wil-lie a-gain.

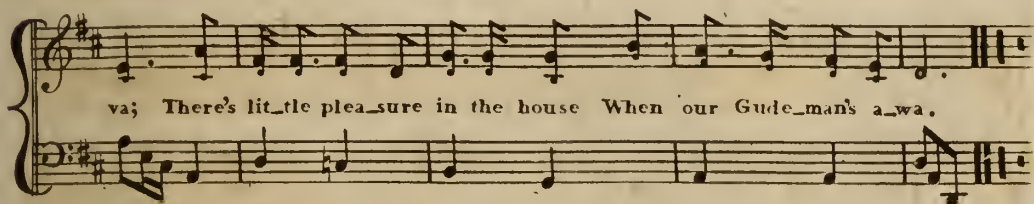
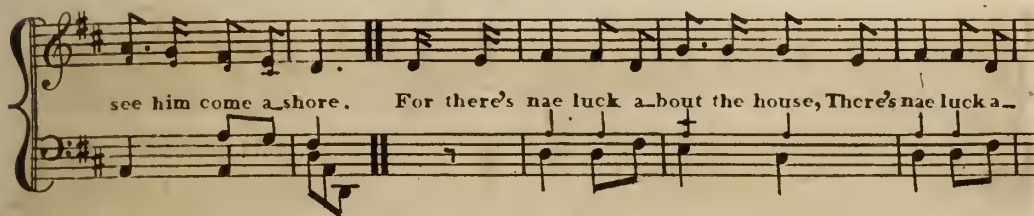
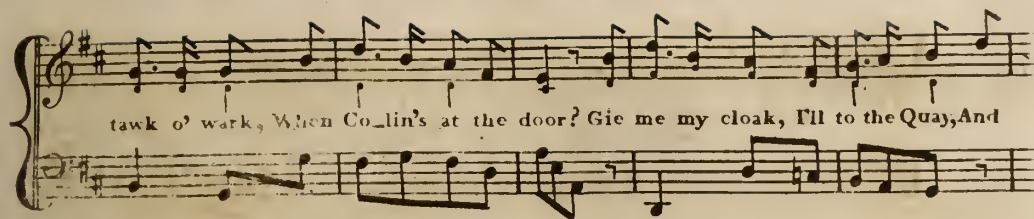
Thro' the lang muir I ha'e follow'd my Willie;  
Thro' the lang muir I ha'e follow'd him hame:  
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,  
Love now rewards a' my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;  
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame:  
Come, Love, believe me, naithing can grieve me;  
Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

## THERE'S NA'E LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.



And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is  
this a time to tawk o' wark? Mak' haste, set by your wheel. Is this a time to



Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,  
Put on the muckle pat;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday's coat:  
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain Gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.

There aretwa hens upo' the bauk,  
'S been fed this month and mair,  
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare:  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw,  
It's a' for love of my Gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.

O gie me down my bigonets,  
My bishop-satin gown,  
For I maun tell the Bailie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue,  
It's a' to please my ain Gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,  
His hreath like caller air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
When he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again!  
And will I hear him speak!  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought -  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind  
That thrilled thro' my heart,  
They're a' blawn bye, I hae him safe,  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa;  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to mak him blest,  
I'm hlest ahoon the lave.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought -  
In troth I'm like to greet.



## AY WAKIN', OH!

Slow

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is marked 'Slow' and begins with the lyrics 'Ay wakin', oh! Wakin' ay and wearie, Sleep I can get nane For'. The second system is marked 'ad lib:' and continues with 'thinking o' my dearie: Ay wakin', oh! When first she 'cam' to town, They'. The third system continues with 'ca'd her Jess M? Färlin; But now she's come an' gane, They ca' her the wand-'. The fourth system continues with 'rin' dar-lin'. Ay wak-in', oh! wak-in' ay and wea-rie, Sleep I can get'. The fifth system is also marked 'ad lib:' and continues with 'nane For think-ing o' my dea-rie: Ay wak-in', oh!'. The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano part features a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the voice part has a more melodic line with some ornamentation.

Her Daddie loës her weel,  
 Her Minnie loës her better;  
 I loë the lass mysel,  
 But, waes me! I canna get her.  
 Ay wakin', oh! &c.

Lanely night comes on,  
 A' the lave are sleeping;  
 I think upo' her scorn,  
 And bleer my een wi' greetin'.  
 Ay wakin', oh! &c.

When I sleep I dream,  
 When I wauk I'm eerie,  
 Rest I canna get  
 For thinking o' my Dearie.  
 Ay wakin', oh! &c.

The day re- turns, my ho- som burns, The bliss- fu?

day we twa' did meet, Tho' win- ter wild in tem- pest toil'd, Ne'er

sim- mer Sun was hauf sae sweet. Than a' the pride that

loads the tide, And cross- es o'er the sul- try line; Than king- ly

robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more- it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;  
 While joys above, my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live.  
 When that grim foe of life below,  
 Comes in between to make us part;  
 The Iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It wrecks my bless- it breaks my heart.



## THE DREAM.

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gai-ly in the

sun-ny beam, List'ning to the wild birds sing-ing, by a falling crystal stream.

Straight the sky grew black and daring; Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;

Trees with a-ged arms were war-ing, O'er the swell-ing, drum-like wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning;  
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;  
 But lang or noon, loud tempests, storming,  
 A, my flowery bliss destroy'd.  
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,  
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;  
 Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

## THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

The winter it is past, And the sum-mer's come at last, And the

small birds sing on ev<sup>y</sup>-ry tree:      The hearts of these are glad, but

mine is ve-ry sad, For my true love has par-ted frae me.

*THE WINTER IT IS PAST.*

Old Set.

The winter it is past, and the sum-mer's come at last, And the

small birds sing on ev<sup>y</sup>-ry tree:      The hearts of these are glad, but

mine is ve-ry sad, For my true love has par-ted frae me.

The rose upon the brier, by the water runnin clear,  
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;  
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,  
Forever so constant and true;  
But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,  
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure;  
For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,  
A woe that no mortal can cure.

## LOGAN BRAES.

By Lo-gan's streams, that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;

Herded sheep, or gath-er'd slaes, Wi' my dear lad, on Lo-gan braes. But,

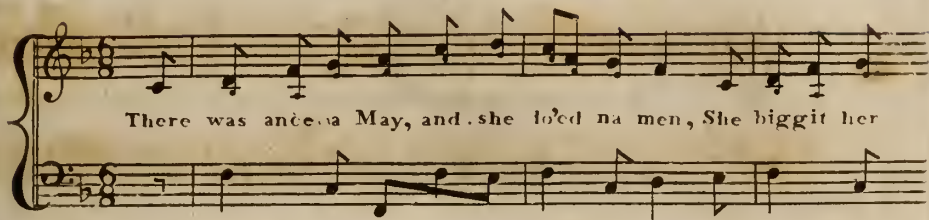
waes my heart! thae days are gane, And I, wi' grief, may herd a-lane, While

my dear Lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me an' Lo-gan braes.

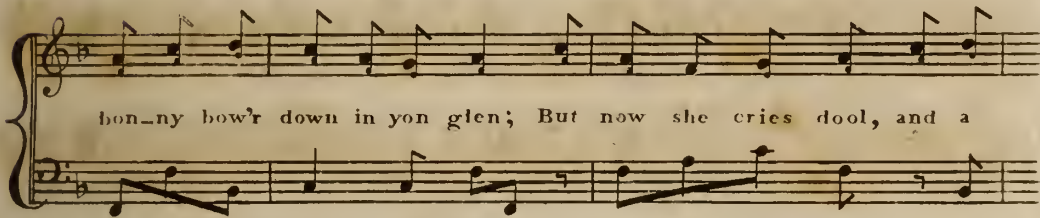
Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
 Atween the preaching meet wi' me;  
 Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,  
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
 I weel may sing thae days are gane—  
 Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,  
 I danner out, or sit alane,  
 Sit alane, beneath the tree  
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.  
 O! could I see thae days again,  
 My lover skaithless, an' my ain!  
 Belov'd by friends, rever'd by faes,  
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

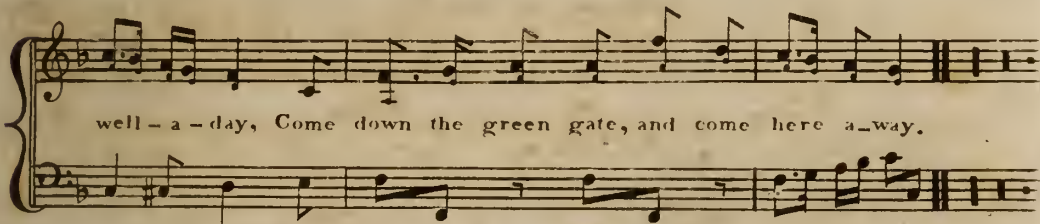




There was ane-na May, and she lo'ed na men, She biggit her



hon-ny bow'r down in yon glen; But now she cries dool, and a



well-a-day, Come down the green gate, and come here a-way.

When bonny young Johnnycam o'er the sea,  
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;  
He hecht me baith rings and mony bra'things:  
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor cauf,  
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro'the draft,  
Nor pickles of meal rins thro'the mill e'e:  
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,  
Because I was twice as bonny as she;  
She rais'd sic apother'twixt him and his mother,  
That were-na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee,  
And then she ran in and made a loud din,  
Believe your ain e'en, an ye trow na me.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,  
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;  
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;  
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new,  
But now he lets't wear ony gate it wi' hing,  
And casts himsel dowie upo' the corn-hing.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
Said, what had he to do with the like o' me?  
Albeit I was bonny, I was-na for Johnny:  
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes;  
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,  
And were-na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
We should hae been galloping down on yon green,  
And linking it on the lily-white lee;  
And, wow, gin I were but young for thee!

## IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

Slowly,  
with  
Expression.

It was a' for our rightfu' King We left fair Scotland's strand; It was a'  
for our rightfu' King We e'er saw I\_rish land, my dear, We e'er saw I\_rish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain:  
My love and native land, fareweel,  
For I maun cross the main,  
My Dear,  
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,  
All on the Irish shore,  
And gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, adieu for evermore,  
My Dear,  
Adieu for evermore!

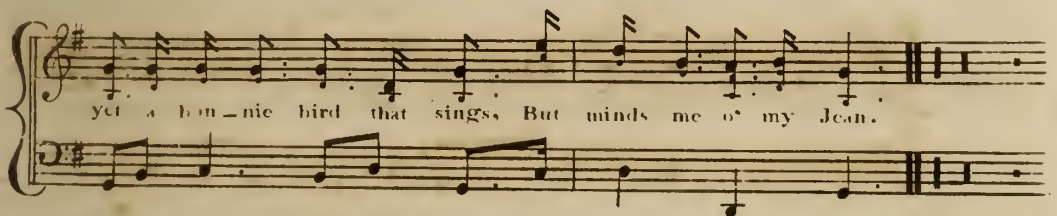
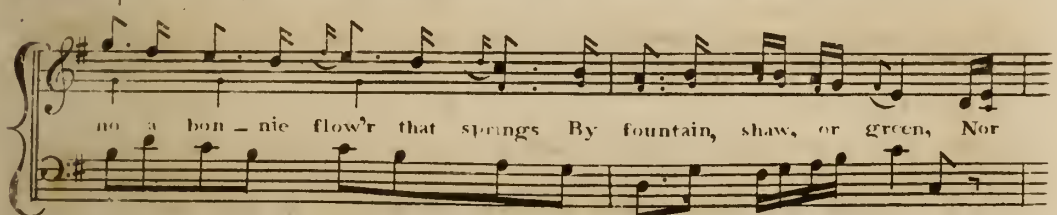
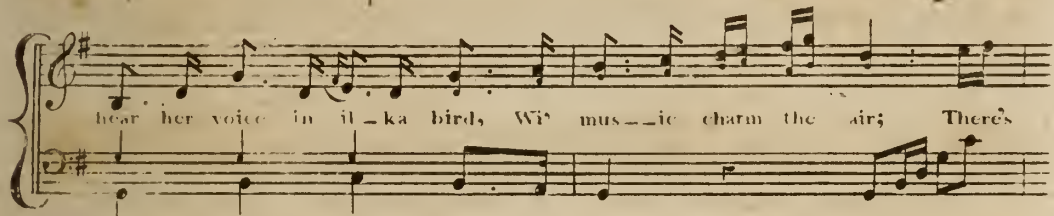
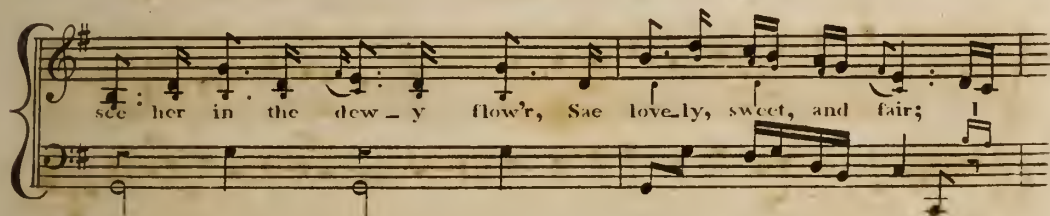
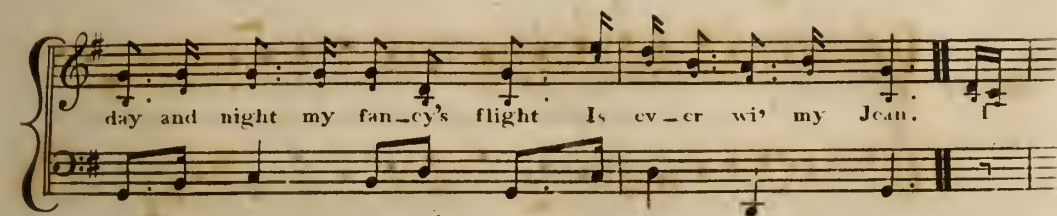
The sodger frae the war returns,  
The sailor frae the main;  
But I ha'e parted frae my love,  
And ne'er to meet again,  
My Dear,  
And ne'er to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' are boun' to sleep,  
I think on them wha're far awa,  
The lee\_lang night, and weep,  
My Dear,  
The lee\_lang night, and weep

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear\_ly lo'e the west, For  
there the bon\_nie Las\_sie lives, The Las\_sie I lo'e best: Tho'  
wild\_woods grow, and rivers row, Wi' monie a hill be\_tween, Baith





O blaw, ye westlin' win's, blaw saft  
 Among the leafy trees;  
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale  
 Bring hame the laden bees;  
 An' bring the lassie back to me,  
 That's ay sae neat an' clean;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes,  
 Hae past atween us twa!  
 How fain to meet, who wae to part,  
 That day she gade awa!  
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

## MY JO JANET.

Lively

“O, sweet Sir, for your cour-te-sie, When ye come by the

Bass, then, For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek-ing-

glass, then?” ‘Keek in-to the draw well, Jan-et, Jan-et, And

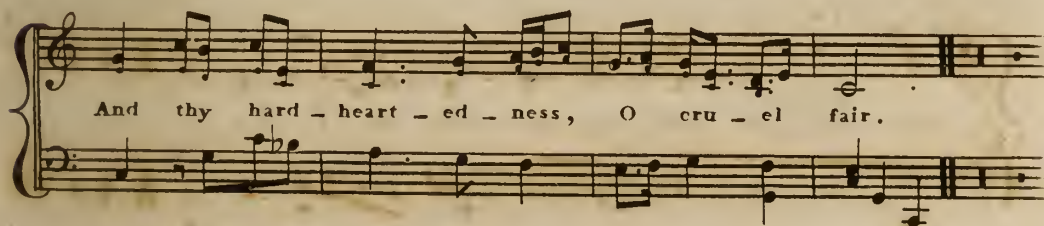
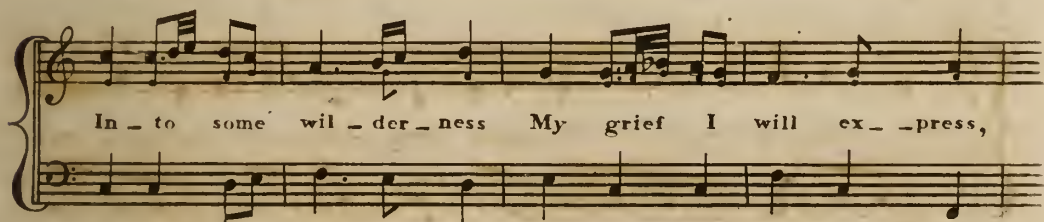
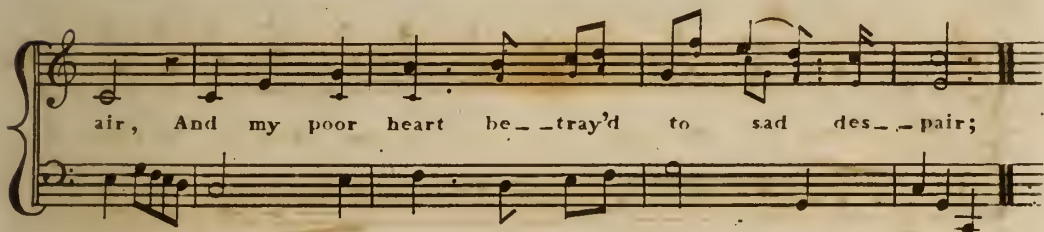
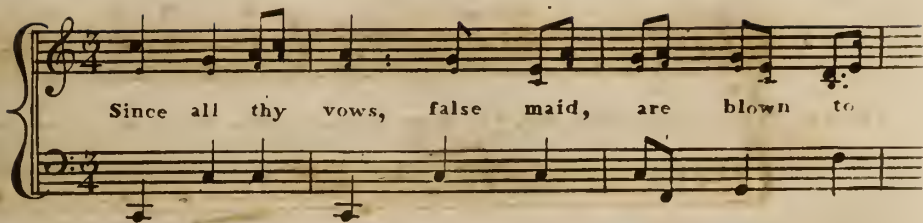
there ye’ll see your bon-nie sell, My jo Jan-et’.

“Keeking in the draw well clear,  
 What if I should fa’in? then  
 Syne a’ my kin will say and swear  
 I drown’d mysell for sin, then?”  
 ‘Haud the better by the brae,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Haud the better by the brae,  
 My jo Janet’.

“Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
 Coming thro’ Aberdeen, then,  
 For the love you bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then?”  
 ‘Clout the auld, the new are dear,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 A pair may gain ye ha’f a year,  
 My jo Janet’.

“But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a maukin,  
 If they should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be tawking?”  
 ‘Dance ay laigh, and late at e’en,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Syne a’ their fauts will no be seen,  
 My jo Janet’.

“Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the cross, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse, then?”  
 ‘Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,  
 My jo Janet’.



Some gloomy place I'll find,  
 Some doleful shade,  
 Where neither sun nor wind  
 E'er entrance had;  
 Into that hollow cave,  
 There will I sigh and rave,  
 Because thou dost behave  
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat;  
 I'll drink the spring;  
 Cold earth shall be my seat:  
 For covering  
 I'll have the starry sky  
 My head to canopy,  
 Until my soul on high  
 Shall spread its wing.

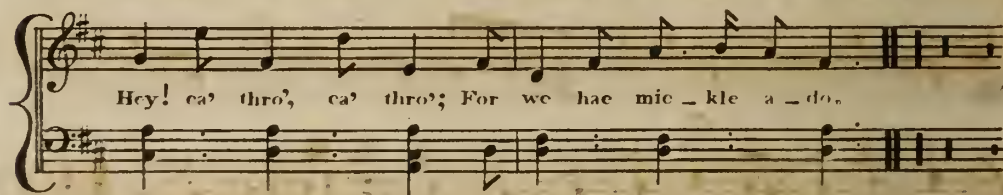
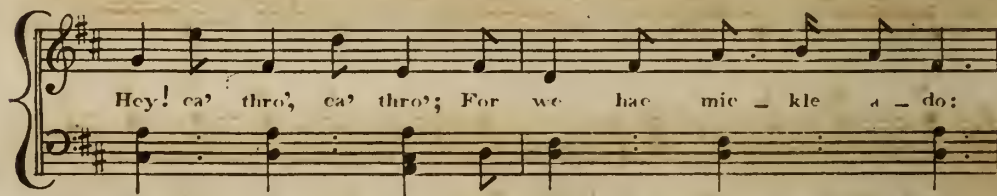
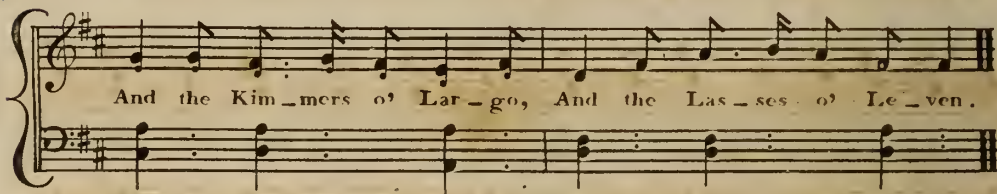
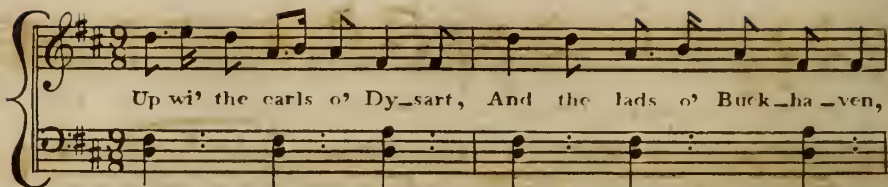
I'll have no funeral fire,  
 Nor tears for me;  
 No grave do I desire,  
 Nor obsequie.  
 The courteous red-breast, he  
 With leaves will cover me,  
 And sing my elegy  
 With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,  
 I'll visit thee,  
 O thou deceitful dame,  
 Whose cruelty  
 Has kill'd the kindest heart  
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
 And never can desert  
 From loving thee.



## HEY! CA' THRO?

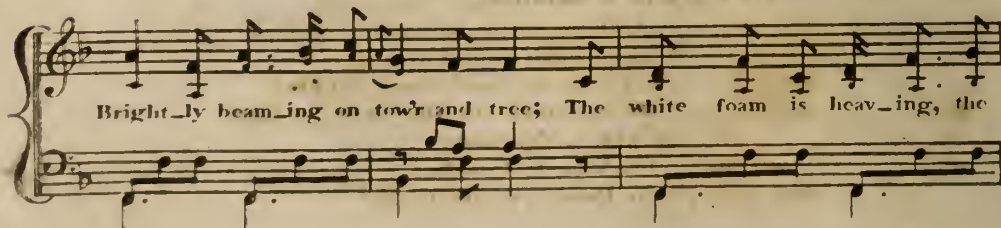
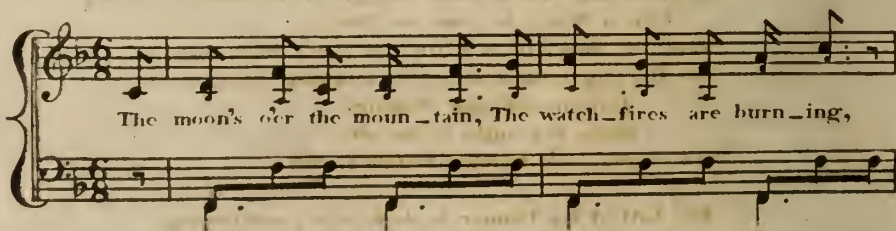
With  
Spirit.

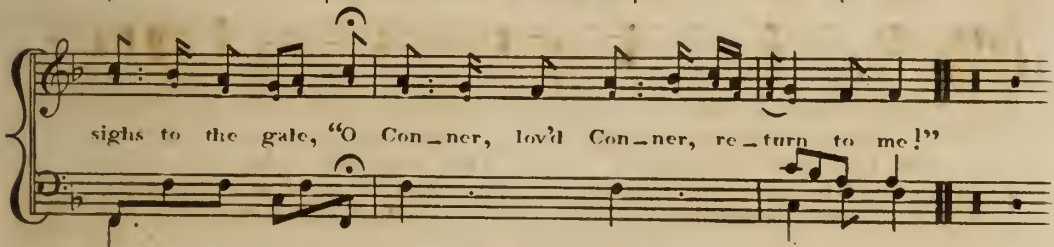
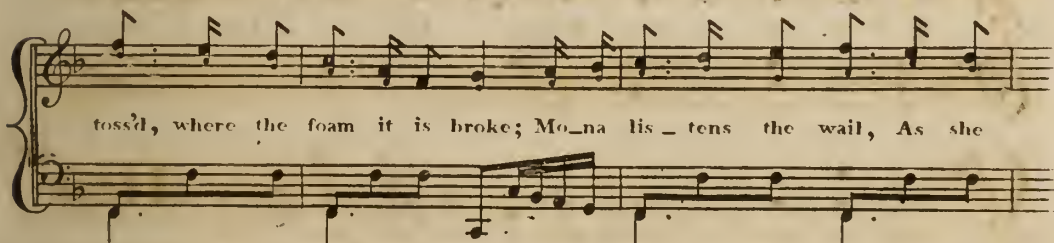
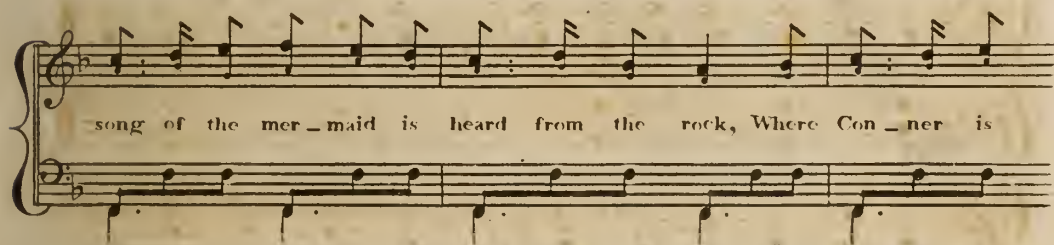
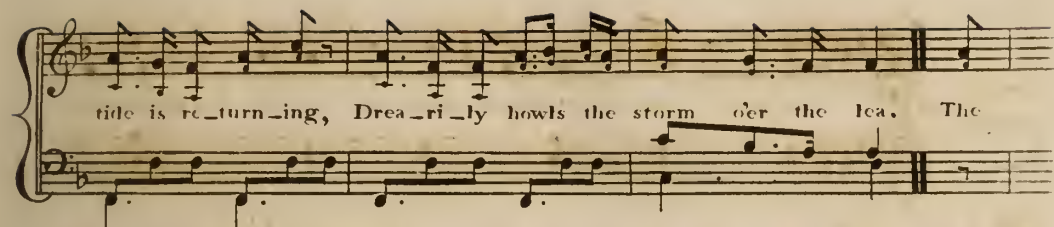


We hae tales to tell,  
And we hae sangs to sing;  
We hae pennies to spend,  
And we hae pints to bring.  
Hey! ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days;  
And them that comes behin',  
Let them do the like,  
And spend the gear they win.  
Hey! ca' thro', &c.

THE MOON'S O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.





But ne'er shall young Conner return on the billow,  
 Lovely maiden, he's in the sea,  
 He ne'er shall awake from his green sea-weed pillow,  
 Fairest Mora, to come to thee.  
 From the dark hill of Ullin she views from afar,  
 His fleeting form vanish with morning's bright star,  
 And, in sad'ning despair,  
 Gives her sighs to the air,  
 "O Conner, lov'd Conner, return to me!"

The hall of thy Conner is dark now, and dreary,  
 Sad it echoes to minstrelsy;  
 The tempest is hush'd, and the morning is cheery,  
 Lovely Mora, it smiles to thee.  
 But ne'er to the eye of the maid comes delight;  
 She hails not the morning, but flies from its light;  
 O'er the wide wat'ry waste  
 Still a ling'ring look casts,  
 And sighs, "O my Conner, return to me!"



## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Slowish

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des-tin-

Cho<sup>rs</sup>

ie! Mc Pher-son's time will not be long, On yon-der gal-lows-tree. Sae

rant-ing-ly, sae wan-ton-ly, Sae daunt-ing-ly gaed he; He

play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Be-low the gal-lows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?

On many a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again!

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,

And bring to me my sword;

And there's no a man in all Scotland,

But I'll brave him at a word.

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;

I die by treacherie:

It burns my heart I must depart,

And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

Now, farewell light, thou sunshine bright,

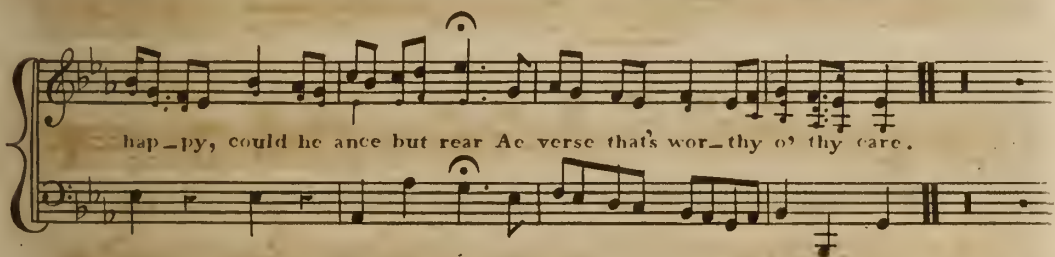
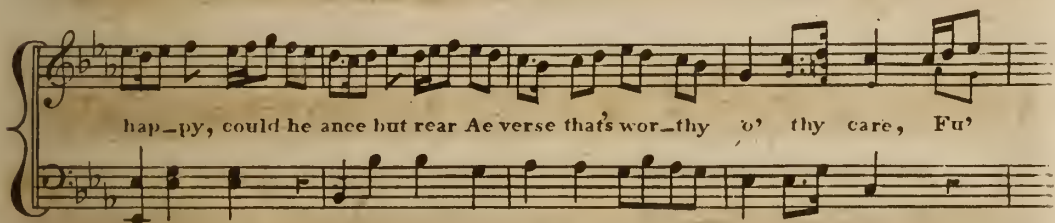
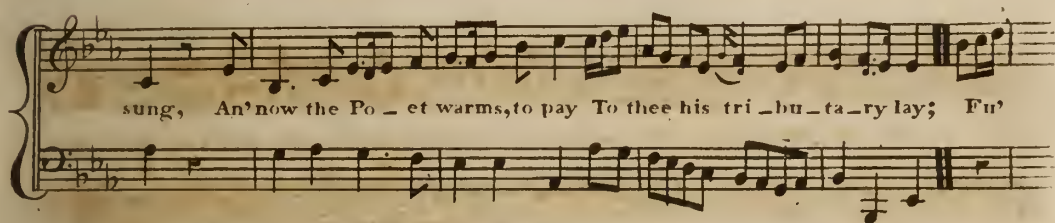
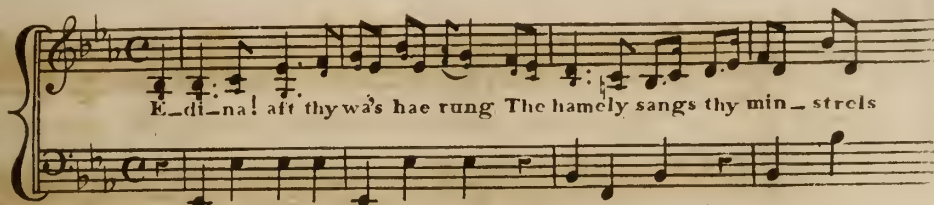
And all beneath the sky!

May coward shame distain his name,

The wretch that dare not die!

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

## THE FLOWERS O' EDINBURGH.



O leeze me on thy bonny Dames,  
A spotless list o' dearest names,  
Whase peerless charms, ance on a day,  
First gart me tune the rustic lay;  
Lang kent for wit an' beauty rare,  
Are famed Edina's daughters fair.

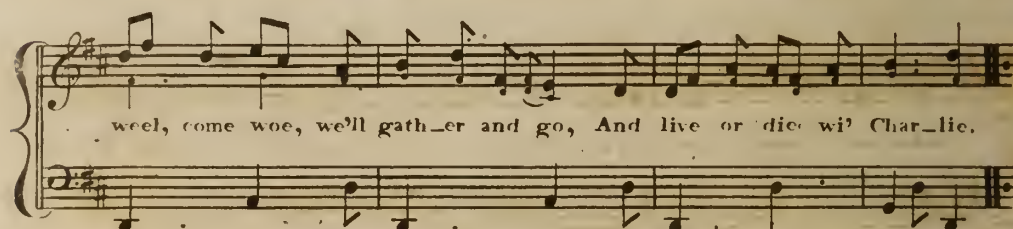
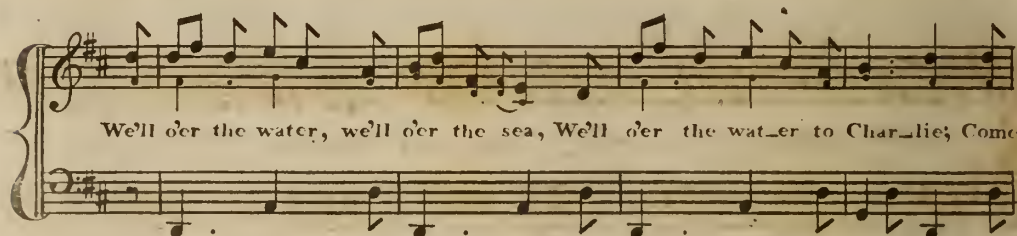
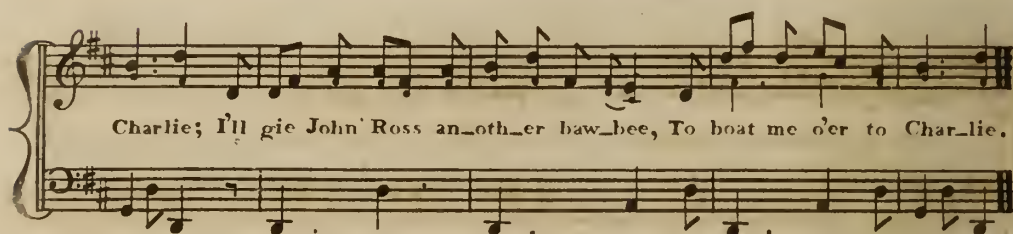
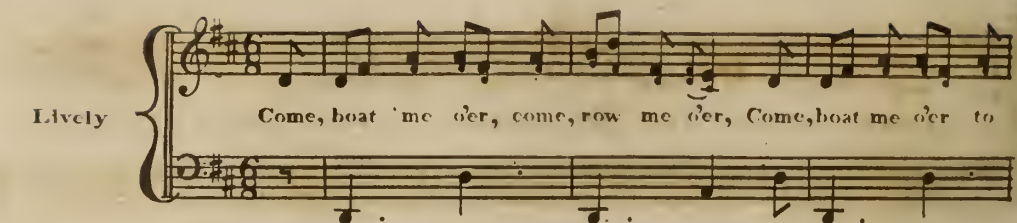
Nor are thy Sons less dear to Fame,  
Or far afield, or here at hame;  
Alike their glory's kent afar,  
Or in the senate, or in war.  
O may they never bare the steel,  
Save for their King an' Country's weal!

Sweet maids! whan simmer decks the green,  
Leave ye the dinsome busy scene,  
An' to the sylvan meadows stray,  
As e'enin' skirts the lee-lang day;  
Or trace the vale romantic, sweet,  
Where health an' her S<sup>t</sup> Bernard meet.

Edina! may'st thou never tine  
The name o' worth, which now is thine.  
Lang may thy Sons the wreath retain,  
The wreath which merit maks their ain;  
O, lang may modest worth adorn  
Thy Daughters, fair as simmer morn.

## O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Lively

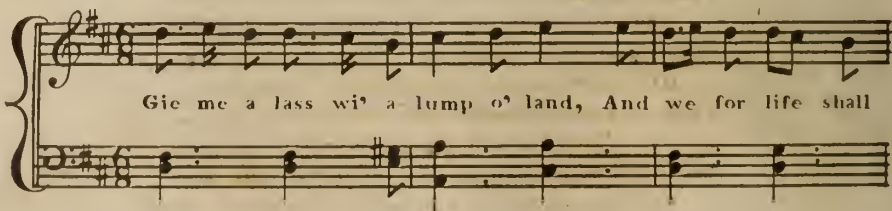


I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,  
 Tho' some there be abhor him:  
 But O, to see auld nick gaun hame,  
 And Charlie's faes before him.  
 We'll o'er, &c.

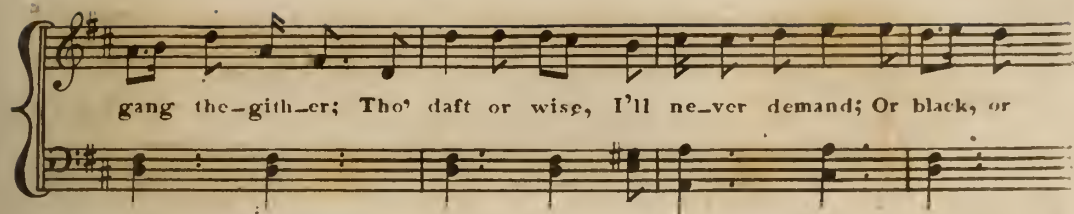
I swear and vow, by moon and stars,  
 And sun that shines so early!  
 If I had twenty thousand lives,  
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.  
 We'll o'er, &c.

## GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

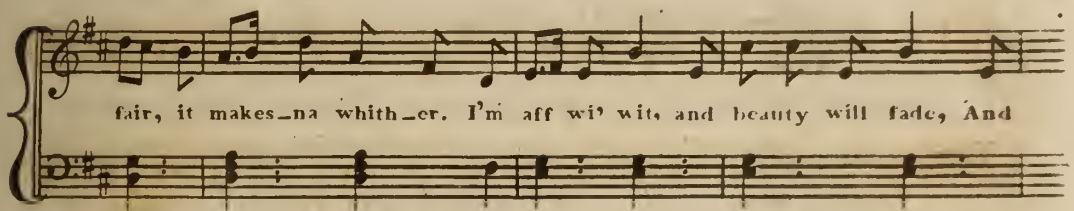
Lively



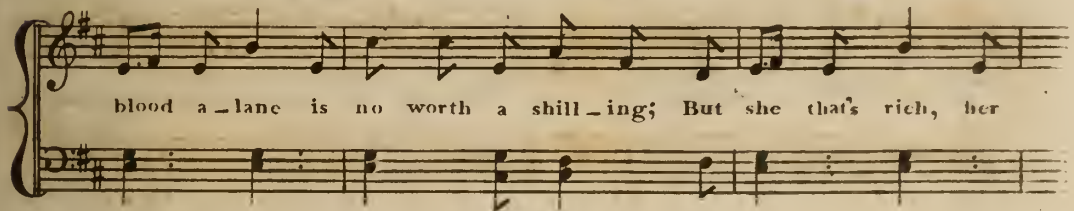




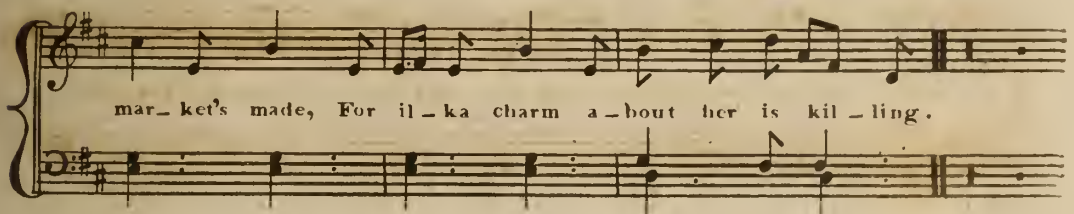
gang the-gith-er; Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne-ver demand; Or black, or



fair, it makes-na whith-er. I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade, And



blood a-lane is no worth a shill-ing; But she that's rich, her



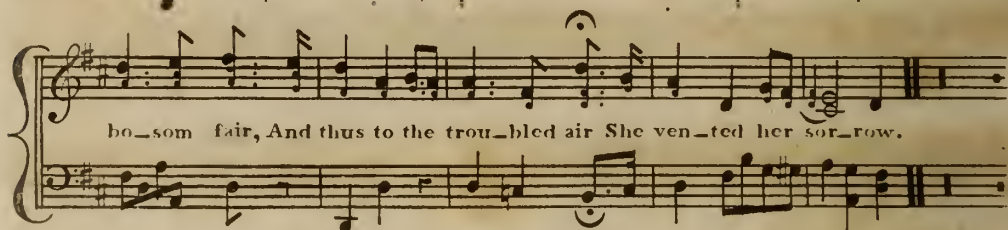
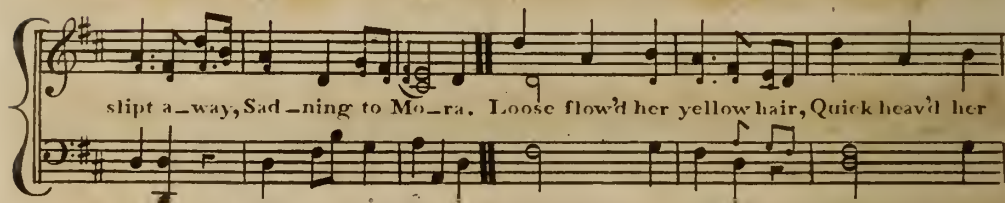
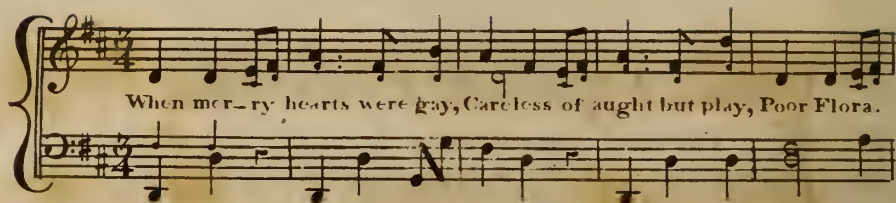
mar-ke't's made, For il-ka charm a-bout her is kil-ling.

Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hands,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 They'e ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;  
 For beauty, and wit, and virtue, in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection,  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows;  
 And naething can match our modern sparks,  
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.



## DONALD AND FLORA.



"Loud howls the northern blast,  
Bleak is the dreary waste;  
Haste thee, O Donald haste,  
Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
Since, in a foreign shore,  
You promis'd to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?  
Maids cry with taunting sneer;  
Say, is he still sincere,  
To his lov'd Flora?  
Parents upbraid my moan;  
Each heart is turn'd to stone—  
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,  
Friendless, in Mora!

"Come, then, oh come away!  
Donald, no longer stay—  
Where can my rover stray  
From his dear Flora.—  
Ah! sure he ne'er could be  
False to his vows and me—  
O heaven! is not yonder he,  
Bounding in Mora!"

"Never, O wretched fair!  
Sigh'd the sad messenger;  
'Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his lov'd Flora!  
Cold as yon mountain snow,  
Donald, thy love, lies low!  
He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
Weeping in Mora.

"Well fought our valiant men,  
On Saratoga's plain;  
Thrice fled the hostile train  
From British glory.  
But ah! tho' our foes did flee,  
Sad was each victory!  
Youth, love, and loyalty,  
Fell, far from Mora.

"Here, take this love-wrought plaid,  
Donald expiring said,  
Give it to yon dear maid,  
Drooping in Mora.  
Tell her, O Allan, tell,  
Donald thus bravely fell,  
And, in his last farewell,  
He thought on his Flora?"

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
Speechless with wild despair,  
Then, striking her bosom bare,  
Sighed out, "Poor Flora!"  
Ah Donald! ah well a day!  
Was all the fond heart could say,  
At length the sound died away  
Feebly on Mora.

## THE LASS OF PEATY'S MILL.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single line for the voice. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice line.

The lass of Pea-ty's mill, So bon-ny, blythe, and gay, In  
 spite of all my skill, She stole my heart a-way. When  
 ted-ding of the hay Bare-head-ed on the green, Love  
 'midst her locks did play, And spar-kled in her een.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Peaty's mill,  
 Shou'd share the same with me.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Old Set.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame, And  
 a' the wea-ry world to rest are gane, The waes of my heart fa' in  
 show-ers frae my ee, While my gude-man lies sound by me.

This musical system consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second and third staves are a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first staff, the second line under the second staff, and the third line under the third staff.

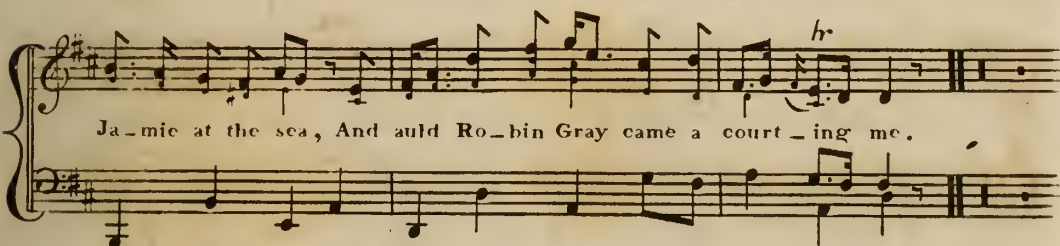
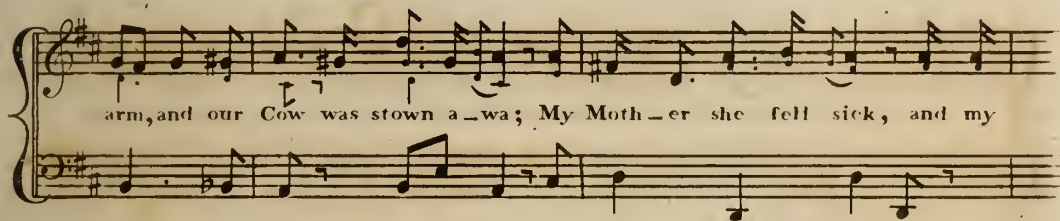
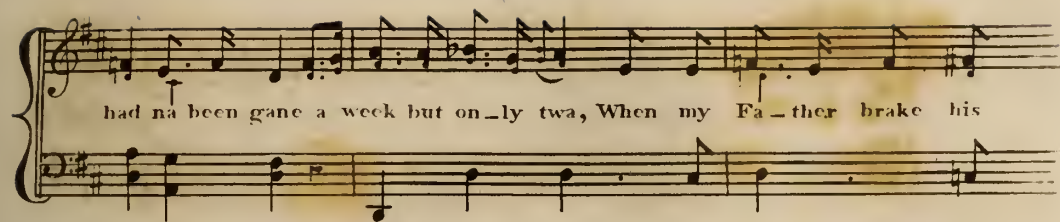
## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Modern Set.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But saving a  
 crown, he had nae-thing be-side; To make the crown a pound my  
 Ja-mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He

This musical system consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second and third staves are a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first staff, the second line under the second staff, and the third line under the third staff.





My Father coudna work, and my Mother coudna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, 'O marry me!  
 My heart it said, na; I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;  
 The ship it was a wreck! why didna Jenny die?  
 Oh! why was I spared to cry, waes me!

My Father urged me sair; my Mother didna speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
 So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.  
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith for I cou'dna think it he,  
 Till he said I'm come hame for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;  
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die;  
 And why do I live to say, waes me!  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.



THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

The last time I came o'er the moor, I left my love be--hind  
me; Ye pow'rs! what pain do I en--dure, When soft i--de--as mind me! Soon  
as the rud--dy morn dis--play'd The beam--ing day en--su--ing, I  
met be--times my love--ly maid, In fit re--treats for woo--ing.

In all my soul there's not one place

To let a rival enter;

Since she excels in every grace,

In her my love shall center:

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,

Their waves the Alps shall cover,

On Greenland ice shall roses grow,

Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the moor,

She shall a lover find me;

And that my faith is firm and pure,

Tho' I left her behind me:

Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain

My heart to her fair bosom;

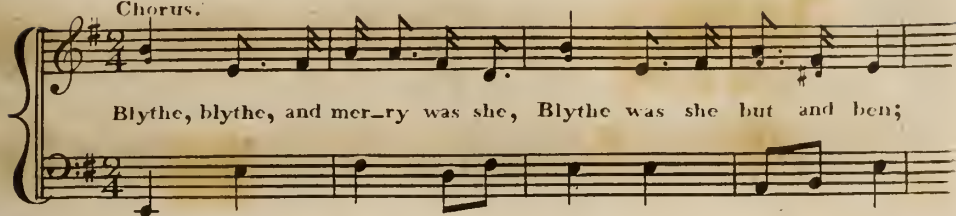
There, while my being does remain,

My love more fresh shall blossom.

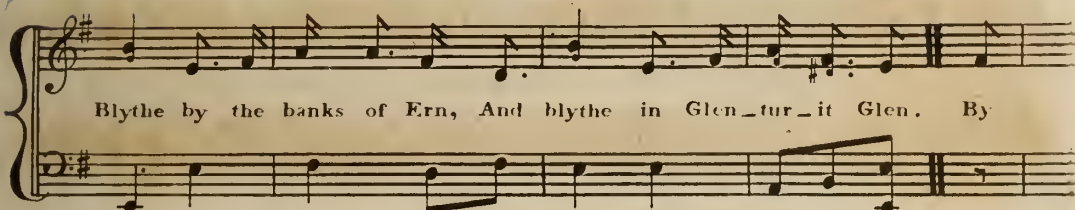
BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

33

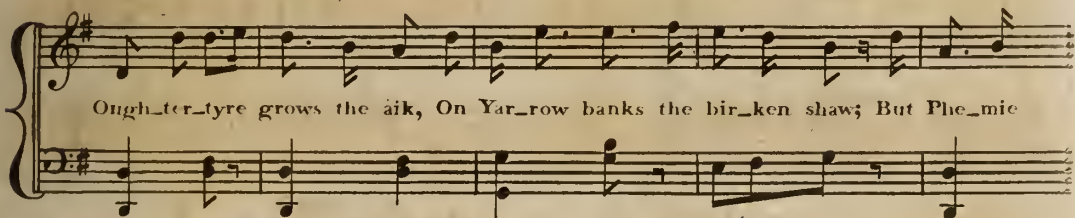
Chorus.



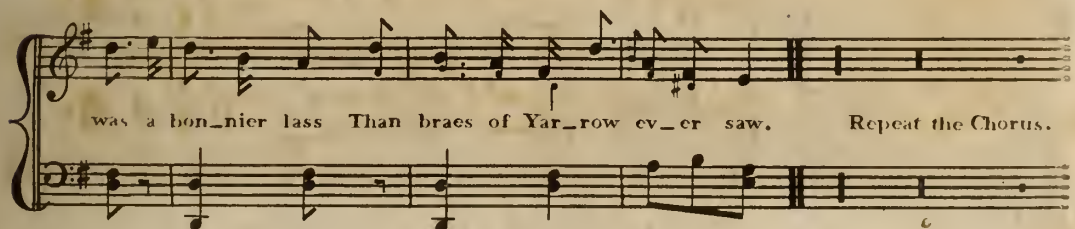
Blythe, blythe, and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben;



Blythe by the banks of Ern, And blythe in Glen-tur-it Glen. By



Ough-ter-tyre grows the aik, On Yar-row banks the bir-ken shaw; But Phe-mie



was a bon-nier lass Than braes of Yar-row ev-er saw. Repeat the Chorus.

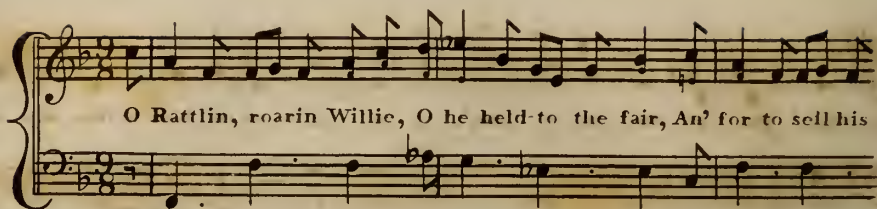
Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
Her smiles were like a Simmer morn;  
She tripped by the banks of Earn,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon a lea;  
The evening sun was ne'er sac sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Hieland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

# RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

Lively



fid\_dle, An' buy some oth\_er ware; But par\_ting wi' his fid\_dle, The saut tear

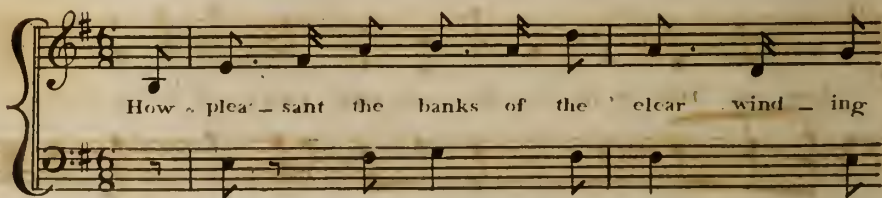
blin't his ee, And Rat\_tlin, roar\_in Wil\_lie Ye're wel\_come hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
And buy a pint o' wine:  
"If I should sell my fiddle,  
The wairld would think I was mad,  
For mony a rantin day  
My fiddle and I hae had?"

As I cam by Crochallan,  
I cannily keekit ben;  
Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
Was sittin at yon boord-en;  
Sittin at yon boord-en,  
And amang guid companie;  
Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
Ye're welcome hame to me.

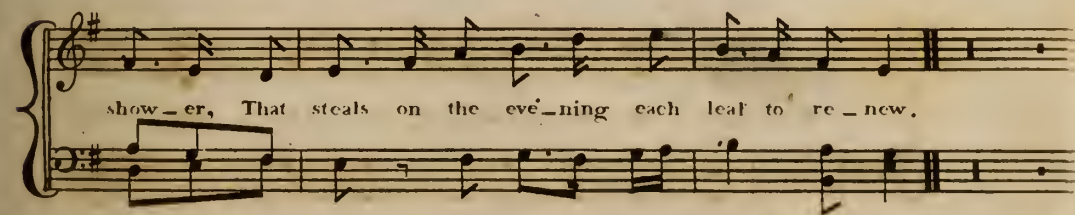
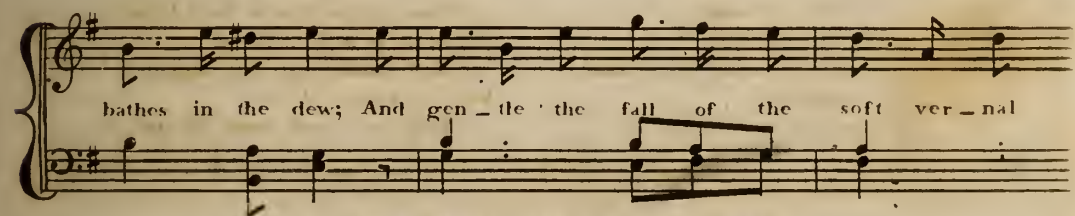
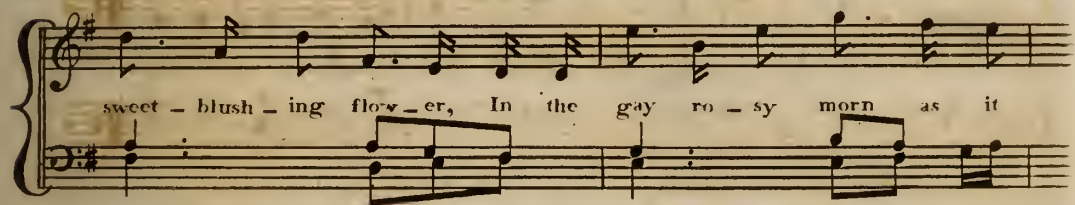
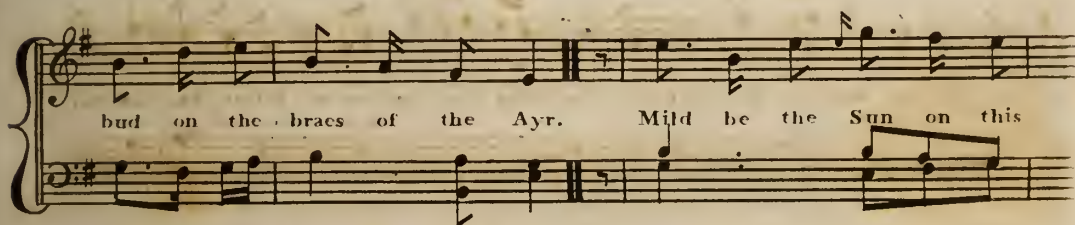
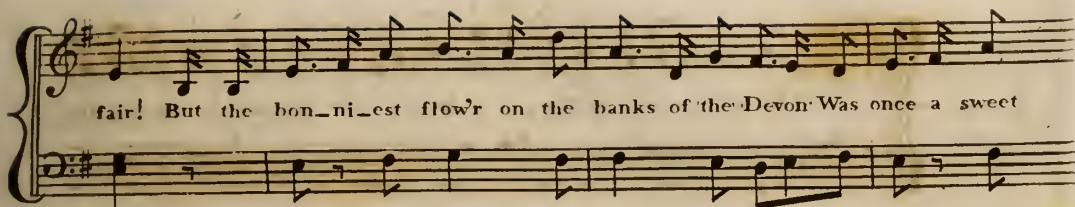
## THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Slow



De\_von, 'With' green\_spread\_ing bush\_es and flow'rs bloom\_ing





O spare the dear blossom, ye ofient breezes!

With chill, hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizest

The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,

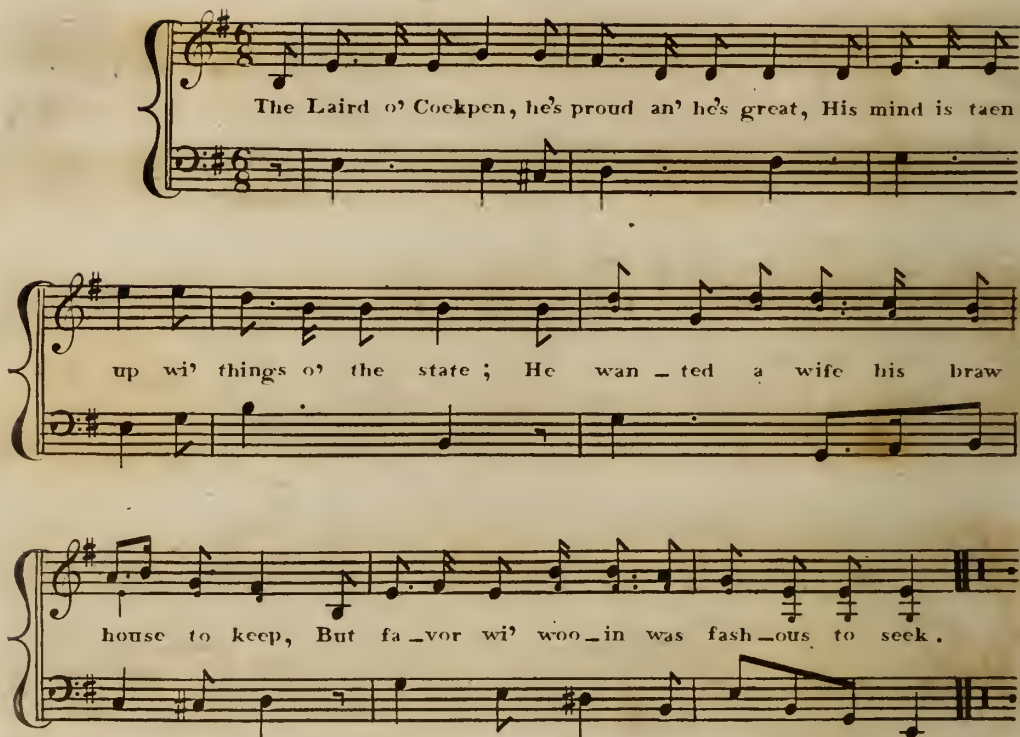
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,

Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.



The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great, His mind is taen  
up wi' things o' the state; He wan - ted a wife his brow  
house to keep, But fa - vor wi' woo - in was fash - ous to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a Lady did dwell, Mistress Jean was makin the elder-flower wine,  
At his table head he thought she'd look well, "An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
Mc Clis's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha Lee, She pat aff her aprin, and on her silk gown,  
A pennyless lass, wi' a lang pedigree. Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

His wig was weel-pouther'd, and as guid as new; An' when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue; An' what was his errand, he soon let her know;  
He put on a ring, a sword and cockt hat, Amazed was the Laird, when the Ladye said, na,  
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that. An' wi' a laigh curtsie, she turned awa.

He took the grey mear, an' rade cannily, Dumfunder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie;  
An' rapt at the yett o' Claverse-ha Lee; He mounted his mear; he rode cannily,  
"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedilie ben, And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen?" She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

## THE CYPRESS WREATH.

Same Air.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree!  
Too lievely glow the lily's light,  
The varnish'd holly's all too bright;

The May=flower and the eglantine,  
May shade a brow less sad than mine!  
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vine;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due:

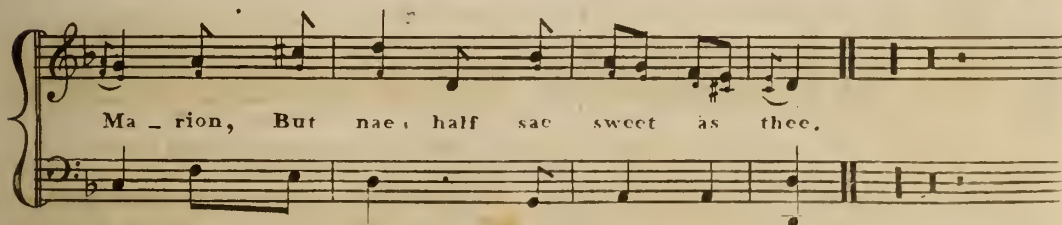
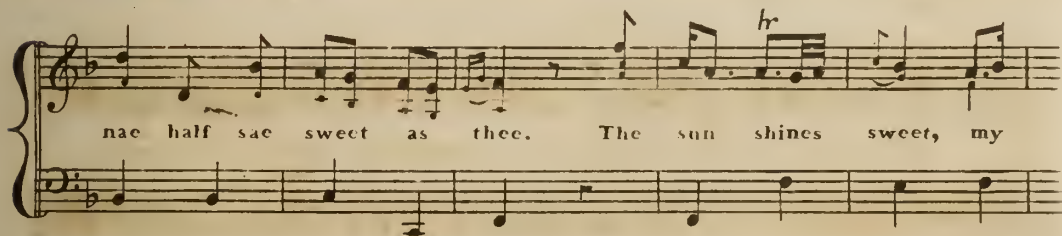
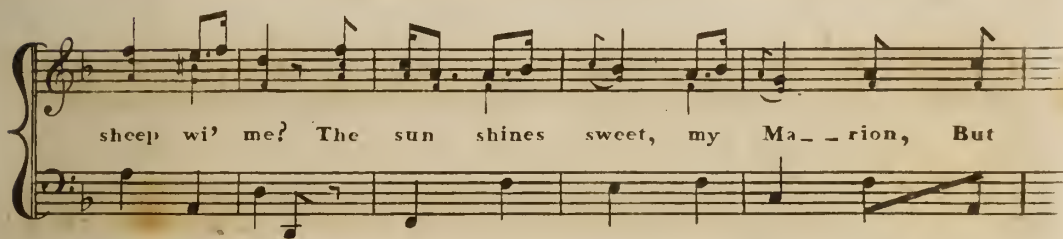
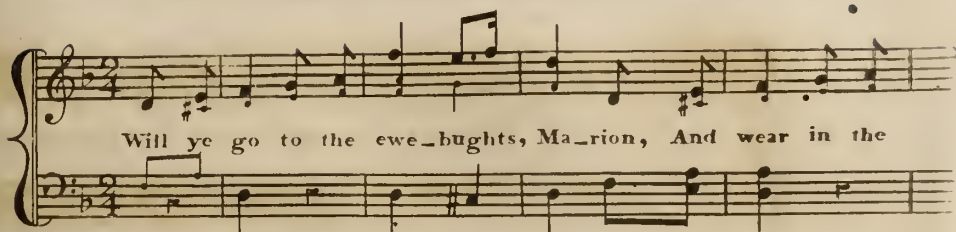
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give;  
Then, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her boasted roses bought so dear;  
Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue,  
With heath and hare=bell dipt in dew.

On favor'd Erin's crest be seen,  
The flower she loves of emerald green;  
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

# WILL YE GO TO THE EWE BUGHT'S MARION.

37



O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blyth blink's in her e'e;  
And fain wad I marry my Marion,  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
A cow and a brawny quey;  
I'll gie them a' to my Marion  
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,  
And waistcoat of the London brown;  
And vow! but ye will be vap'ring,  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the green,  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

## WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES.

Same Air.

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
And the apple on the pine;  
But a' the charms o' the Indies,  
Can never equal thine.

O plight me your faith, my Mary!  
And plight me your lily white hand  
O plight me your faith, my Mary!  
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

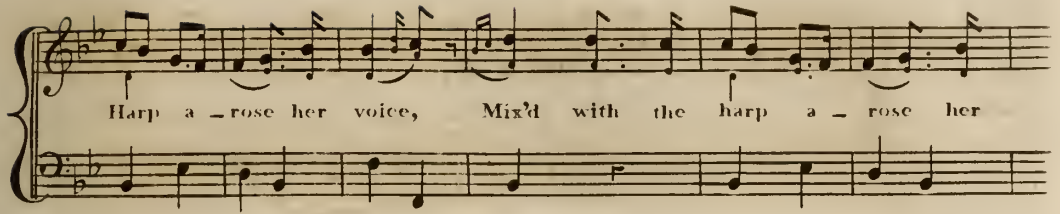
## THE MAID OF SELMA.

Slow

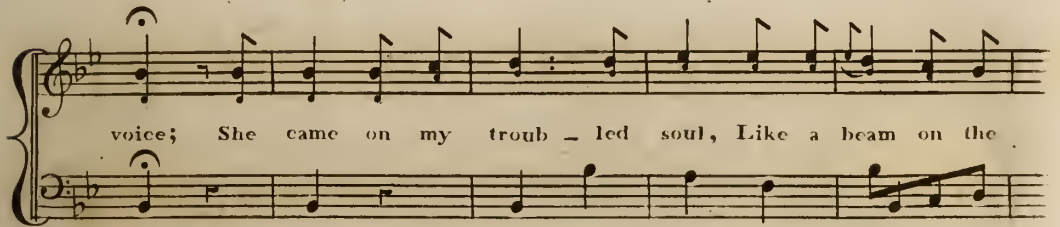
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins) and '3' (triplets).

In the hall I lay, I lay in night, mine eyes half-clos'd, half-  
 clos'd with sleep — Soft mu-sic came to mine ear, Soft mu-sic came to mine  
 ear; It was the maid of Sel-ma! Her breast was white as the  
 bo-som of a Swan, Trem-bling on swift rol-ling waves; She  
 rais'd the night-ly song, For she knew that my soul was a stream, a  
 stream that flow- - d at pleas-ant sounds. Mix'd with the

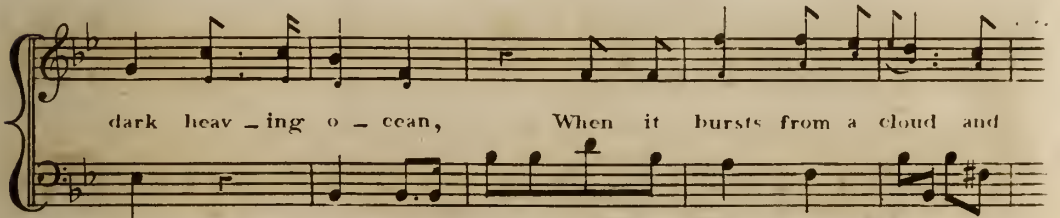




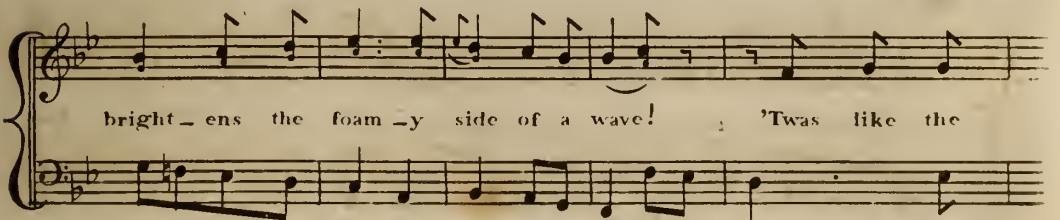
Harp a - rose her voice, Mix'd with the harp a - rose her



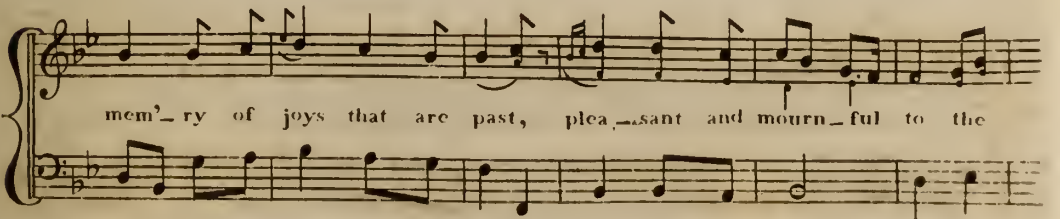
voice; She came on my troub - led soul, Like a beam on the



dark heav - ing o - cean, When it bursts from a cloud and



bright - ens the foam - y side of a wave! 'Twas like the



mem' - ry of joys that are past, plea - sant and mourn - ful to the

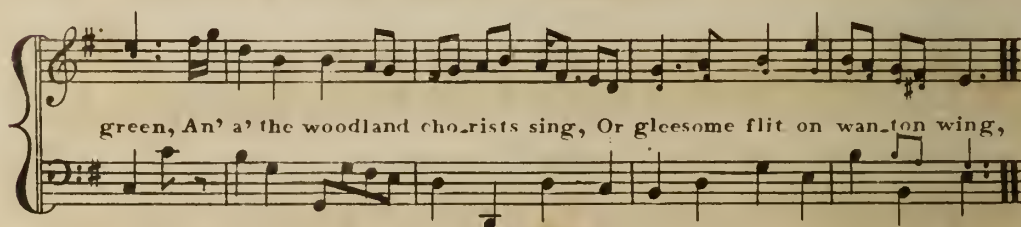
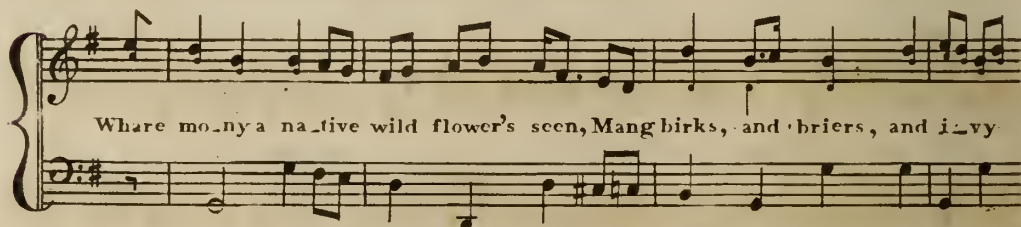
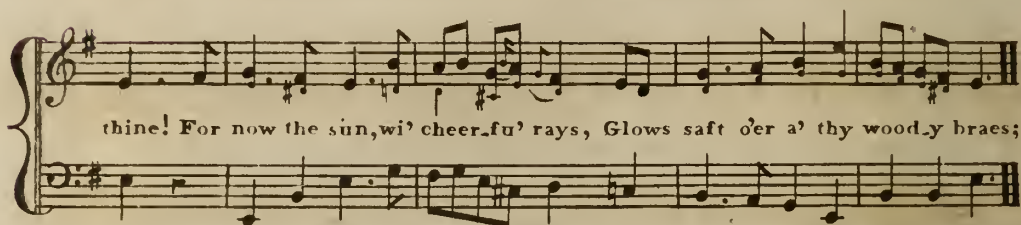
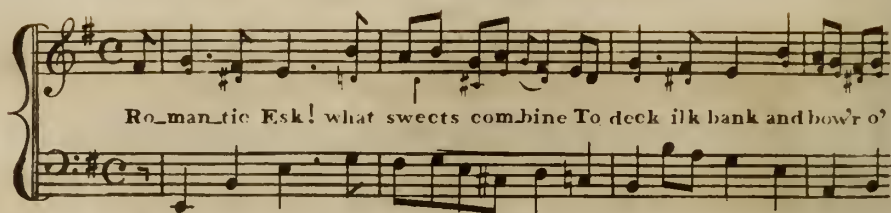


Soul; plea - sant and mourn - ful to the Soul.

*pp*



## ROMANTIC ESK.

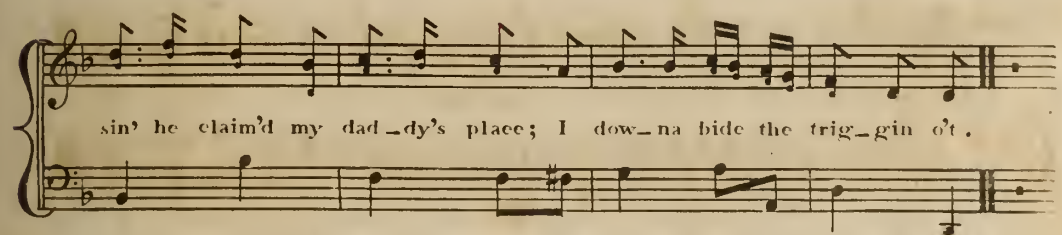
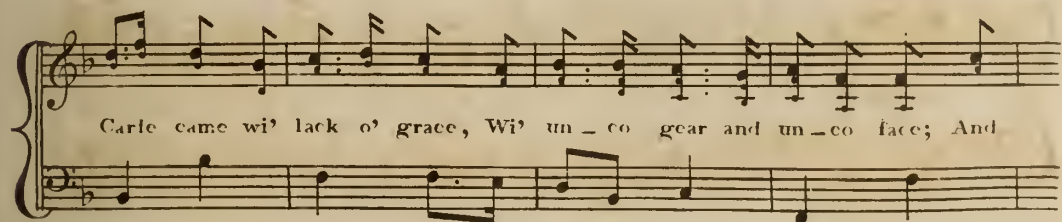
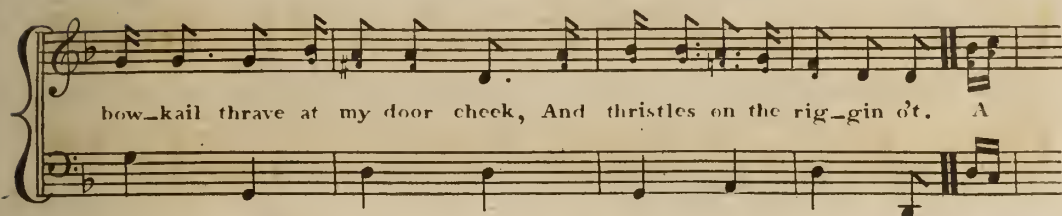
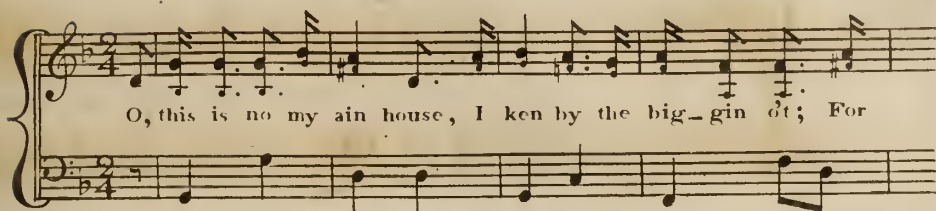


Save where the lintie, mournfully,  
Sabs sair aneath the rowan tree,  
To see her nest, an' young anes a',  
By thoughtless reaver borne awa.  
Return, return the mourner's care,  
An' ease the bosom o' despair,  
Nor cleed your little heart in steel,  
For Nature bad' the lintie feel.

How fresh and fair, o' varied hue,  
Ilk tufted haunt o' sweet Buccleugh!  
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,  
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;  
An' Mavisbank, sae rural gay,  
Looks bonny down the woodland brae!  
But doubly fair ilk darling scene  
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.

Now tent the Pentlands, westlins seen,  
O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green;  
Where, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes  
Rin bleating round the sunny knowes.  
An' mony a little siller rill  
Steals gurgling down its mossy hill;  
An' vernal green is ilka tree  
On bonny braes o' Woodhouselee!

## THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.



Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,  
My daddy's door it wadna steek;  
But bread and cheese were his door-check,  
And girdle-cakes the riggin o't.

O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,  
For ony cringing foreign goose,  
To claucht my daddy's wee bit house,  
And spoil the hamely triggin o't?

O, this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bigg'd his housie weel,  
By dint o' head, and dint o' heel,  
By dint o' arm, and dint o' steel,  
And muckle weary priggin o't.

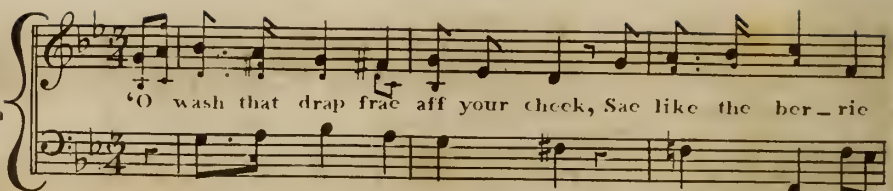
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,  
To come a hunder mile and mair,  
For to ding out my daddy's heir,  
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?

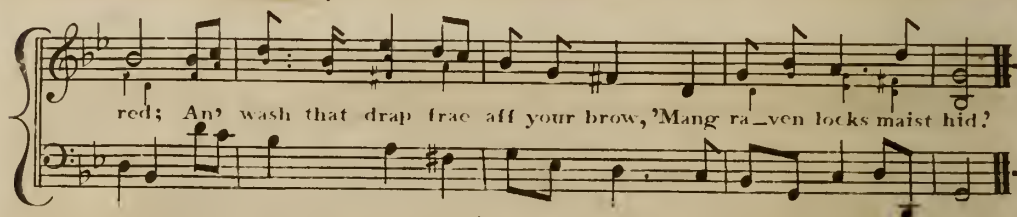
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

## LADY KENMURE.

Slow with  
Expression



'O wash that drap frae aff your cheek, Sae like the ber-rie



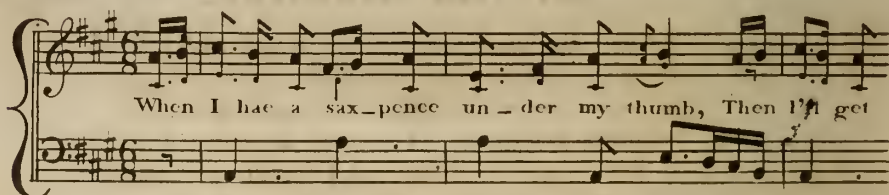
red; An' wash that drap frae aff your brow, 'Mang ra-ven locks maist hid?

"I wadna wash that drap awa,  
That is aneath my ee,  
I wadna wash that frae my brow,  
For a that earth cou'd gie.

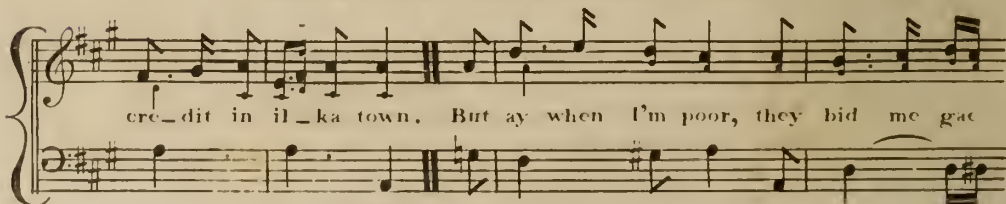
"When mercy fled, and guilty hands  
Profan'd the haly rude,  
Twas a' that pity had to spare,  
Twa draps o' Kenmure's biude?"



## TODLIN HAME.

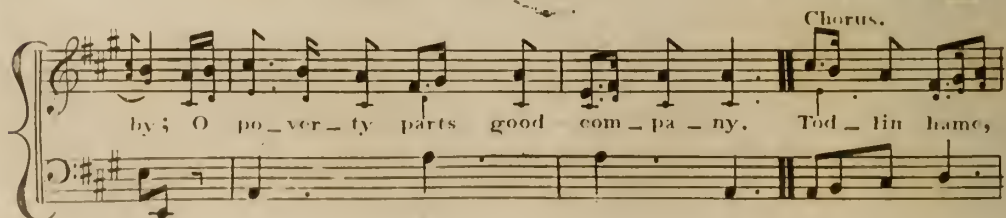


When I hae a sax-pence un-der my thumb, Then I'll get

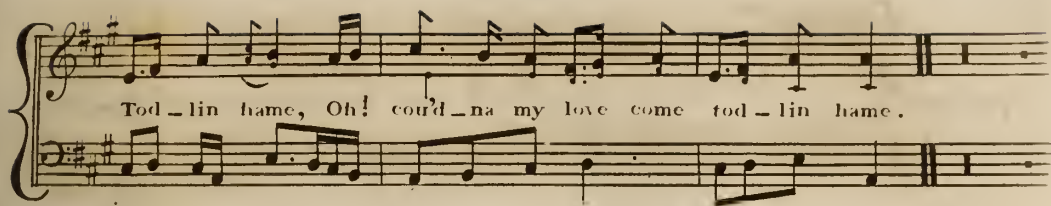


cre-dit in il-ka town. But ay when I'm poor, they bid me gae

Chorus.



by; O po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny. Tod-lin hame,



But I mind the time when things were nae sae,  
 Welcome I was, and ay bidden to stay —  
 Ah! now I am wed to a sad drunken man,  
 And he'll no mend, do a' that I can.

Todlin hame, &c.

Be warned, ye maids, and tak my advice,  
 Before that ye wed be canny and nice;  
 Ye may hae your plagues (for wha has nae care?)  
 But an ill-married wife has surely far mair!

Todlin hame, &c.

Be sure your lad's guid, and keeps the kirk weel,  
 Frae Markets and Fairs was ne'er seen to reel;  
 If active, and honest, and never seen fou,  
 Repentance, like mine, will no fa' to you.

Todlin hame, &c.



### MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Same Air.

O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
 Mang Lords, and mang Ladies, a' covered wi' braws;  
 At feasts made for Princes, wi' Princes I've been,  
 Whar the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een.

But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonny blythe blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, Heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome ingle,  
 Wi' the friens o' my youth, I cordially mingle;  
 Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad;  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falschood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;  
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,  
 There's nane half sure as ane's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.



## BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Ye gal - lants bright, I redd you right, Be - ware o'

bon - nie Ann; Her come - ly face sae fu' o' grace, Your

heart she will tre - pan. Her cen sae bright, like stars by

night, Her skin is like the swan; Sae jimp - ly lae'd her

gen - ty waist, That scarce wad met a span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,  
 And pleasure leads the van;  
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,  
 They wait on bonnie Ann.  
 The captive hands may chain the hands,  
 But love enslaves the man;  
 Ye gallants braw, I redd you a',  
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.

## AMYNTA.

My Sheep I've for-sa-ken, and left my Sheep hook, And all the gay

haunts of my youth I've for-sook; No more for A-myn-ta fresh gar-lands I

wove, For am-bi-tion, I said, would soon cure me of love. O

what had my youth with am-bi-tion to do! Why left I A-myn-ta! Why

broke I my vow! O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook re-

store, And I'll wan-der from love and A-myn-ta no more!

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!  
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!  
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,  
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine;  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain;  
 The moments neglected return not again.  
 O what had my youth with ambition to do!  
 Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!  
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,  
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more

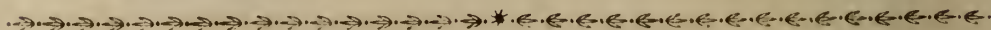
# BONNIE WINSOME MARY.

For\_tune, frown\_ing most severe, For'd me from my native dwelling;  
 Part\_ing with my friends so dear Cost me ma\_ny a bit\_ter tear: But,  
 like the clouds of ear\_ly day, Soon my sor\_ows fled a\_way, When  
 bloom\_ing sweet, and smil\_ing gay, I met my win\_some Ma\_ry.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear narrative structure. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the left hand.

Wha can sit wi' gloomy brow,  
 Blest wi' sic a charming lassie?  
 Native scenes, I think on you,  
 Yet the change I canna rue;  
 Wand'ring many a weary mile,  
 Fortune seem'd to low'r the while;  
 But now she's gien me, for the toil,  
 My bonnie winsome Mary.

Tho' our riches are but few,  
 Faithful love is aye a treasure;  
 Ever cheary, kind and true,  
 Nane but her I e'er can loe.  
 Hear me, a' ye Powers above!  
 Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!  
 While I live I'll constant prove  
 To my dear winsome Mary.

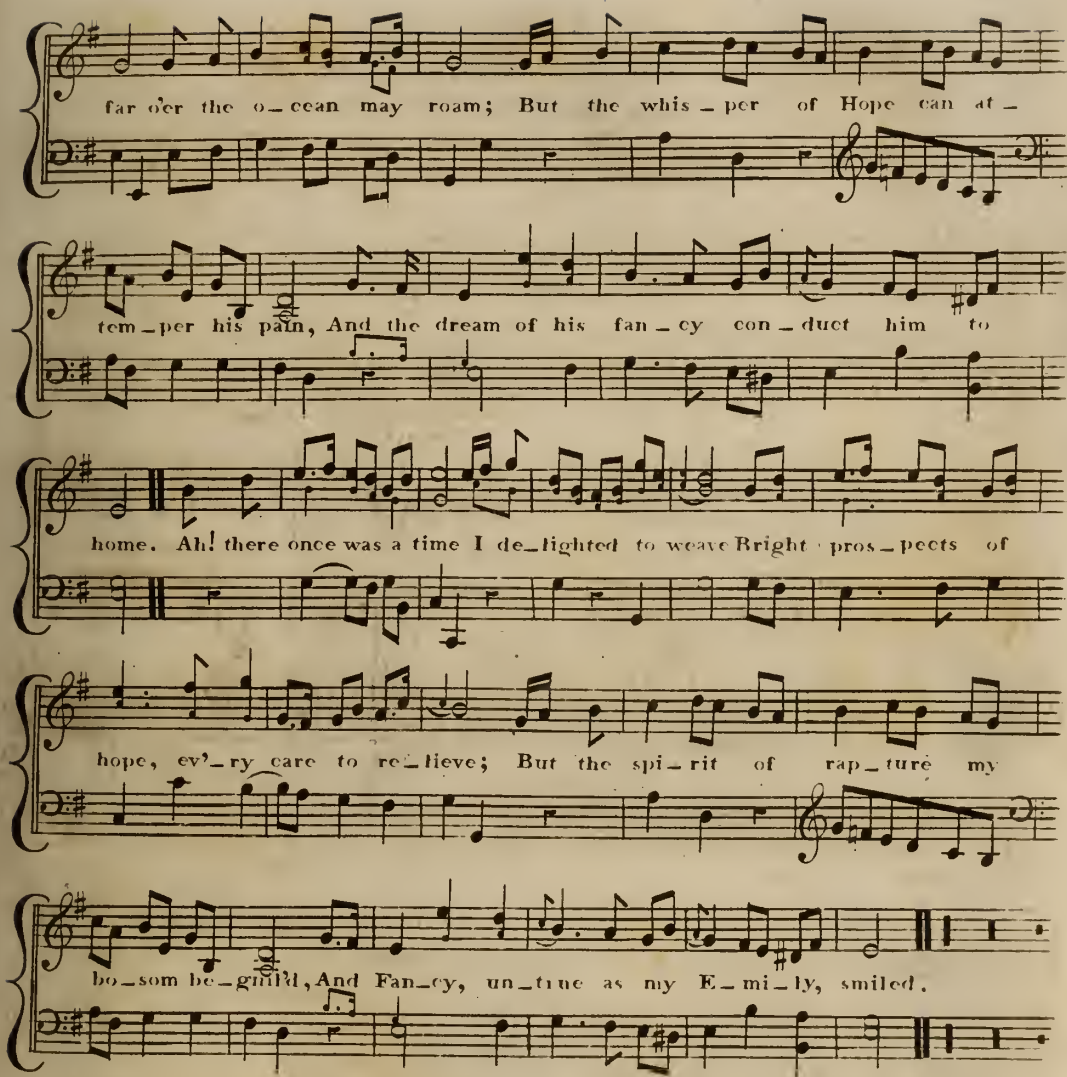


## THE SOLDIER MAY TOIL.

The soldier may toil on the Sun-beat-en plain, And the ma-ri-ner

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of one system of music. The treble clef staff is for the voice, and the bass clef staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear narrative structure. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the left hand.





far o'er the o-c-ean may roam; But the whis-per of Hope can at-tem-per his pain, And the dream of his fan-cy con-duct him to home. Ah! there once was a time I de-lighted to weave Bright pros-pects of hope, ev'-ry care to re-lieve; But the spi-rit of rap-ture my bo-som be-guiled, And Fan-cy, un-true as my E-mi-ly, smiled.

When Nature is hush'd to her deepest repose,  
 When the moon-beams appear on each mountain to sleep;  
 Then the slave is forgetful to number his woes,  
 The guilty to tremble, the wretched to weep.  
 Why then cannot silence my quiet restore?  
 Why fly my short slumbers, nor visit me more?  
 Ah! slumber could once ev'ry tumult beguile,  
 And in every soft dream was my Emily's smile.

Return, ye loved visions, all powerful to please!  
 Let me wake to the woes of remembrance no more;  
 Not the magic of sound can my bosom appease,  
 Oh, then the best solace of sorrow restore!  
 Let me dream of the joys I delighted to weave,  
 When Hope could each frown of my fortune relieve,  
 When the spirit of rapture my bosom beguiled,  
 And Fancy, untrue as my Emily, smiled.

OH, O NOCHRI OH!

Oh, was not I a wea - ry wight! Oh, on - o - chri

oh! oh, on - o - chri oh! Can I for - get that bluid - y

night? Oh, o - no - chri, o - no - chri, o - no - chri Oh! In

This is a musical score for a hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

The lyrics shown are: "vain I held him in my arms, Oh, on - o - chri".

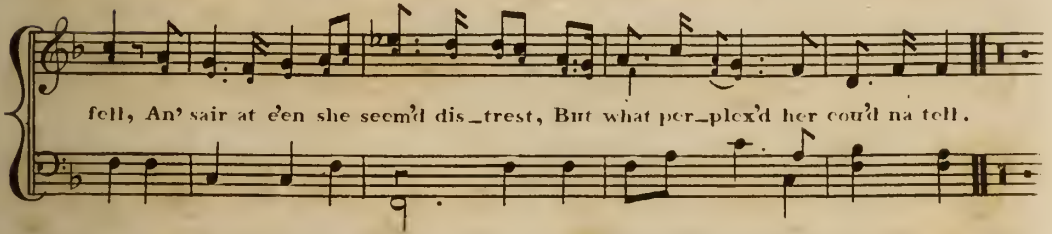
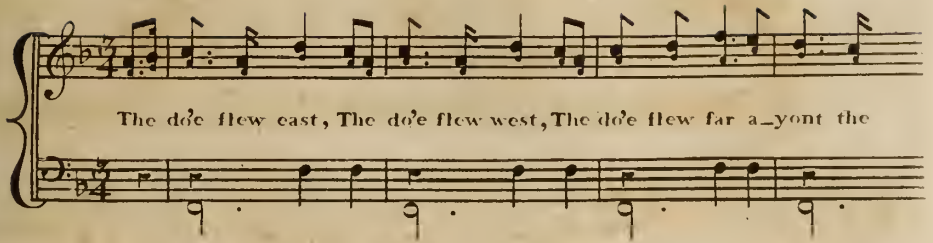
Oh, Oh, o - no - chri oh! When most I thought him free from

harmes, Oh, o - no - chri, o - no - chri, o - no - chri Oh!

On my knees I prayed in vain,  
                                Ohonochri, &c.  
They wad nae rest till a' were slain,  
                                Ohonochri, &c.  
But tho' twas done in dead o' night,  
                                Ohonochri, &c.  
Oh'twas seen by heav'n's light,  
                                Ohonochri, &c.

A' was peace in our wild Glen,  
Oh, onochri, &c.  
Till entered by these cruel men,  
Oh, onochri, &c.  
These high hills were nae defence,  
Oh, onochri, &c.  
They spar'd not age nor innocence,  
Oh, onochri, &c.

## SIR DAVID GRÆME.



And aye she cried, 'curdoo, curdoo,  
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair,  
An' lookit sad, an' wad na bow  
To taste the sweetest finest ware.

The Lady pined, an' sair did blame,  
She didna blame the bonnie dōe,  
But sair she blamed Sir David Græme,  
Wha now to her had broke his vow.

He swore by moon an' stars sae bright,  
An' by their bed o' grass sae green,  
To meet her there on Lammas night,  
Whatever dangers lay between.

To risk his fortune and his life,  
To bear her frae her Father's ha';  
To gi'e her a' the lands o' Drife,  
An' wed wi' her for gude an' a'.

The day arrived, the evening came,  
The Lady looked wi' wistful e'e,  
But, O, alack! her noble Græme,  
Frae e'en to morn, she could na see.

An' ilka day she sat an' grat,  
An' ilka night she sat an' wrought,  
Ay wighthen this, and blaming that,  
But o' the cause she never thought.

The Sun had drunk frae Reider fells  
His beverage o' the morning dew;  
The wild fowl slumbered in the dells,  
The heather hung its bells o' blue.

The lambs were skipping on the brae,  
In airy notes the shepherd sung;  
The laverock hail'd the jocund day  
Till ilka thicket sweetly rung.

The Lady to her window hied,  
That opened o'er the banks o' Tyne,  
An' O, alack! she said, an' sighed,  
"Sure every heart is blythe but mine.

"Where hae ye been my bonnie dōe,  
That I hae fed wi' bread and wine;  
As roving a' this country through,  
Oh! saw ye this fause luvè o' mine?"

The dōe sat on the window tree,  
An' held a lock o' yellow hair;  
She perched upon the Lady's knee,  
An' carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean? it is the same,  
Or ensè my senses me beguile;  
This lock belonged to David Græme,  
The flower o' a' the British Isle.

"It isna cut wi' sheers or knife,  
But frae his haffits torn awa!  
I ken he lo'ed me as his life,  
But this I canna read ava."

The dōe flew east, the dōe flew west,  
The dōe flew far ayont the fell,  
An' back she cam wi' panting breast  
At ringing o' the castle bell.

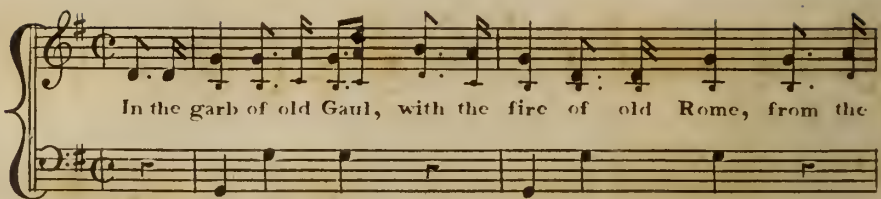
She lighted on the hally tap,  
An' cried, 'curdoo' an' hung her wing;  
Then flew into the Lady's lap,  
An' there she dropped a diamond ring.

"What can this mean? it is the same,  
Or ensè my senses me beguile!  
This ring I gave to David Græme,  
The bravest Knight in Britain's Isle."

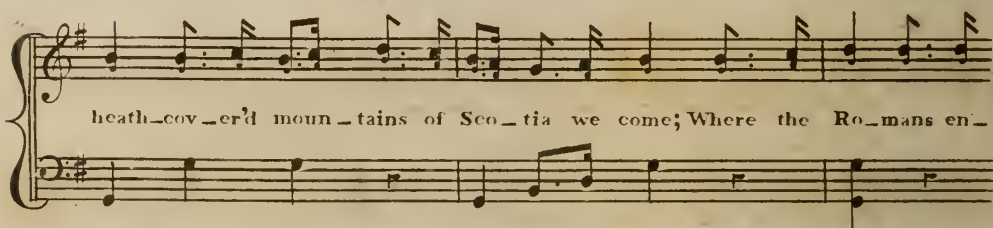


## THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

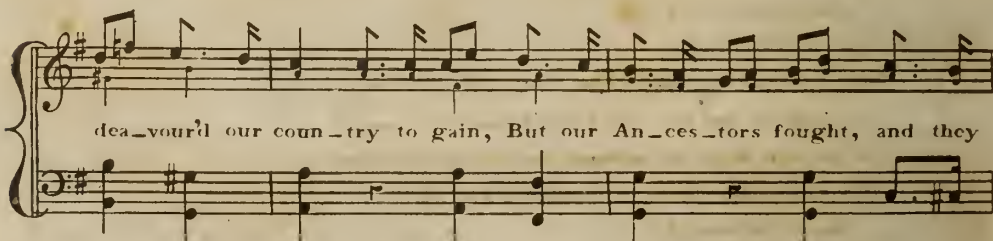
**Bold**



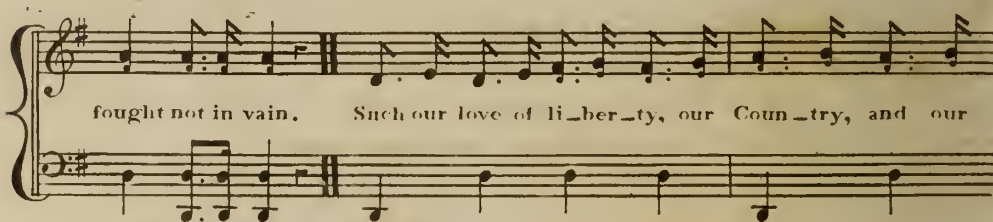
In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the



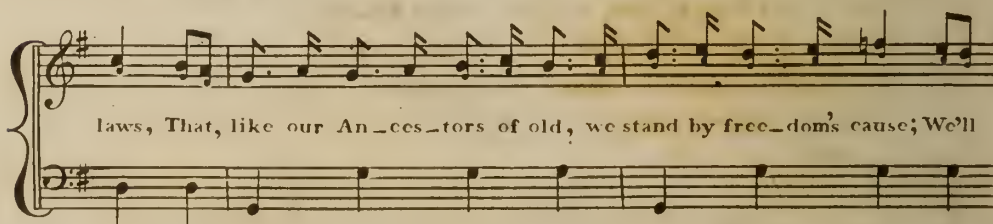
heath\_cov\_er'd moun\_tains of Sco\_tia we come; Where the Ro\_mans en-



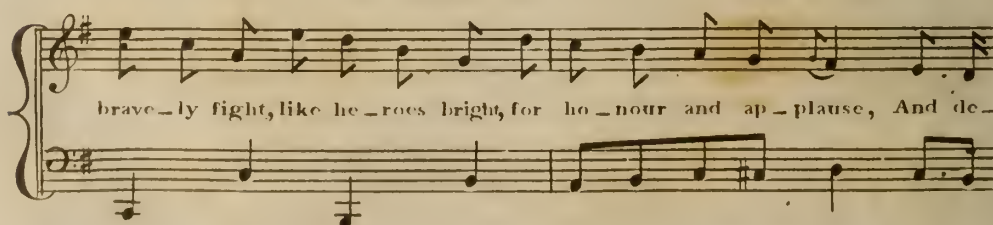
dea\_vour'd our coun\_try to gain, But our An\_ces\_tors fought, and they



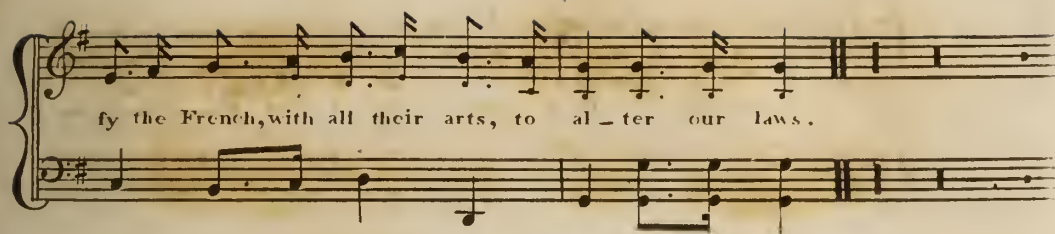
fought not in vain. Such our love of li\_ber\_ty, our Coun\_try, and our



laws, That, like our An\_ces\_tors of old, we stand by free\_doms' cause; We'll



brave\_ly fight, like he\_oes bright, for ho\_nour and ap\_plause, And de-



No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace;  
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
 Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,  
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
 And swift as the roe which the hound doth assail;  
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear;  
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
 So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;  
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;  
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
 Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our land may the fury of faction long cease;  
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,  
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
 That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind,  
 Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,  
 That they, like our Ancestors bold, for honour and applause,  
 May defy the French, with all their arts to alter our laws.

## O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Moderately  
Slow

Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bonnie bloomin heather,

There I met a bon-nie Las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

Chor.

O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther, O'er the muir a-mang the hea-ther;

There I met a bon-nie Las-sie Keep-ing a' her yowes the-gith-er.

Says I, "my dear, where is thy hame?  
In moor or dale, pray, tell me whether?"  
She says, "I tent thae fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather?  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather;  
She says, "I tent thae fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather?"

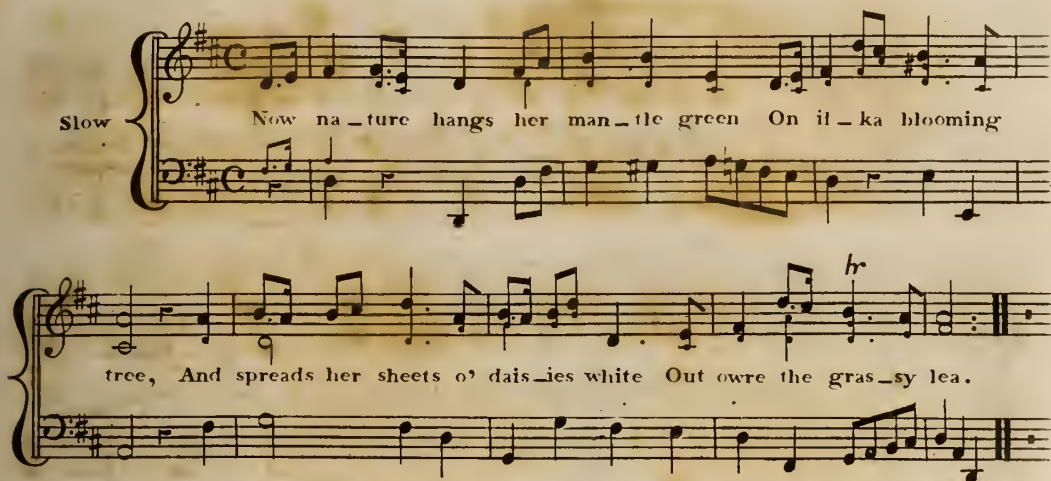
We sat us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat she sung a sang,  
Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
And ay the burden o' the sang,  
Was, o'er the muir amang the heather.  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
And ay the burden o' the sang  
Was, "o'er the muir amang the heather?"

She charmd my heart, and ay sinsyne,  
I could na think on ony ither;  
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
The bonnie lass amang the heather.  
O'er the muir amang the heather,  
O'er the muir amang the heather;  
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
The bonnie lass amang the heather.



LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, on the APPROACH of SPRING.



Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been;  
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sov'reign o' Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
My sister and my fae,  
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword,  
That thro' thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in womap's breast  
Was never known to thee;  
Nor th' balm that draps, on wounds of woe,  
Frae woman's pitying c'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee;  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

## MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Slow

Mu - sing on the roar - ing o - cean, Which di -

vides my love and me; Wea - ry - ing Heav'n in

warm' de - vo - tion, For his weal where - e'er he be;

Hope and fear's alternate billow,  
Yielding late to nature's law,  
Whispering spirits, round my pillow,  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

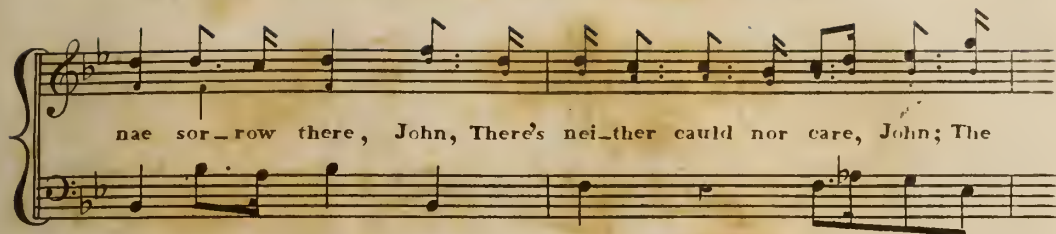
Gentle night, do thou befriend me;  
Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa.

## I'M WEARIN' AWA, JOHN.

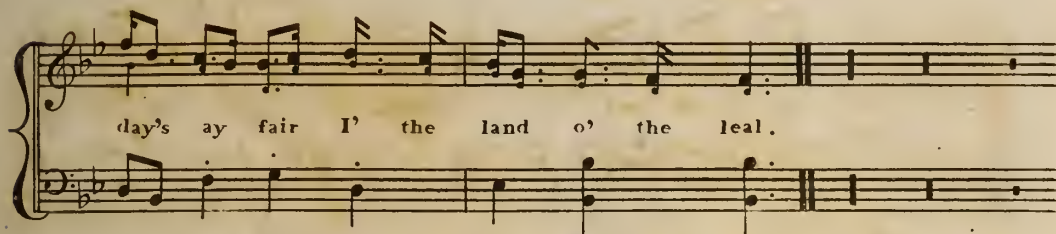
With tender  
Feeling

I'm wear - in a - wa, John, Like snaw - wreathes in

thaw, John, I'm wear - in a - wa To the land o' the feal. There's



nae sor-row there, John, There's nei-ther could nor care, John; The



day's ay fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
She was baith guid and fair, John;  
And oh! we grudg'd her sair  
To the land o' the leal.

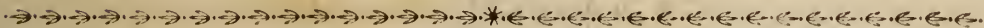
But sorrows sel wears past, John,  
And Joy's a comin fast, John,  
The Joy that's ay to last,  
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that Joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glist'ning ee, John,  
My saul lang's to be free, John,  
And Angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,  
Your day its wearin thro', John,  
And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,  
This world's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.



### HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

Same Air.

Here's to the king, Sir,  
Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,  
And to every honest man  
That will do't again.

Chorus.  
Fill, fill your bumpers high!  
Drain, drain your glasses dry!  
Out upon them, fy! fy!  
That winna do't again.

Here's to the Chieftains  
Of the gallant Hieland clans;  
They hae done mair than ance,  
And will do't again.—Fill, &c.

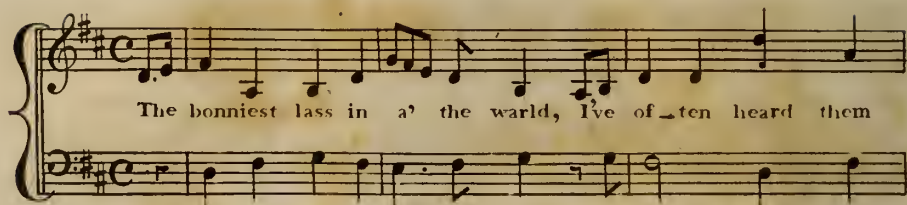
When you hear the trumpet sounds,  
Tutti, taiti, to the drums;  
Up your swords, and down your guns,  
And to the louns again.—Fill, &c.

Here is to the 'king o' Swede,  
Fresh laurels crown his head,  
Shame fa' every sneaking blade  
That winna do't again. Fill, &c.

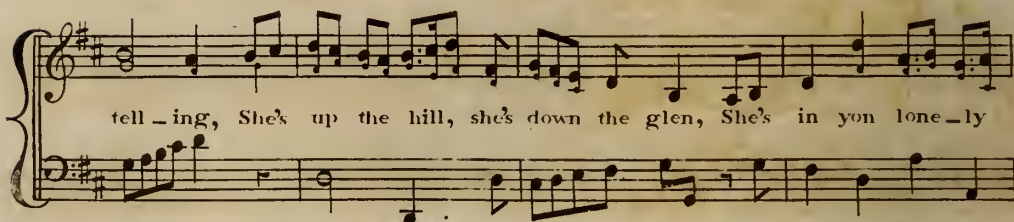
But to mak a' things right, now,  
He that drinks maun fight, too,  
To shew his heart's upright too,  
And that he'll do't again. Fill, &c.



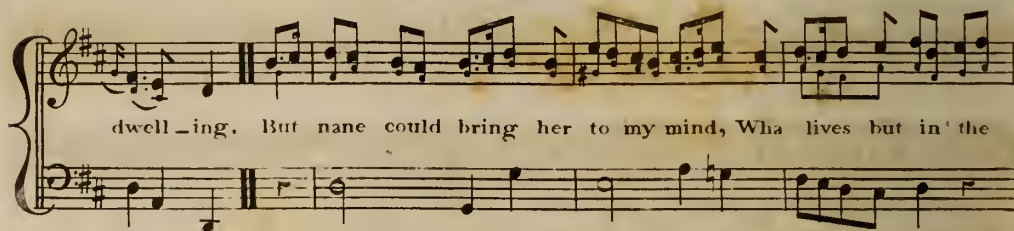
# THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.



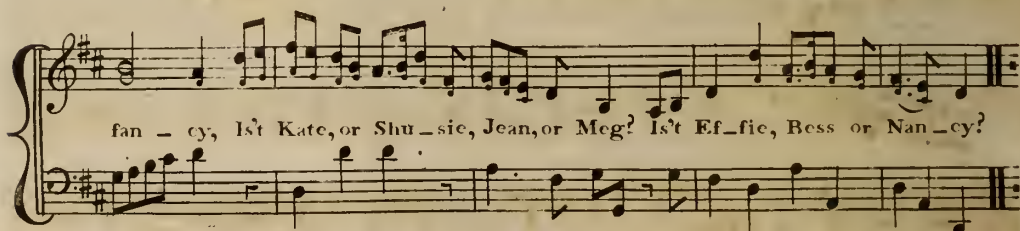
The bonniest lass in a' the warld, I've of-ten heard them



tell-ing, She's up the hill, she's down the glen, She's in yon lone-ly

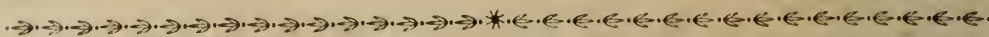


dwell-ing. But nane could bring her to my mind, Wha lives but in' the



fan-cy, Is't Kate, or Shu-sie, Jean, or Meg? Is't Ef-fie, Bess or Nan-cy?

Now lassies a' keep a gude heart,  
 Nor e'er envie a comrade,  
 For be ye're e'en black, blue, or grey,  
 Ye're bonniest aye to some lad.  
 The tender heart, the cheering smile,  
 The truth that n'er will falter,  
 Are charms that never can beguile,  
 And time can never alter.



## THERE'S NOUGHT THAT EVER MET THE EYE. Same Air.

There's nought that ever met the eye,  
 In land or on the ocean,  
 Or soared unto the Heav'n high,  
 That fill'd wi' sic emotion;  
 As she, sae rare, sae sweet and fair,  
 Without a peer to equal;  
 Wi' her nane dare ere to compare,  
 She's bonniest in the warld.

As op'ning day, in summer morn,  
 Resplended in its beaming;  
 As Borealis illumines the night,  
 In all its beauties streaming.  
 As the fairy queen in airy dreams,  
 In fancy draws nae par'allel;  
 So bonnie Bell in beauty seems  
 The Peer o' a' the warld.

## SONG OF SELMA.

Second Voice.

Plaintive

Ullin, Carril, and Ry-no, Voi-ces of the days of old, let me

Ullin, Carril, &amp;c.

hear you while yet it is dark, to please and a-wake my soul. I hear you

not, ye sons of song, in what hall of the clouds is your rest? do you

touch the Shadowy harp, Rob'd with morning mist, where the ris-ing Sun comes

forth from his green-head-ed waves? from his green head-ed waves?

# BONNIE WEE THING.

Slowly

Bon\_nie wee thing, can\_ny wee thing, Love\_ly wee thing, wert thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bo-som; Lest my Jew-el I should tine,

Wish\_ful\_ly I look, and lan\_guish, In that bon\_nie face o' thine;

And my heart it stounds wi' an\_guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

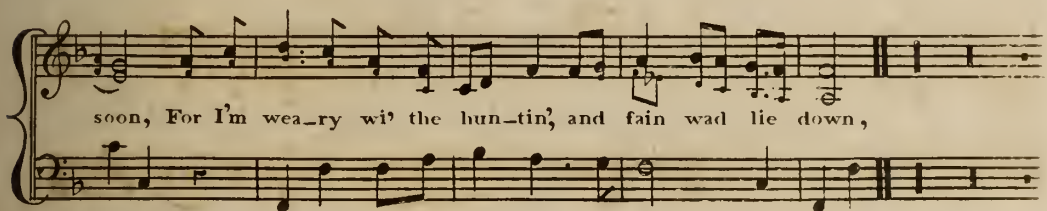
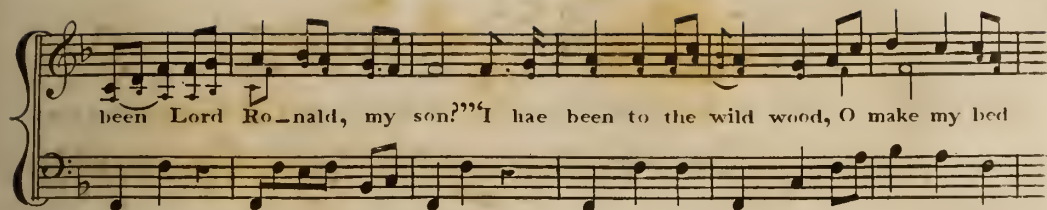
Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
 In ae constellation shine;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine.  
 Bonnie wee thing, &c.

# LORD RONALD MY SON.

Slow

"O whare hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son? O whare hae ye





"Whare gat ye ye're dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?

Whare gat ye ye're dinner, my bonny young man?"

'I dined wi' my true luv; Mither mak my bed soon,

For I'm sick, and I'm weary, and fain wad lay down!"

"What got ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?

What got ye to dinner, my bonny young man?"

'I got eels boiled in broo; Mither mak my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and fain wad lay down!"

"And whar's a' ye're blood-hounds, Lord Ronald, my son?

O! whar's a' ye're blood-hounds, my darling young man?"

'O they swell'd, and they died, and so will I soon,

For life is a burden, that I maun lay down?"

"I've rocket your cradle, Lord Ronald, my son,

I've rocket your cradle, Lord Ronald, my son;

My heart it was light, and the tears they ran down,

But oh! they were sweet, and they dried again soon.

"I've made ye're bed saftly, Lord Ronald, my son,

I've made ye're bed saftly, Lord Ronald, my son;

Gin it be deadly poison, that makes ye lie down,

They're happin' ye now, that will follow ye soon!"

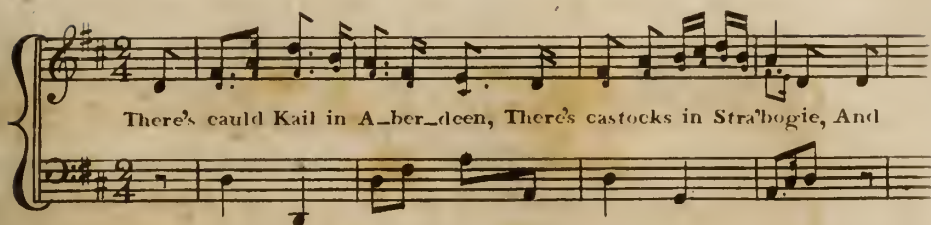
THOU ART GANE AWA FRAE ME, MARY.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left (treble and bass staves) and a vocal line on the right (treble staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

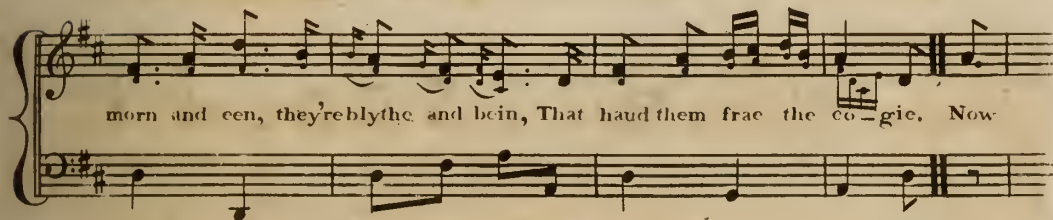
Thou art gane a-wa, Thou art gane a-wa, Thou art gane a -  
 wa frae me, Ma - ry! Nor friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast  
 cheat-ed them and me, Ma - ry! Un - til this hour I ne - ver  
 thought, That ought could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mis - tress  
 of my heart, Think what you will of me, Ma - ry.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,  
 That stol'd that heart of thine, Mary,  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
 I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
 Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;  
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

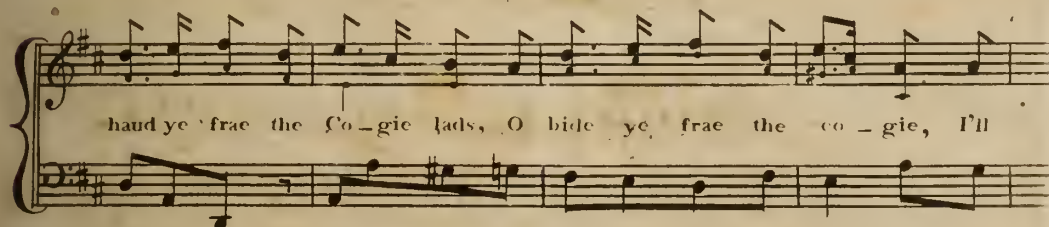
Tho' you've been false, yet while I live  
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary;  
 Till friends forget, and I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.  
 So then, farewell, of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;  
 For all the world, I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.



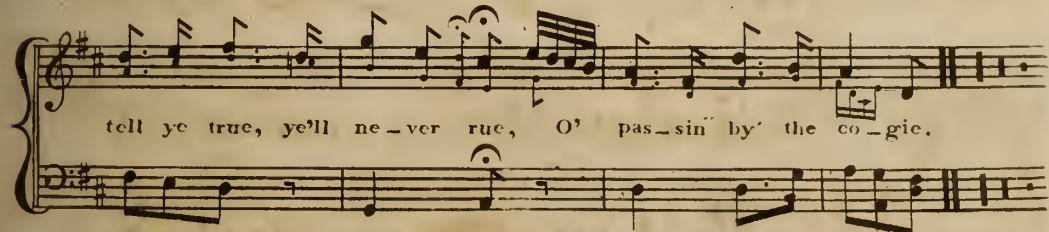
There's cauld Kail in A\_ber\_deen, There's castocks in Stra'bogie, And



morn and een, they're blythe and bein, That haud them frae the co\_gie, Now



haud ye frae the Co\_gie lads, O bide ye frae the co\_gie, I'll



tell ye true, ye'll ne-ver rue, O' pas-sin' by the co\_gie.

Young Will was braw and weel put on,  
Sae blythe was he and vogie,  
And he got bonny Mary Don,  
The flower o' a Strathbogie;  
Wha wad hae thought, at wooin time,  
He'd e'er forsaken Mary!  
An' taen him to the tipplin trade,  
Wi' boozin Rob and Harry.

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,  
She scarce could lift the ladle,  
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,  
She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.  
Her weddin' plenishin was gane,  
She never thought to borrow;  
Her bonny face was waxin wan,  
And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ae winter night,  
Some later nor the gloamin';  
He's tean the rig, he's miss'd the brig,  
And bogie's oure him foamins'.  
Wi' broken banes, out o'er the stanes,  
He creepit up Stra'bogie,  
And a the night he pray'd wi' might  
To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again,  
She's neither sick nor silly;  
For auld or young nae sinfu' tongue  
Could e'er entice her Willie.  
And aye the sang thro Bogie rang,  
O had ye frae the cogie,  
The weary gill's the sairest ill  
On braes o' fair Stra'bogie.



## THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

Oh, Bil - ly, Bil - ly, bon - ny Bil - ly, Will ye gang  
to the wood wi' me? We'll ca' our horse hame mas - ter - less, And  
gar them trow slain men are we. Oh no! oh no! says Ear - lis -  
toun, For that's the thing that can - na be, For I am sworn to  
Both - well - hill, And I maun ei - ther gae or die.

So Earlstoun rose in the morn,  
An' mounted by the break o' day,  
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,  
As they were marching out the way.  
"Now fareweel Faither, fareweel Mither,  
An' fare ye weel my Sisters three;  
An' fare ye weel, sweet Earlstoun,  
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa to Bothwell-hill,  
 An' waly they rode bonnily!  
 When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin,  
 He rade to view their companie.  
 "Ye're welcome, Lads," then Monmouth said,  
 "Ye're welcome, brave Scots Lads, to me;  
 And sae are ye, brave Earlstoun,  
 The foremost o' your companie!

"But yield your weapons ane an' a,  
 O yield your weapons, Lads, to me;  
 For gin ye yield your weapons up,  
 Ye'se a gae hame to your countrie?"  
 Out up then spak a Lennox lad,  
 And waly he spak bonnily!  
 "I winna yield my weapons up  
 To you or ony man I see?"

Then he set up the flag o' red,  
 A' set about wi' bonny blue.  
 "Sin' ye'll no cease, and be at peace,  
 See that ye stand by ither true?"  
 They stell'd their cannons on the height,  
 And shower'd their shot down in the how,  
 An' beat our Scots lads even down;  
 Thick they lay slain on every knowe!

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',  
 Or yet the arrow frae the bow,  
 Sae our brave lads fell even down,  
 An' they lay slain on every knowe!  
 "O, haud your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,  
 "Gie quarter to yon men for me!"  
 But wicked Clavers swore an oath,  
 His cornet's death reveng'd sud he.

"O, haud your hand," he cry'd again,  
 "If ony thing you'll do for me;  
 Haud up your hand, you cruel Graham  
 Else a rebel to our king ye'll be?"  
 Then wicked Clavers turn'd about,  
 I wot an angry man was he;  
 And he has lifted up his hat,  
 And cry'd, "God bless his Majestic!"

Then he's awa to London Town,  
 Ay, e'en as fast as he can dree;  
 Fause witnesses he's ta'en wi' him,  
 And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his bodie.  
 Alang the brae ayont the brig,  
 Mony brave men lie cauld and still;  
 But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,  
 The bludie battle o' Bothwell-hill.

## WILT' THOU BE MY DEARIE.

Wilt thou be my dear-ie? When sor-row wrings thy  
 gen-tle heart, O wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the trea-sure  
 of my Soul, That's the love I bear thee, I swear and vow that  
 on-ly thou Shall ev-er be my dear-ie. On-ly thou, I  
 swear and vow, Shall ev-er be my dear-ie.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left (treble and bass staves) and a vocal line on the right (treble staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me,  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thoult refuse me;  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may chuse me,  
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.



What beau-ties does Flo-ra dis-close! How sweet are her

smiles up-on Tweed! Yet Ma-ry's, still sweet-er than those, Both

na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed. No dai-sy, nor sweet blush-ing

rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing

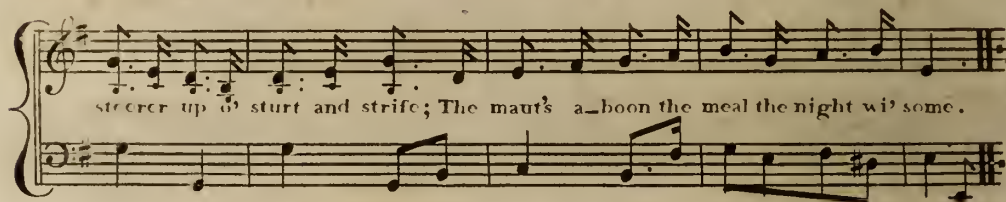
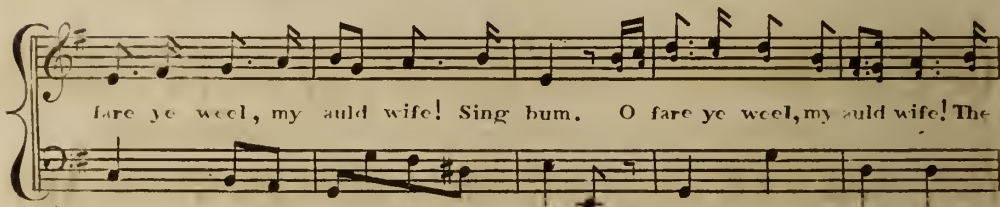
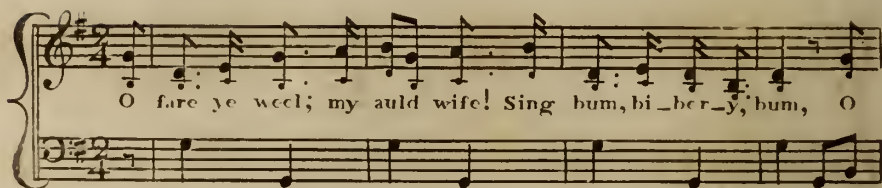
gent-ly thro' those, Such beau-ty and pleas-ure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,  
 With music enchant every bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let's see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces around her do dwell;  
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair,  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Is it on the sweet-winding Tay,  
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

## O FARE YE WHEEL, MY AULD WIFE.

Slowly



And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,

Sing bum, bibery, bum;

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,

Sing bum.

And fare ye weel, my pyke-staff,

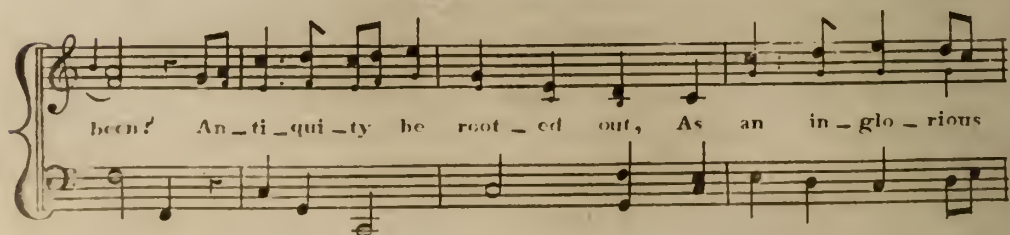
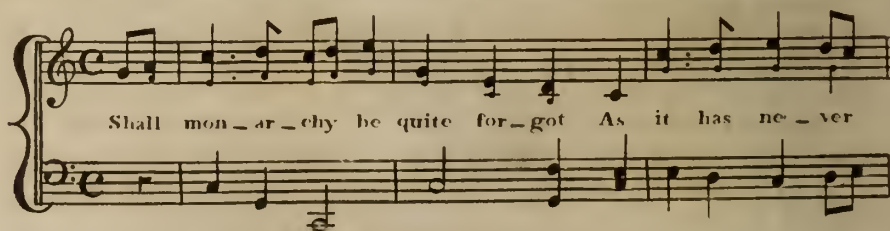
Nae mair wi' you, my wife, I'll baff;

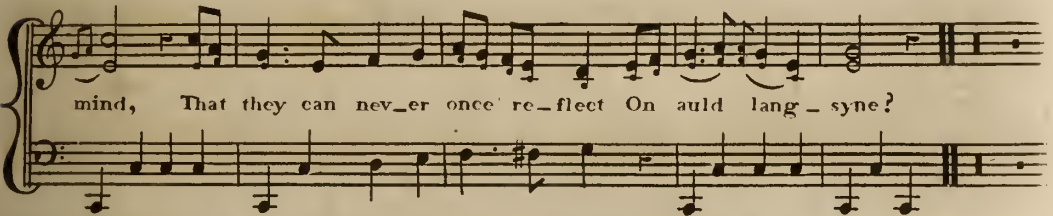
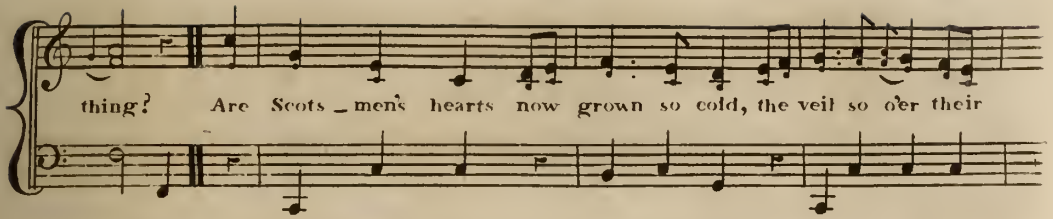
The maut's aboon the meal the night

Wi' some.



## SHALL MONARCHY BE QUITE FORGOT.





In days of yore ye were renown'd,  
 Conspicuous was your fame;  
 All nations they did honour you,  
 Your loyalty proclaim.  
 Ye did your ancient rights maintain,  
 And liberty defend,  
 And scorn'd to have it said, that you  
 On England would depend.

But now, alas! your case is chang'd,  
 You're wretched and forlorn;  
 The hardships now impos'd on you,  
 By slaves are only borne:  
 Oh, Caledon! oh, Caledon!  
 It grieves me sair, to think  
 That thy sad story written is  
 With blood, instead of ink.

Scotland, what will become of thee,  
 When England sits thy judge?  
 Thy banish'd Prince, so long from home, —  
 O! where is thy refuge?  
 To ruin thee, 'tis plainly seen,  
 Must be their black design;  
 And will you not, alas, reflect  
 On auld lang-syne?

How oft have our forefathers bled  
 In Liberty's defence!  
 And shall we have it stol'n away  
 By German Influence?  
 The price of so much Scottish blood  
 Shall we consent to tine?  
 And will we not, alas! reflect  
 On auld lang-syne?

When great Sir William Wallace liv'd,  
 And his accomplices,  
 Scotland he undertook to free,  
 When she was in distress.  
 Likewise Sir James, the black Douglas,  
 Who liv'd in Bruce's reign;  
 These men spar'd not their blood to spill,  
 For auld lang-syne.

Sir John the Grame, of lasting fame,  
 Shall never be forgot;  
 He was an honour to his name,  
 A brave and valiant Scot.  
 The great Montrose, the brave Dundee,  
 Were heroes in their time;  
 They spar'd not ev'n their mother's sons  
 For auld lang-syne.

Then, let the ever glorious name  
 Of Wallace lead you on;  
 Wallace, to save his Country, oft  
 Engag'd near ten to one:  
 Then, rouse, my valiant Scottish lads,  
 Behave yourselves like men,  
 And Scotland yet again shall see  
 Her auld lang-syne.



## DAINTY DAVIE.

'Twas wearing gay and late at e'en, Whanyoungers leave the daffin' green, Puir

Da\_vie, frae his dough\_ty wark, Cam hame a' jau\_pit i' the dark; A

lang auld timmer stool drew near The new peat\_in\_gle glan\_cin clear, Which

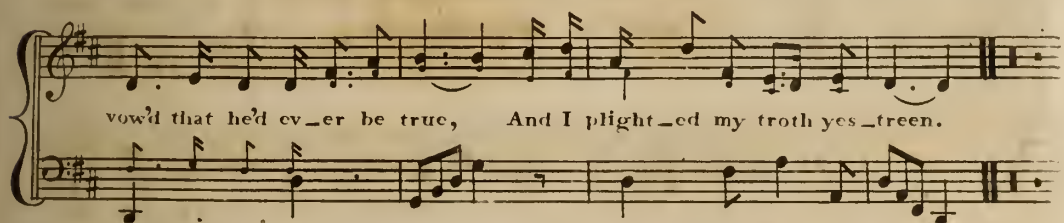
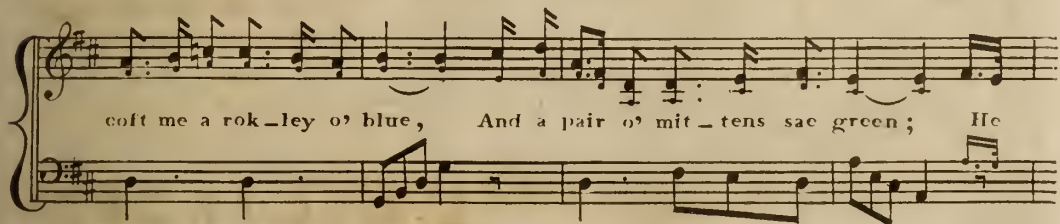
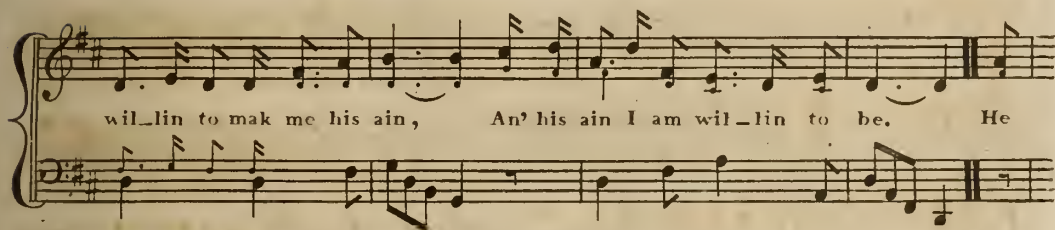
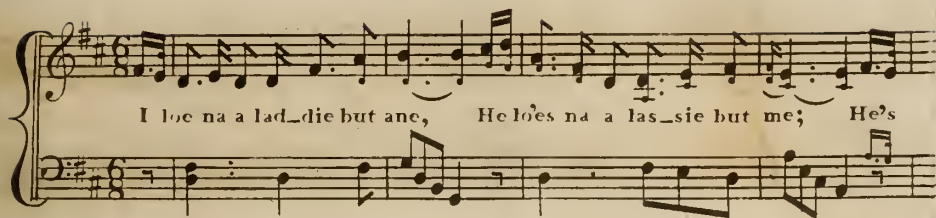
Chorus.  
sent its reck, in co\_lumns black, Out-through an opening in the thack. There

dain\_ty Da\_vie sat at wark, Bo\_nie Da\_vie, dain\_ty Da\_vie, An'

there he wad con\_ten\_ted crack, Bo\_nie dain\_ty Da\_vie.

He gat his wark-looms a' in tune,  
 To ca' some tacketts in his shoon,  
 Tho' wi' a lang day's wark sair dung,  
 He was as stiff's a reisted rung.  
 His Meg set by her spinnin-wheel,  
 (Whilk helps the heavy time to steal  
 Awa,) an' sturdily did hook -  
 The parritch-kettle on the crook;  
 While Dainty Davie, &c.

## I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.



Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land, and their lordlie degree,  
 I carena for ought but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me;  
 His words mair than sugar are sweet,  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa;  
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
 Tho' we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see! how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,  
 Are cantie and leal eyemair."

"O Menie! the heart that is true,  
 Has something mair costlie than gear;  
 Ilk c'en, it has naithing to rue,  
 Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear.  
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ought ye tyme;  
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
 True love is the guardian of mine."

## THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

The auld Stuarts back a-gain, The auld Stuarts back again; Let  
how-let whigs do what they can, The Stuarts will be back a-gain. But  
wad they come, or dare they come, A-fore the bagpipe and the drum, We'll  
ei-ther gar them a' sing dumb, Or "auld Stu-arts back a-gain!"

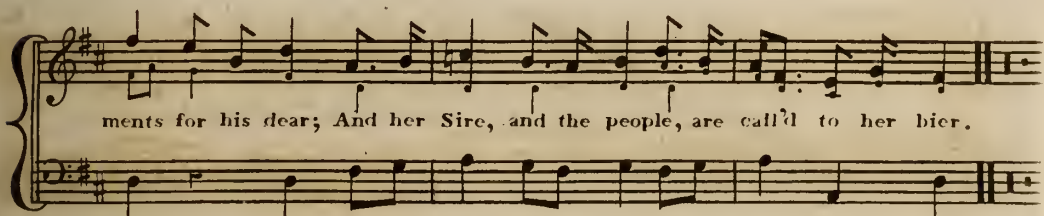
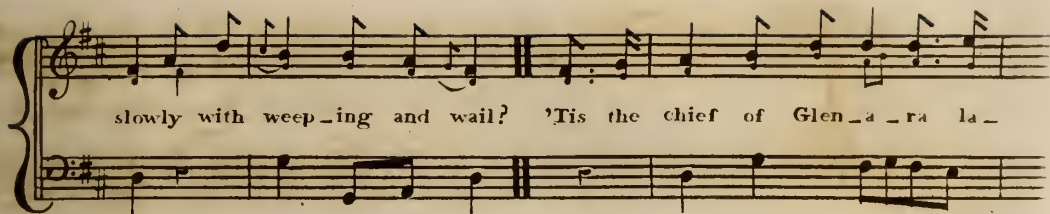
Give ear unto my loyal sang,  
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,  
And a' that look and think it lang  
For auld Stuarts back again.  
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,  
Out-owre the hills and far away,  
And saw the lords were there that day,  
To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,  
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,  
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldehair,  
And mony mae, whatreck again.  
Then what are a' their westland crews?  
We'll gar the tailors tack again:  
Can they forestand the tartan trews,  
And auld Stuarts back again.

## GLENARA.

O, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale, Where a band cometh





Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud,  
Her Kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:  
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn;  
Why speak ye no word?"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"  
So spake the rude chieftain — no answer is made,  
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger display'd.

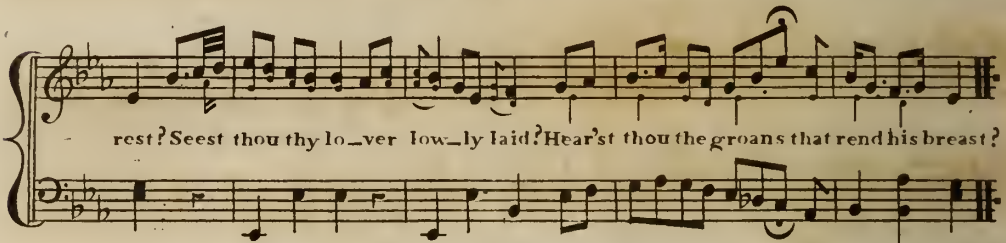
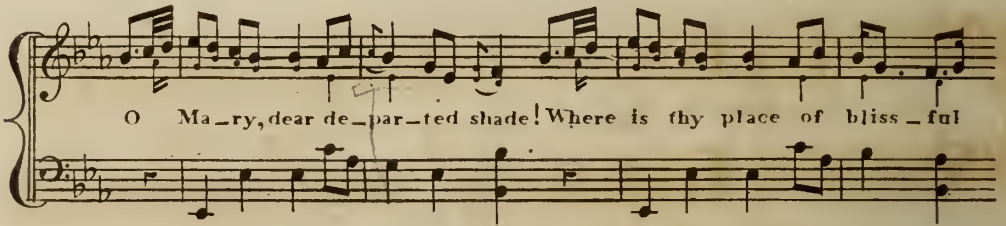
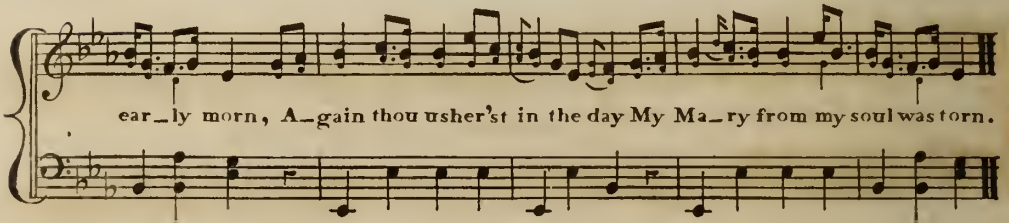
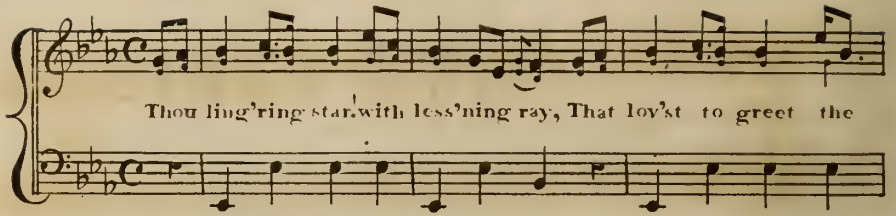
"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud",  
Cried a voice from the Kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;  
'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem,  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween,  
When the shroud was unclos'd and no lady was seen,  
When a voice from the Kinsman spoke louder, in scorn,  
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem,  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd, where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty was borne;  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

## THOU LING'RING STAR.



That sacred hour can I forget!

Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

Where, by the winding Ayr, we met—

To live one day of parting love!

Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transports past!

Thy Image, at our last embrace!

Ah! little thought we'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,

Twind' amorous round the raptur'd scene:

The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods, with miser care;

Time but th'impression stronger makes,

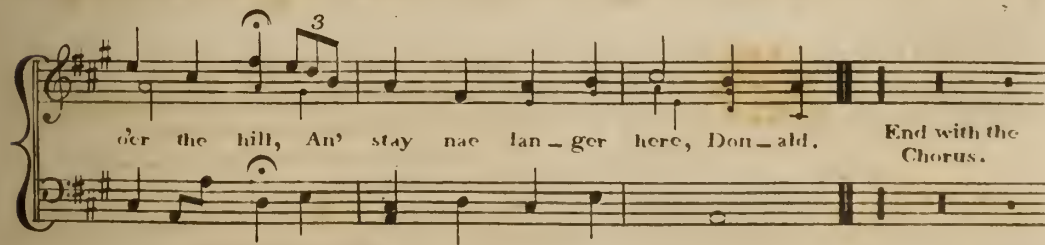
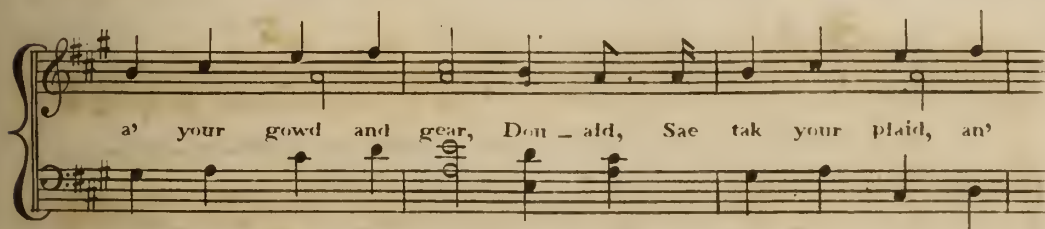
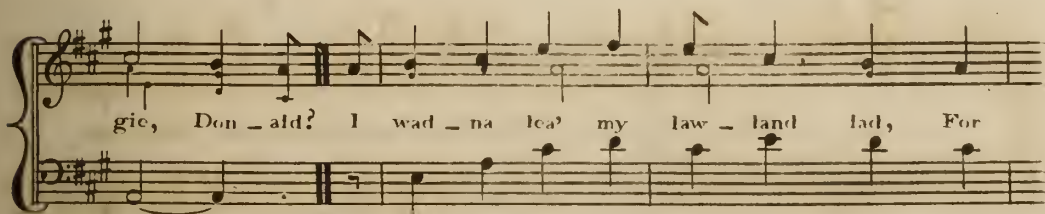
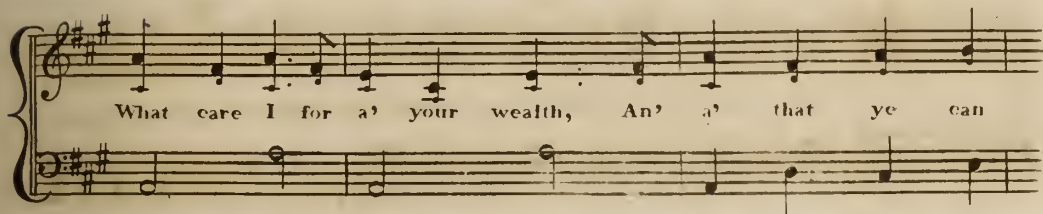
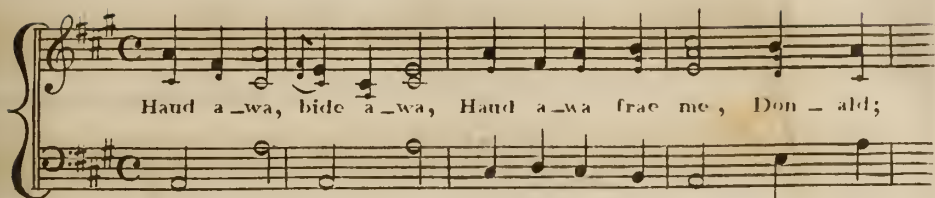
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed Shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



My Jamie is a gallant youth,  
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald,  
 And in bonnie Scotland's isle,  
 Like him there is nane, Donald.  
 Haud awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me, Donald,  
 What care I for a' your wealth,  
 An' a' that ye can gie, Donald.

He wears nae plaid, or tartan hose,  
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald,  
 But, oh, he wears a faithfu' heart,  
 And love blinks in his ee, Donald.  
 Sae, Haud awa, bide awa,  
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;  
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart,  
 To be a hieland Queen, Donald.



## O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

O gin my love were yon red rose, that grows upon the Castle wa', An'

I mysel a drap o' dew, Down on that red rose I wad fa'! O my love's

Chorus.

bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, O my love's bonnie and fair to see; Sae bonnie the

bud, an' sweet the blos\_som, Blythe is the blink comes frae her ee.

O were my love yon liliac fair,  
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,  
 An' I a bird to shelter there,  
 When wearied on my little wing.  
 O my love's, &c.

How I wad mourn when it was torn  
 By Autumn wild an' Winter rude;  
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.  
 O my love's, &c.

## CAULD FROSTY MORNING.

'Twas past ane o' clock in a cauld fros\_ty morning, When cankert No\_

ember blows o-ver the plain, I heard the kirk-bell re-peat the loud warning, As,

rest-less, I sought for sweet slum-ber in vain. Then up I a --

rose, the sil-ver moon shin-ing bright, Moun-tains and val-lies ap -

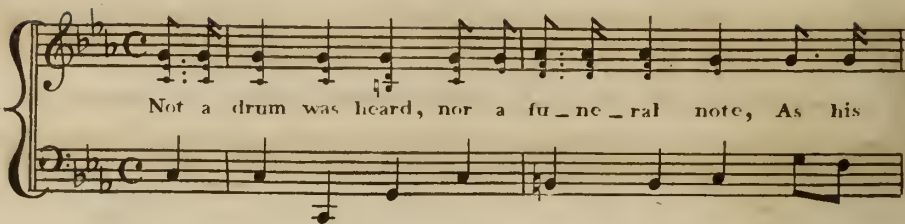
pear-ing all ho-a-ry white; Forth I would wander a - mid the pale

si-lent night, Sad-ly to muse on the cause of my pain.

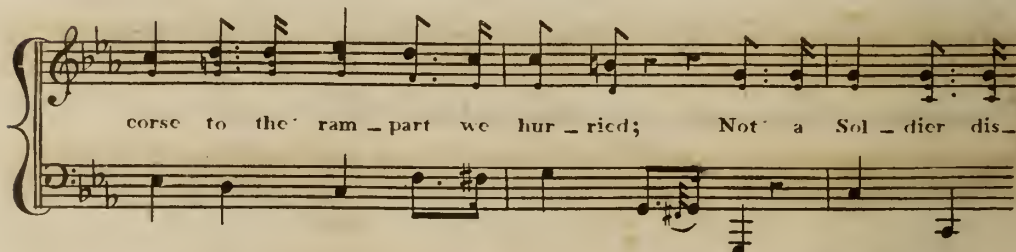
Could shone the silver moon, heedless of sorrow,  
 Stars, dimly twinkling, were lost in her beam,  
 The fair sun, preparing to rise on the morrow,  
 Ne'er shone more lovely on fountain or stream,  
 Not sun, moon, and stars, bright shining by night or day,  
 Nature all hoary, or blooming all fresh and gay,  
 E'er from the sad heart its sorrow can charm away,  
 While restless it seeks for sweet slumber in vain.

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

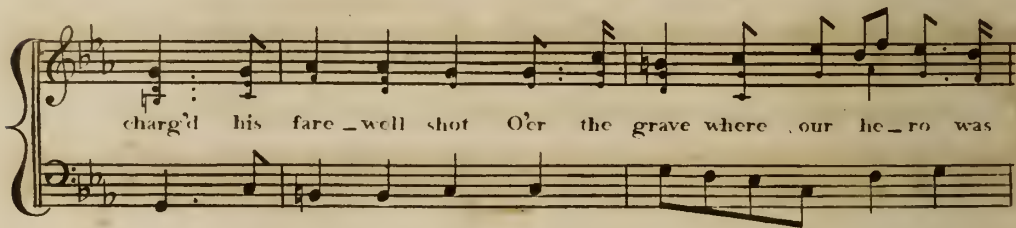
Solemnly



Not a drum was heard, nor a fu-ne-ral note, As his

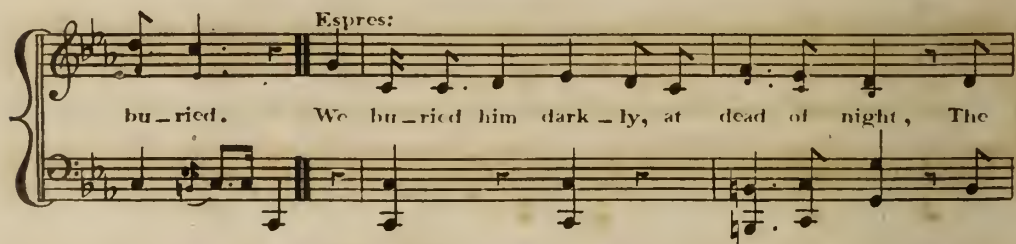


corse to the ram-part we hur-ried; Not a Sol-dier dis-

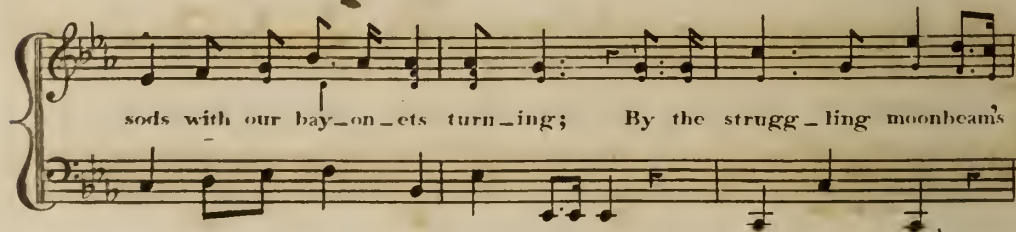


charg'd his fare-well shot O'er the grave where our he-ro was

*Espress:*

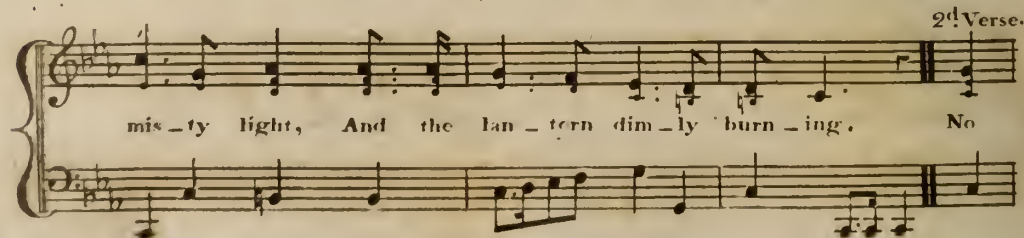


bu-ried. We bu-ried him dark-ly, at dead of night, The



sods with our bay-on-ets turn-ing; By the strugg-ling moonbeam's

2<sup>d</sup> Verse.



mis-ty light, And the lan-tern dim-ly burn-ing. No



useless cof - fin en - clos'd his breast, Nor in sheets Nor in

shrouds we bound him; But he lay like a war - ri - or

tak - ing his rest, With his mar - tial cloak a - round him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, And we spoke not a word of

sorrow; But we sted - fast - ly gaz'd on the face of the

dead, And we bit - ter - ly thought of the mor row.

3<sup>d</sup> Verse.

We thought, as we hal-low'd his nar-row bed, And smooth'd down his

low-ly pil-low, That the foe and the stranger would tread on his

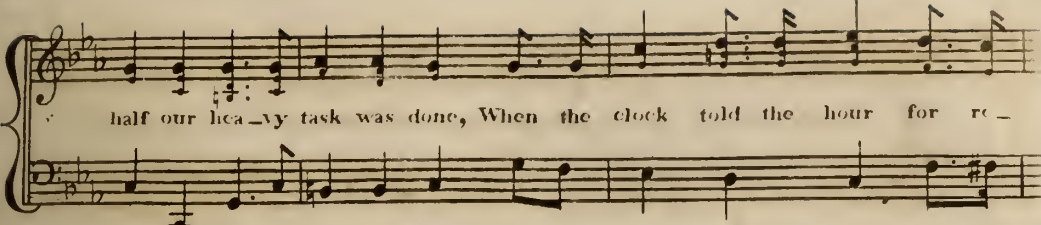
head, And we far a-way on the bil-low. Light-ly they'll

talk of the spi-rit that's gone, And o'er his cold ash-es up-

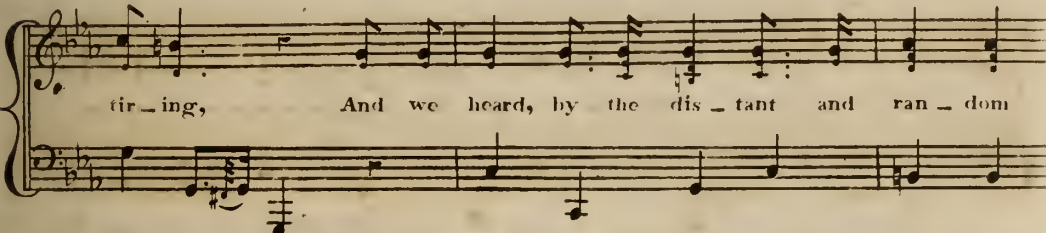
braid him; But no-thing he'll reck, if they let him sleep

4<sup>th</sup> Verse.

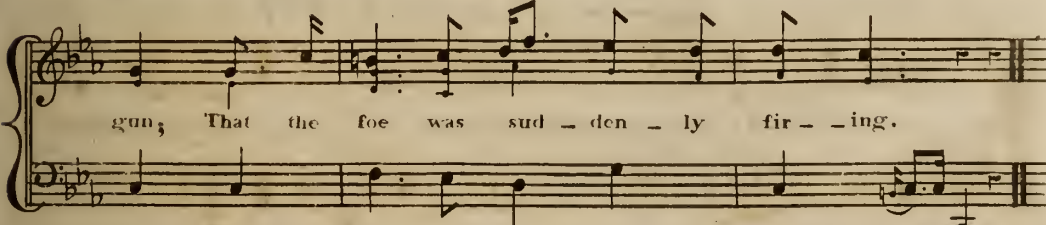
on, In the grave where a Bri-ton has laid him. But



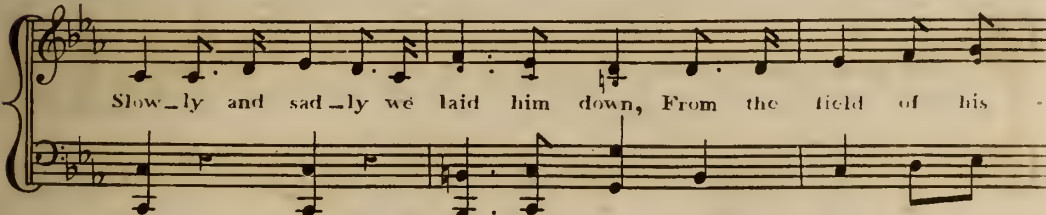
half our hea-vy task was done, When the clock told the hour for re-



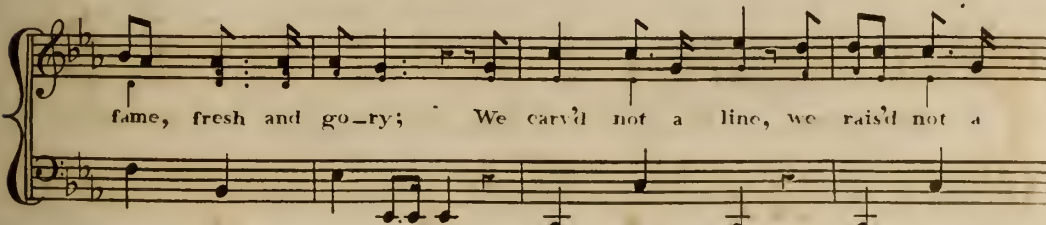
tir-ing, And we heard, by the dis-tant and ran-dom



gun, That the foe was sud-den - ly fir-ing.

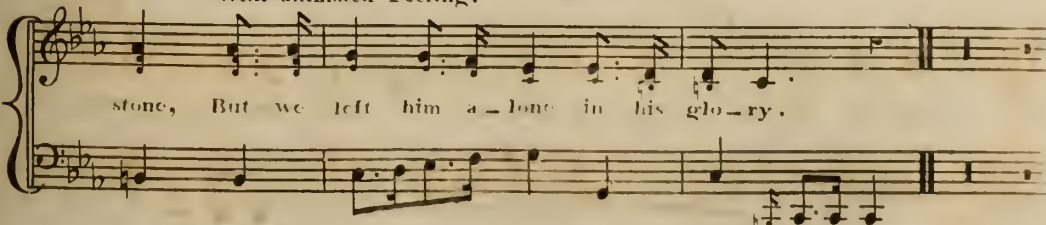


Slow-ly and sad-ly we laid him down, From the field of his



fame, fresh and go-ry; We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a

With animated Feeling.

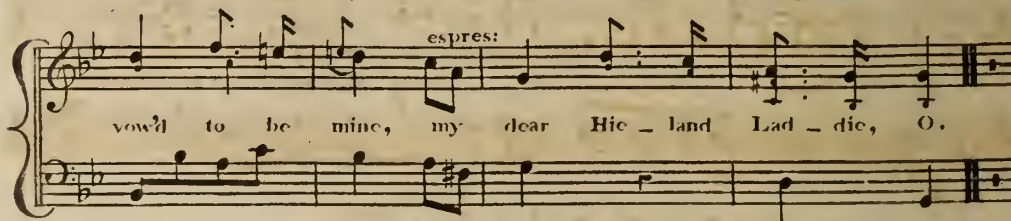
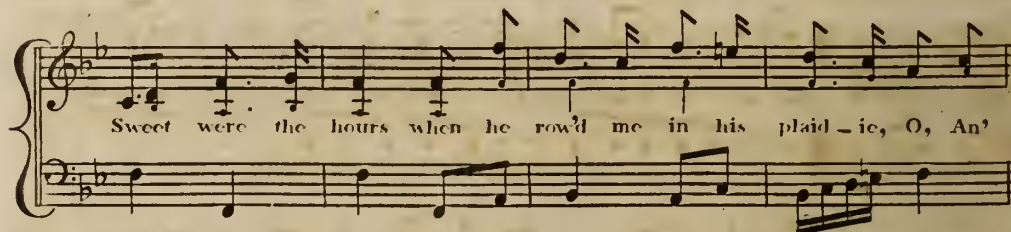
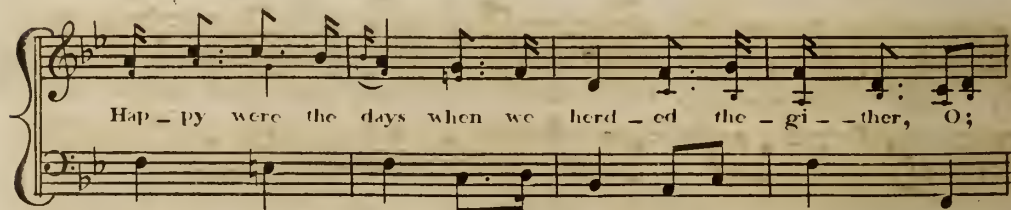
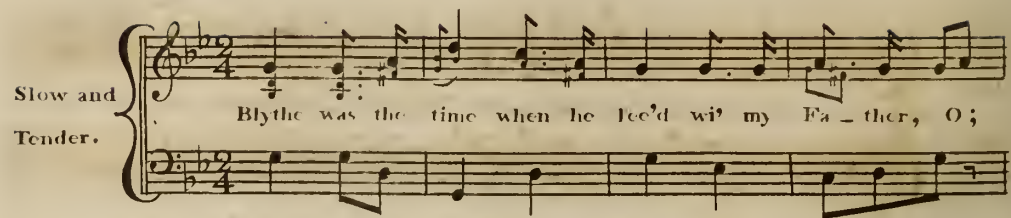


stone, But we left him a-lone in his glo-ry.



## MY DEAR HIELAND LADDIE O.

Slow and  
Tender.



But ah! wae me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,  
The Laird's wys'd awa my braw Hieland Laddie, O;  
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,  
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

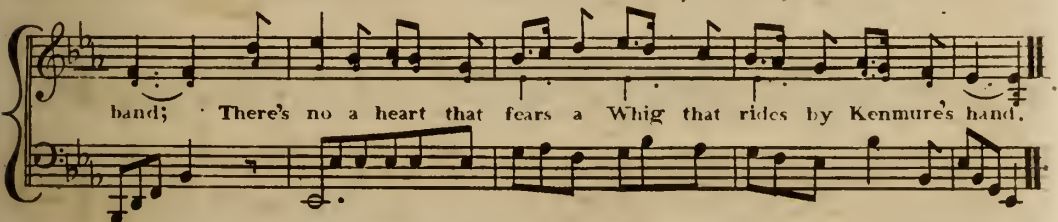
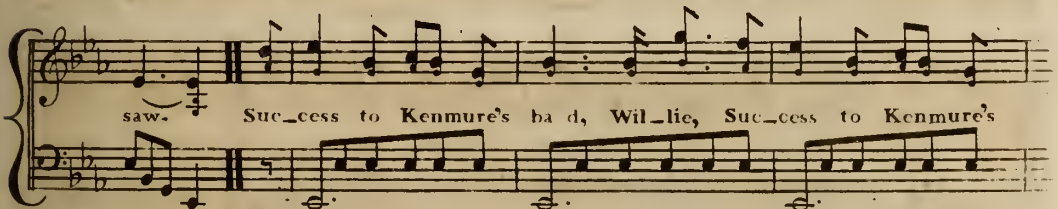
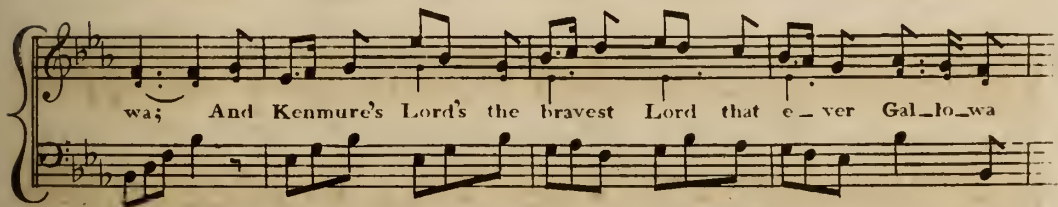
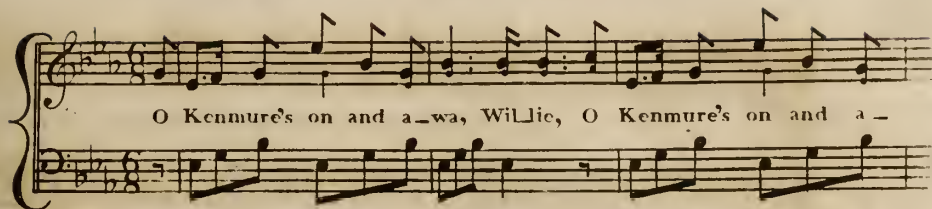
The bla-berry banks now are lanesome an' dreary, O;  
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O;  
Silent are the rocks that echo'd sae gladly, O,  
The wild-melting strains o' my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen;  
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen;  
He pu'd me the rowan, frae the wild steep sae giddy, O;  
Sae loving an' kind was my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes! and fareweel my doggie, O!  
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless an' scroggie, O!  
Fareweel, Glenfeoch! my Mammy an' my Daddie, O!  
I maun lea' you a' for my dear Hieland Laddie, O.

## KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

With  
Spirit.



Here's Kenmure's health in Wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in Wine;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.  
 O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 O Kenmure's lads are men;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their faes shall ken.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap;  
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude  
 Afore the battle drap.  
 His Lady's cheek grew red, Willie,  
 His Lady's cheek grew red,  
 When she saw his steely jups put on,  
 And saw his battle blade.

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;  
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,  
 May Kenmure's Lord come hame.  
 Here's him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa,  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

# WHEN BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

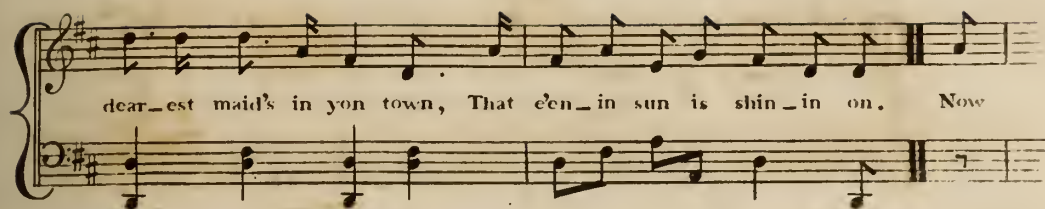
When brav-ing ang-ry win-ter's storms The lof-ty Och-els  
 rise, Far in their shade my Peg-gy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes.  
 As one, who by some sa-vage stream A lone-ly gem sur-veys, As-  
 ton-ish'd dou-bly marks its beam With art's most po-lish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild-sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their pow'r.  
 The tyrant death, with grim controul,  
 May seize my fleeting breath,  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

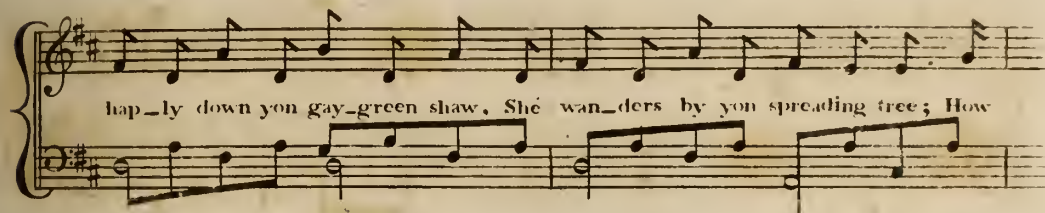
## O, WAT' YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the e'en-in sun up-on? The

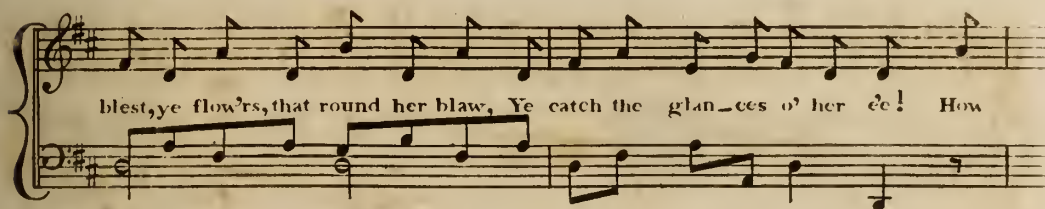




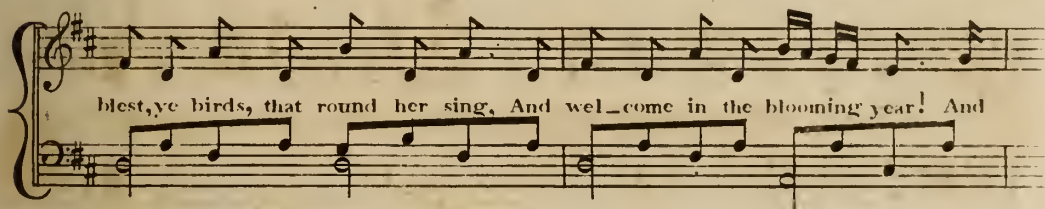
dear-est maid's in yon town, That e'en in sun is shin-in on. Now



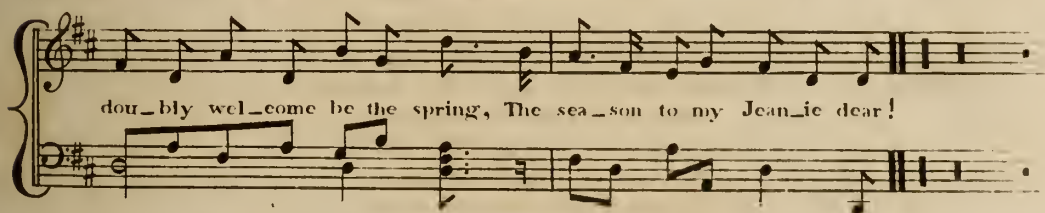
hap-ly down yon gay-green shaw, She wan-ders by yon spreading tree; How



blest, ye flow'rs, that round her blow, Ye catch the glan-ces o' her ee! How



blest, ye birds, that round her sing, And wel-come in the blooming year! And



dou-bly wel-come be the spring, The sea-son to my Jean-ie dear!

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,  
 Among the broomy braes sae green;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.  
 Without my fair, not a' the charms  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.  
 My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.  
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

O, sweet is she in yon town,  
 The sinking sun's gane down upon;  
 A fairer than's in yon town,  
 His setting beams ne'er shone upon.  
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;  
 I care less, quit aught else below,  
 But spare me, spare me, Jeanie dear:  
 For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart:  
 And she, as fairest is her form,  
 She has the truest, kindest heart.  
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

## ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks ae simmer night, At gloaming when the sheep came  
hame, I met my las\_sie, braw and tight, While wand'ring thro' the mist her lane.  
My heart grew light, I wan\_ted lang To tell my las\_sie a' my mind, And  
ne\_ever, till this hap\_py hour, A can\_ny meet\_ing could I find.

I said, my lassie will ye go  
To the hieland hills the carse to learn,  
I'll gie ye baith a cow and ewe,  
When ye come to the brig o' Earn.  
At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
And herrings at the Broomielaw;  
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we ha'e wrought enough,  
When winter frosts, and snaw begin,  
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
At night when ye sit down to spin,  
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,  
I'll clear my voice, and sing a sang;  
I'll tak my buik, and read to thee,  
And winter nights will no be lang.

## WHEN FRAGRANT WINDS AT EVE BLEW SAFT.

Same Air.

When fragrant winds at eve blew saft,  
And nature cheer'd each rural scene,  
My lowly Cot with joy I left,  
To meet my Mary on the green.  
The linnet sung, upon the bush,  
His farewell to the setting sun;  
Far down the glen, the speckled thrush  
Took up the Strain ere he had done.

The zephyrs shed their balmy breath,  
And kiss'd the flow'rets on their way,  
While Lavern's limpid stream, beneath,  
Was glancing in the sunny ray.  
My heart rejoic'd, as 'neath the shade  
With Mary nature's charms I view'd,  
'Till night with silent footsteps sped,  
And ev'ry fragrant flow'r bedew'd.

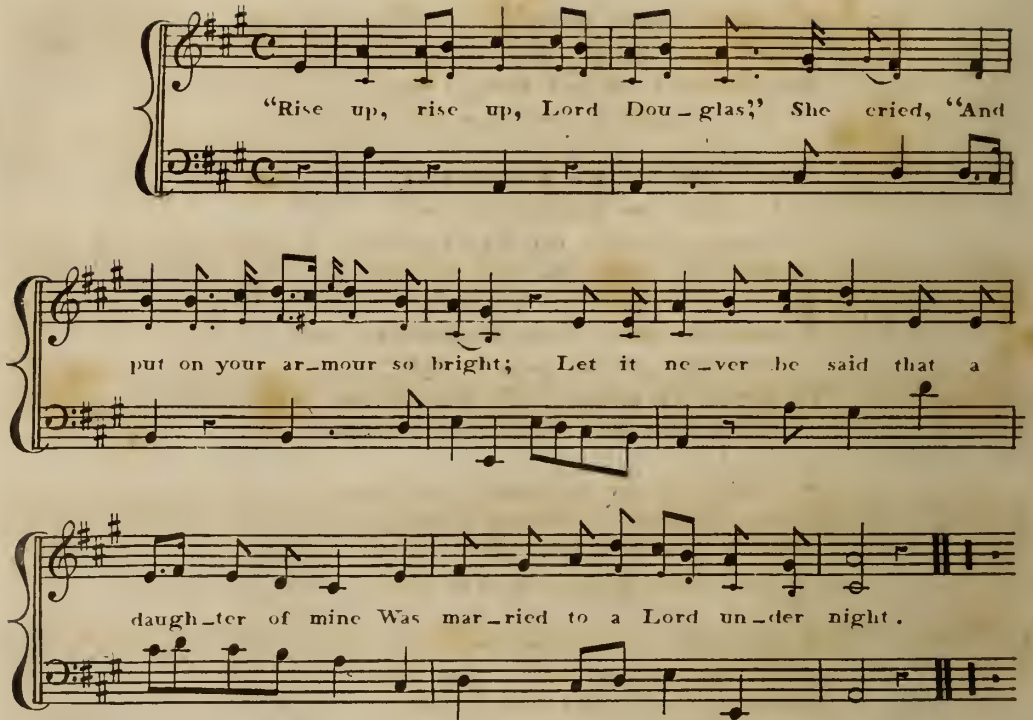
## MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE.

O, my love is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June! O, my  
love is like a me-lo-die That sweet-ly play'd in tune! As fair art thou, my  
bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee still, my dear, 'Till  
a' the seas gang dry. 'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang  
dry, And I will love thee still, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.  
But, fare thee weel, my only love!  
O fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.



## THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.



“Rise up, rise up, Lord Dou\_glas,” She cried, “And  
 put on your ar\_mour so bright; Let it ne\_ver be said that a  
 daugh\_ter of mine Was mar\_ried to a Lord un\_der night.

“Rise up, rise up, my seven sons bold,  
 And put on your armour so bright;  
 And take better care of your youngest sister,  
 For your eldest’s awa the last night?”

He’s mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
 And himself on a dapple grey,  
 With a bugle horn hung down by his side,  
 And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o’er his left shoulder,  
 To see what he could see,  
 And there he spied her seven brethren bold,  
 Come riding over the lee.

“Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,” he said,  
 “And hold my steed in your hand,  
 Until that against your seven brethren hold  
 And your Father I make a stand?”

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
 And never shed a tear,  
 Until that she saw her seven brethren fa’,  
 And her Father who lov’d her so dear.

"O hold your, hand Lord William!" she said  
 "For your strokes they are wondrous sair,  
 True lovers I can get mony a ane,  
 But a Father I never can get mair?"

O she's taen out her handkerchief,  
 It was o' the Holland sae fine,  
 And ay she dighted her Father's bloody wounds,  
 That were redder far than the Wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret," he said,  
 "O, whether will ye gang or hide?"  
 "I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said;  
 "For ye ha'e left me nae other guide?"

He's lifted her on her milk-white steed,  
 And himself on his dapple grey,  
 With a Bugle horn hung down by his side,  
 And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on the rade,  
 And a' by the light o' the moon,  
 Until they cam to yon wan water,  
 And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink,  
 Of the spring that ran sae clear,  
 And down the stream ran his gude heart's blude,  
 And sair she gaun to fear.

O they rade on, and on the rade,  
 And fair and clear shone the moon,  
 And weary they cam to his mither's door,  
 And there they lighted them down.

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
 Lady Margaret lang ere day —  
 And all true lovers, that gang thegither,  
 May they hae mair luck than they.

Lord William was buried in S! Marie's kirk,  
 Lady Margaret in Marie's quire,  
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
 And out o' the knight's a brier —

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
 And vow but he was rough!  
 For he pue'd up the bonny brier,  
 And flang it in S! Marie's loch.

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Chorus

Slow

The wea - ry pund, the wea - ry pund, the wea - ry  
 pund o' tow; I think my wife will end her life, Be -  
 fore she spin her tow. I bought my wife a' stane o'  
 lint, as guid as e'er did grow; And a' that she has  
 made o' that, Is ae pair pund o' tow. End with  
 the Chorus.

There sat a bottle in a hole,  
 Beyond the ingle low;  
 And ay she took the tither sook,  
 To drouk the stourie tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

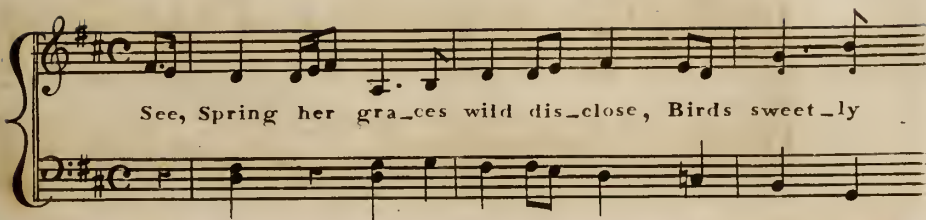
Quoth I, "for shame, ye dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!"  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
 She brak it o'er my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

If my wife and thy wife  
 Wère in a boat thegither,  
 Sixty mile from ony shore,  
 Wi' nane to steer the rudder.  
 The weary pund, &c.

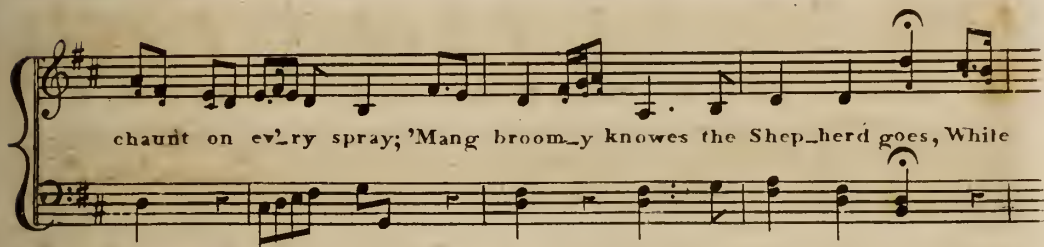
And if the boat was bottomless,  
 And naebody to row,  
 We n'er would wish them back again  
 To spin the pickle tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.



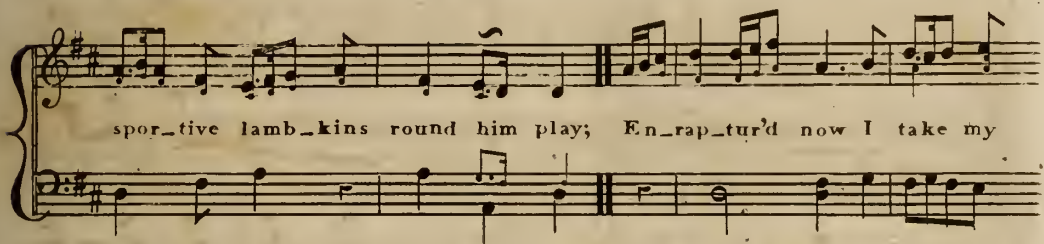
Andante



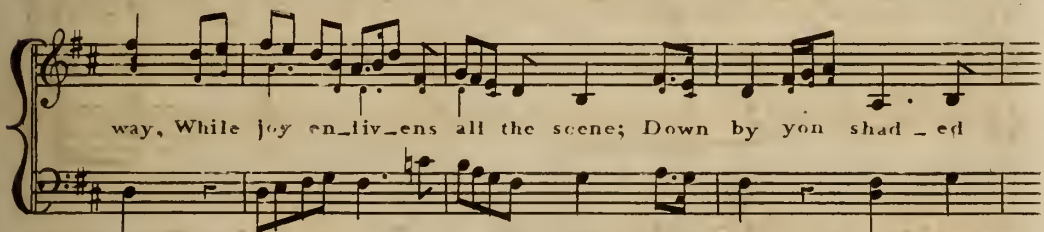
See, Spring her gra\_ces wild dis\_close, Birds sweet\_ly



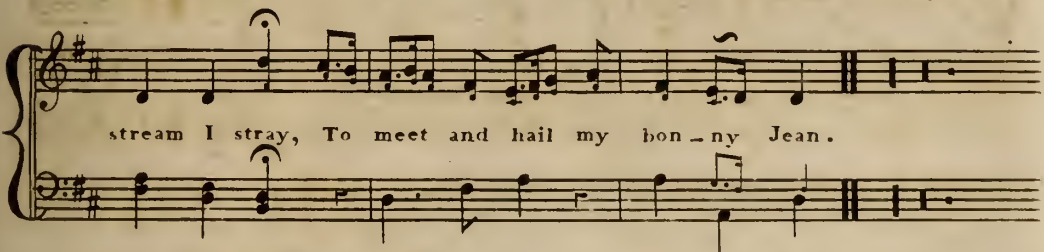
chaunt on ev'ry spray; 'Mang broom\_y knowes the Shep\_herd goes, While



spor\_tive lamb\_kins round him play; En\_rap\_tur'd now I take my



way, While joy en\_tiv\_ens all the scene; Down by yon shad\_ed

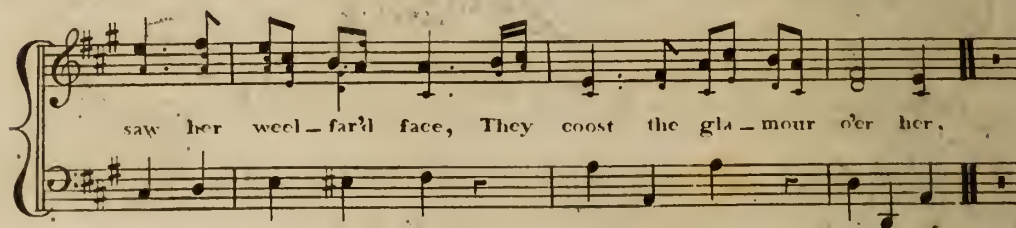
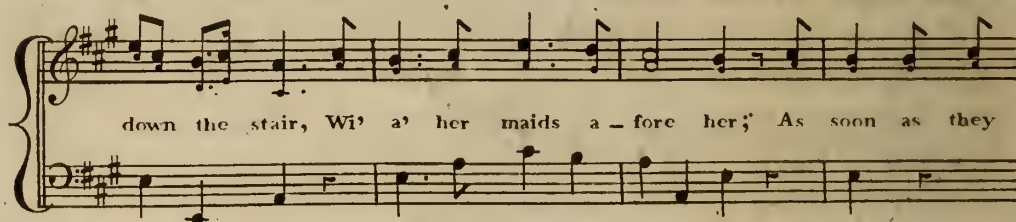
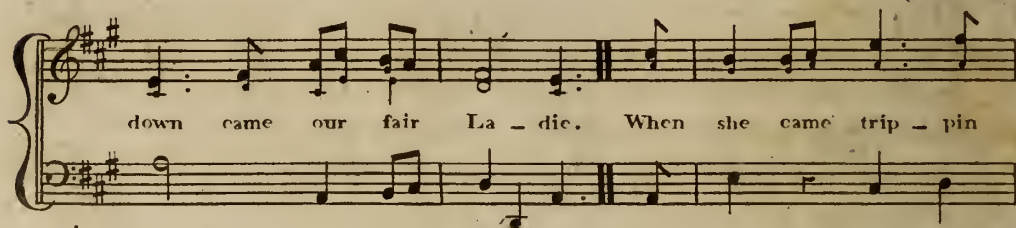
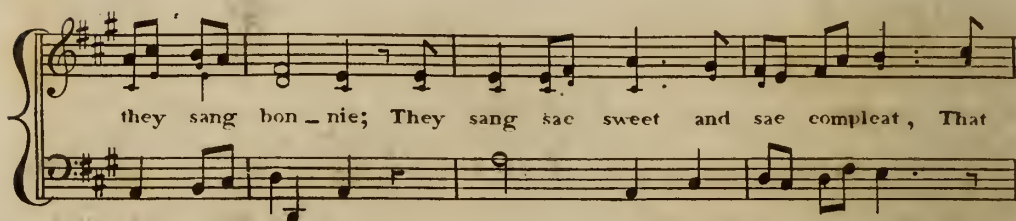
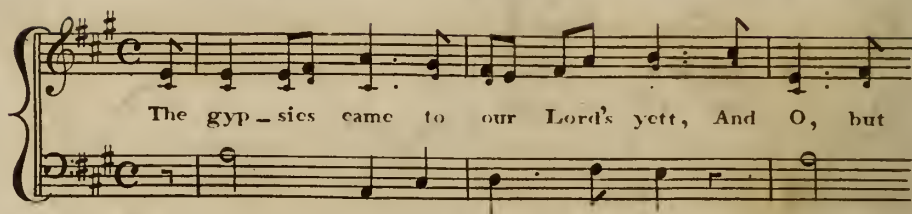


stream I stray, To meet and hail my bon\_ny Jean.

Ye Kelburn groves! by Spring attir'd;  
Where zephyrs sport among the flōw'rs,  
Your fairy scenes I've oft admir'd,  
While jocund pass'd the sunny hours;  
But doubly happy in your bow'rs,  
When fragrance scents the dewy e'en;  
I wander where your streamlet pours,  
To meet and hail my bonny Jean.

Let Grandeur rear her lofty dome;  
Let mad Ambition kingdoms spoil;  
Through foreign lands let Av'rice roam,  
And for his prize unceasing toil;  
Give me fair Nature's vernal smile,  
The shelter'd grove and daisied green;  
I'll happy tread my native soil,  
To meet and hail my bonny Jean.

## JOHNNY FAA, or the GYPSIE LADDIE.



"Will ye gae wi' me?" says Johnny Faa,

"Will ye gae wi' me, my dearie?"

And I will swear, by the staff of my spear,

Your Lord shall nae mair come near ye."

'Gae tak frae me my silk manteel,

And bring to me my plaidie;

For I will travel the world owre,

'Alang wi' the Gypsy Laddie?

They wandered high, they wandered low,

They wandered late and early,

Until they came to that wan water,

And by this time she was weary:

'Aften hae I rode that wan water,

And my Lord Cassilis beside me,

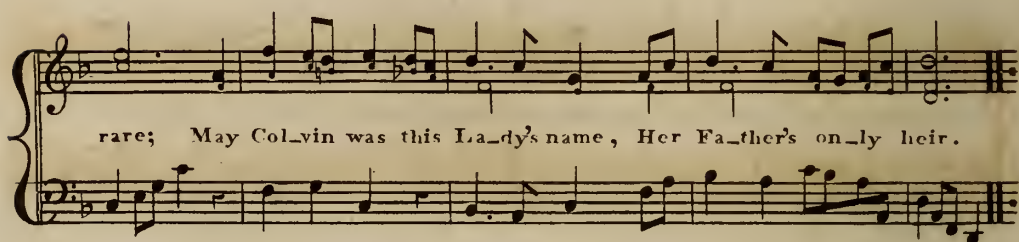
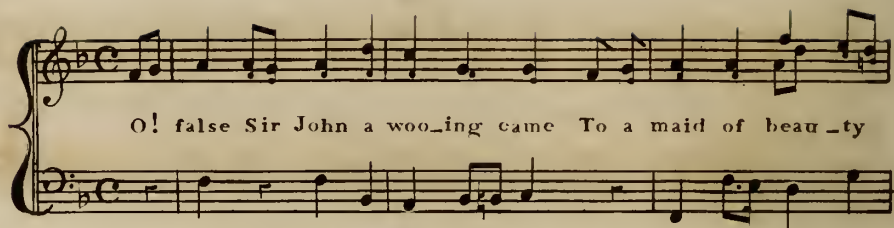
And now I maun set in my white feet and wade,

And carry the Gypsy Laddie?





## MAY COLVIN.



He woo'd her butt, he woo'd her ben,  
 He woo'd her in the ha',  
 Untill he got this Lady's consent  
 To mount, and to ride awa.

"Cast aff, cast aff, my May Colvin,  
 All, and your embroidered shune;  
 For they are o'er good, and o'er costly,  
 To rot in the salt sea foam?"

He went down to her Father's bower,  
 Where a' the steeds did stand,  
 And he's tane ane o' the best steeds  
 That was in her Father's hand.

'O, turn ye about, O false Sir John,  
 And luik to the leaf o' the tree;  
 For it never became a gentleman  
 A naked woman to see.'

And he's got on, and she's got on,  
 And fast as they could flee,  
 Untill they came to a lonesome part,  
 A rock by the side of the sea.

He turn'd himself straight round about,  
 To luik to the leaf o' the tree;  
 So swift as May Colvin was  
 To throw him into the sea.

"Loup aff the steed," says false Sir John;  
 "Your bridal here you see;  
 For I have drowned seven young Ladies,  
 The eight ane you shall be.

"O help! O help! my May Colvin;  
 O help! or else I'll drown;  
 I'll tak ye hame to your Father's bower,  
 And set you down safe and sound?"

"Cast aff, cast aff, my May Colvin,  
 All, and your silken gown;  
 For 'tis o'er good, and o'er costly,  
 To rot in the salt sea foam.

'Nae help, nae help, you false Sir John;  
 Nae help, tho' I pity thee,  
 Tho' seven knights daughters you have drown'd  
 But the eight shall not be me,'

So she went on her Father's steed,  
 As swift as she could flee;  
 And she came hame to her Father's bow'r  
 Afore the break o' day.

With  
Expression

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes the instruction 'With Expression' to the left of the piano part. The lyrics are: 'O bon\_nie was yon ro\_sy brier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man; And bon\_nie she, and ah, how dear! It sha\_ded frae the e'en\_ing sun. Yon rose buds in the mor\_ing dew, How pure a\_mang the leaves sae green; But pur\_er was the lo\_vers' vow They wit\_ness'd in their shade yes\_treen.'

O bon\_nie was yon ro\_sy brier, That blooms sae far frae  
haunt o' man; And bon\_nie she, and ah, how dear! It sha\_ded frae the  
e'en\_ing sun. Yon rose buds in the mor\_ing dew, How  
pure a\_mang the leaves sae green; But pur\_er was the  
lo\_vers' vow They wit\_ness'd in their shade yes\_treen.

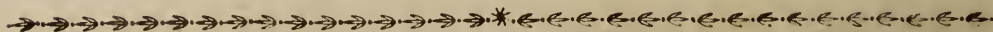
All in its rude and prickly bower,  
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;  
But love is far a sweeter flow'r,  
Amid life's thorny path o' care.  
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;  
And I the world, nor wish nor scorn, —  
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

# CHARLIE CAM TO OUR LORD'S CASTLE.

Char\_lie cam to our Lord's cas\_tle, An loud\_lie did he  
ca'; An' Char\_lie sat in our Lord's chair, Wi' bon\_net on, an' a.

His plaid was bound wi' siller belt,  
An'to his knee cam down,  
He look'd like nane but Scotland's King,  
Sae worthy o' the Crown.

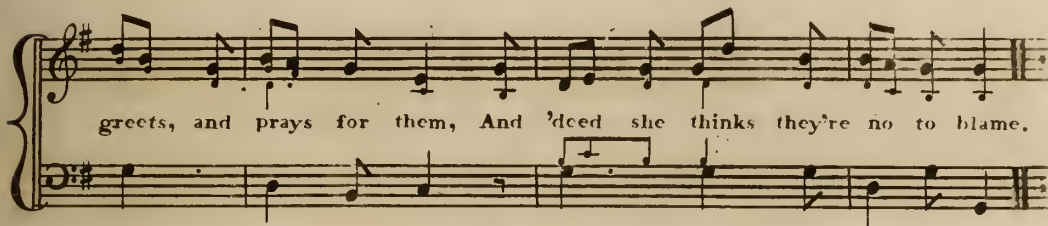
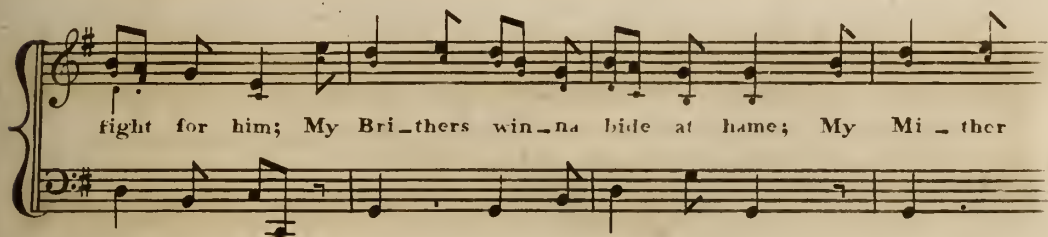
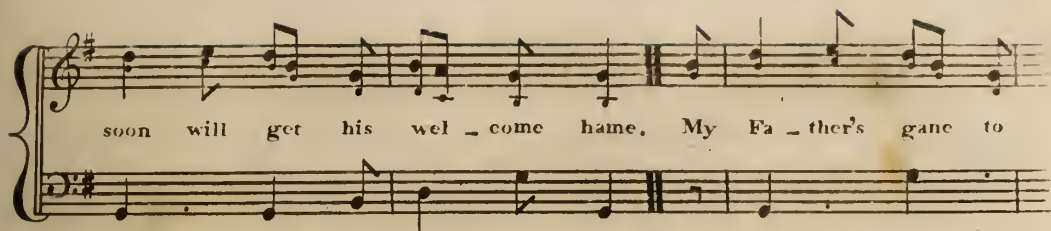
And wi' him our brave Lord maun gae,  
For him he's clench'd his brand,  
An' he it weel, or he it wae,  
The word is, fair Scotland.



# HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LOE WEEL.

He's owre the hills that I loe weel, He's owre the hills we  
dar\_na name; He's owre the hills a\_yont Dum\_blane, Wha





The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs may jeer;  
 But ah! that love maun be sincere,  
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,  
 O'er hieland hearts secure he reigns;  
 What lads ere did our laddies will do;  
 Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.

He's owre, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair!  
 Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;  
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

He's owre, &c.

Then draw the claymore for Charlie then; fight  
 For your Country, Religion, and a' that is right;  
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,  
 I'd die as aft, for ane o' the three!

He's owre, &c.

## THE MINSTREL.

Keen blows the win' o'er Don - ocht - head, The snaw drives  
 snel - ly thro' the dale; The Ga - ber - lun - zie tirls my  
 sneek, And, shiv' - ring, tells his wae - fu' tale :

"Cauld is the night, O, let me in!  
 An' dinna let your minstrel fa';  
 And dinna let his winding-sheet  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

"Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
 And piped where gorcocks whirring flew;  
 And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,  
 To lilt which from my drone I blew."

My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,  
 'Get up Gydeman, and let him in;  
 For, weel ye ken, the winter night  
 Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow, it's sweet!  
 E'en tho' she bans and scaulds a-wee;  
 But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,  
 O, haith! its doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,  
 I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,  
 You should nae stray sae far frae hame.

"Nae hame ha'e I," the minstrel said,  
 "Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';  
 And, weeping, at the eve of life,  
 I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw?"

Cheerful

Sim-mer comes, and in her train Flo-ra dan-ces o'er the plain,

Deck-ing all a-round a-gain, With her va-ried Sce-ne-ry.

Now the prim-rose, sweet-est flow'r! First to own' the gen-ial pow'r Of

bright-er sun and warm-er show'r, Blooms in vir-gin mo-des-ty.

Here the gowan lifts its head,  
 As if afraid some foot would tread,  
 Back into its native bed,  
 All its lowly finery.  
 There again the heath-bell blue,  
 Forms its cup of azure hue,  
 As if to sip the silver dew,  
 That falls at eve refreshingly.

And when evening comes so still,  
 How sweet to hear, from yonder hill,  
 The gurgling sound of rapid rill,  
 Fall on the ear harmoniously!  
 How sweet to hear from yonder grove,  
 The mavis tune his note to love,  
 While, bless'd with thee, I fondly rove  
 Along the glen sae cheerily!

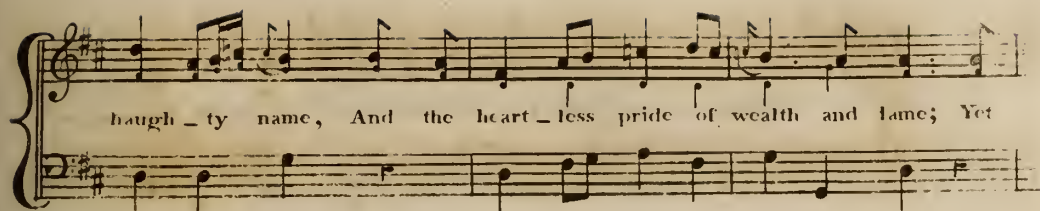


## O, HOW COULD YE GANG SAE TO GRIEVE ME?

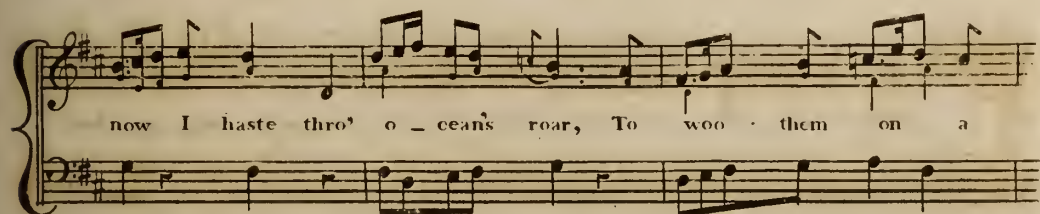
O, how can ye gang, Las\_sie, how can ye gang; O, how can ye  
gang sae to grieve me? Wi' your beau\_ty and your art, ye hae  
brok\_en my heart; For I ne\_ver, 'ne\_ver thought ye wad leave me!

## MAID OF MY HEART, A LONG FAREWELL!

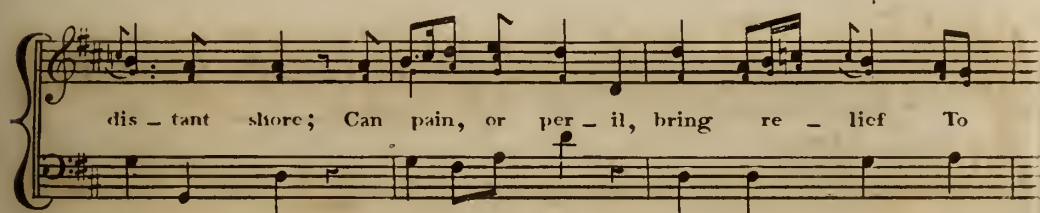
Maid of my heart, a long fare\_well! The Bark is  
launch'd, the bil\_lows swell, And the ver\_nal gales are blow\_ing free, To  
bear me far from love and thee. I hate Am\_bi\_tion's



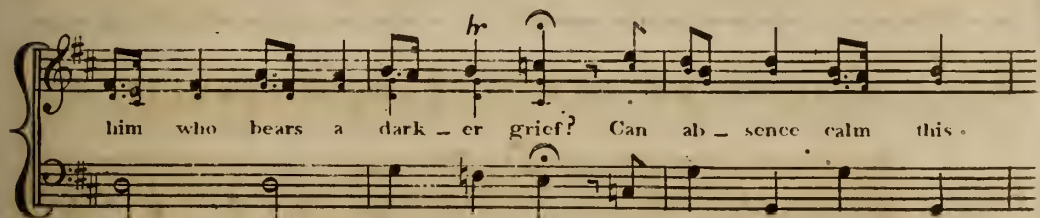
haugh - ty name, And the heart - less pride of wealth and lame; Yet



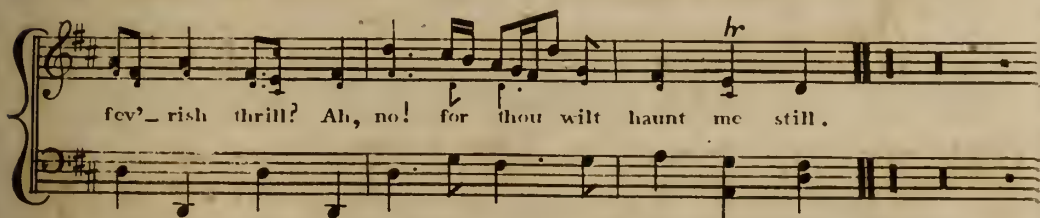
now I haste thro' o - ceans' roar, To woo - them on a



dis - tant shore; Can pain, or per - il, bring re - lief To



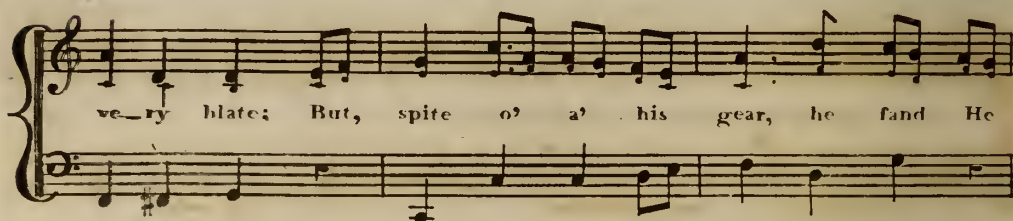
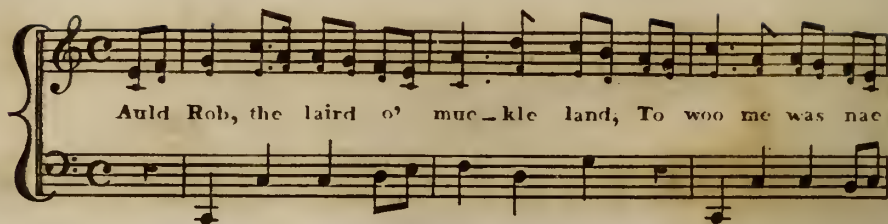
him who bears a dark - er grief? Can ab - sence calm this.



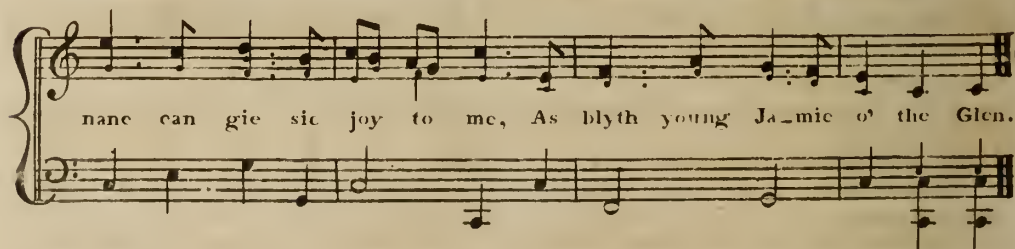
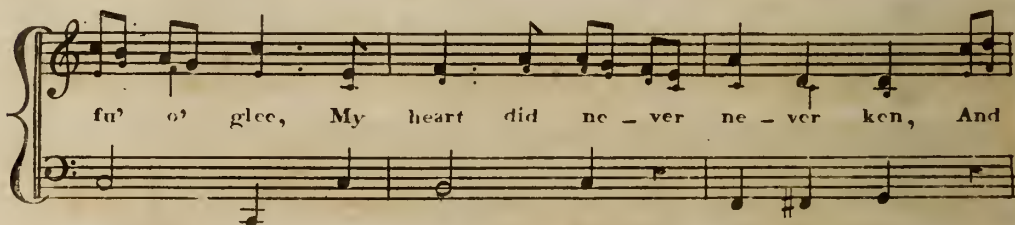
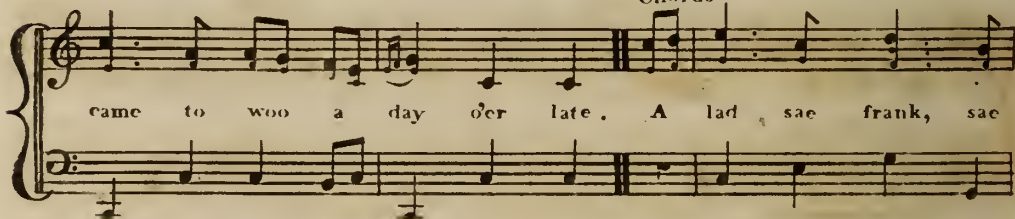
fev' - rish thrill? Ah, no! for thou wilt haunt me still.

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,  
 Thy form that breathed of love and youth;  
 Thy voice, by Nature framed to suit  
 The tone of love's enchanted lute;  
 Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,  
 Where tender thought and feeling lie;  
 Thine eye-lid like the evening cloud,  
 That comes the star of love to shroud;  
 Each witchery of soul and sense,  
 Enshrined in Angel innocence,  
 Combined to frame the fatal spell —  
 That blest — and broke my heart! — Farewell!

## JAMIE O' THE GLEN.



## Chorus



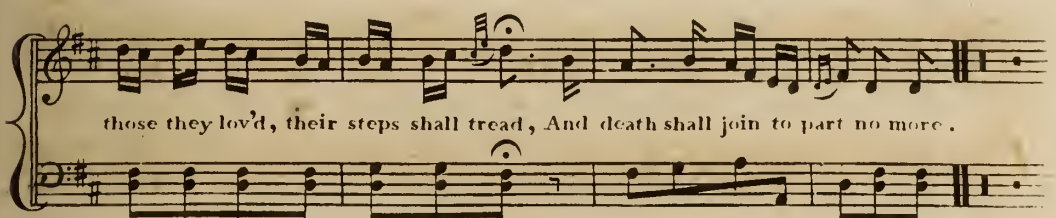
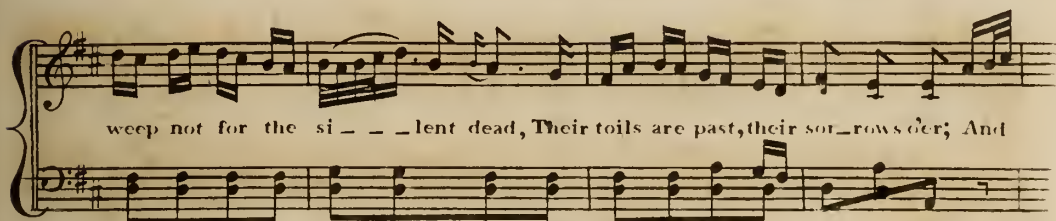
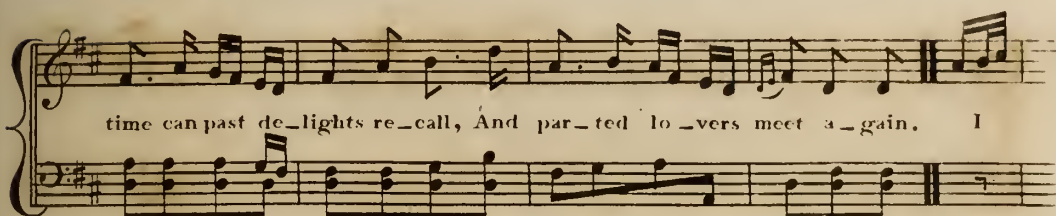
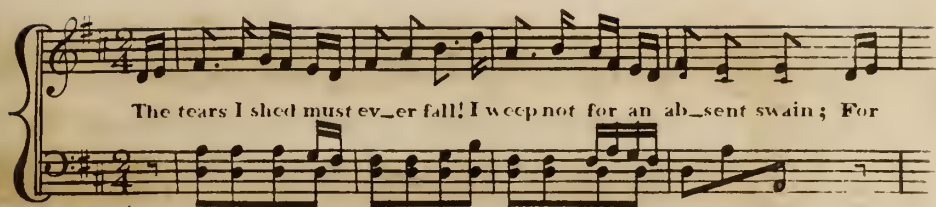
My minnie grat like daft, and rair'd,  
To gar me wi' her will comply;  
But still I wadna hae the laird,  
Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye.  
A lad sae frank, &c.

Ah! what are silks and satins braw?  
What's a' his wardly gear to me?  
They're daft that east themselves awa,  
Where nae content or love can be.  
A lad sae frank, &c.

I could na bide the silly clash  
Came hourly frae the gawky laird!  
And sae, when minnie gead consent,  
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd,  
A lad sae frank, &c.

Now ilka simmer's day sae lang,  
And winter's, clad wi' frost and snaw,  
A tunefu' lilt, and boogie sang,  
Aye keep dull care and strife awa.  
A lad sae frank, &c.





Tho' boundless oceans roll between,  
If certain, that his heart is near,  
A conscious transport glads the scene,  
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.

E'en, when by Death's cold hand remov'd,  
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,  
To think, that e'en in death he lov'd,  
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear  
Of her, who slighted love bewails,  
No hopes her gloomy prospects cheer,  
No pleasing melancholy hails.

Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,  
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy;  
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,  
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew  
The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;  
The sad reverse soon meets the view,  
And turns the thoughts to agony.

E'en conscious virtue cannot cure  
The pang to every feeling due:  
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,  
To win a heart and break it too.

Hope, from its only anchor torn,  
Neglected, and neglecting all,  
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,  
The tears I shed must ever fall.

## BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flow'r of our Highlandmen, Tall as the

oak on the lofty Ben-voir-luch, Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of

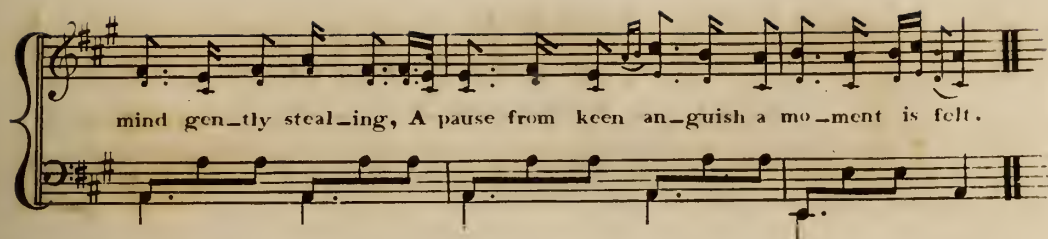
Fil-lan-glen, Dear-er than life to his love-ly Neen-voiuch.

Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,  
 When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charley,  
 Tho' manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,  
 Away from the Lady he aye lov'd sac dearly.

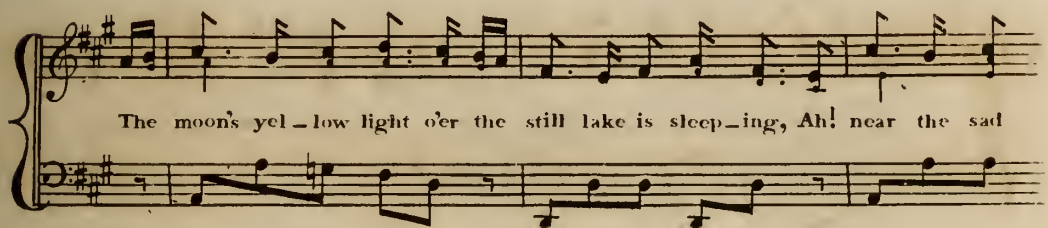
## HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

How sweet this lone vale! and how sooth-ing to feel-ing, Yon

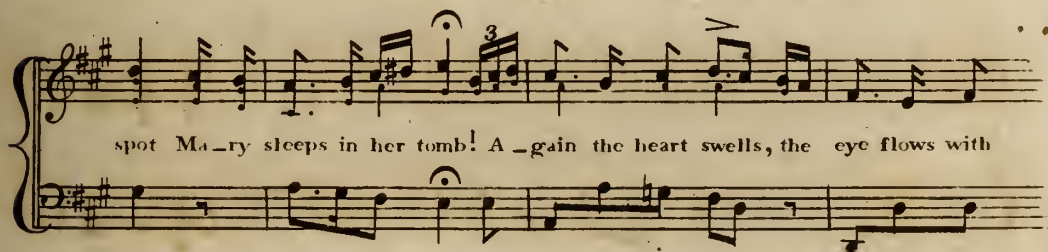
may-is's notes, which in me-lo-dy melt; Ob-li-vion of woe o'er my



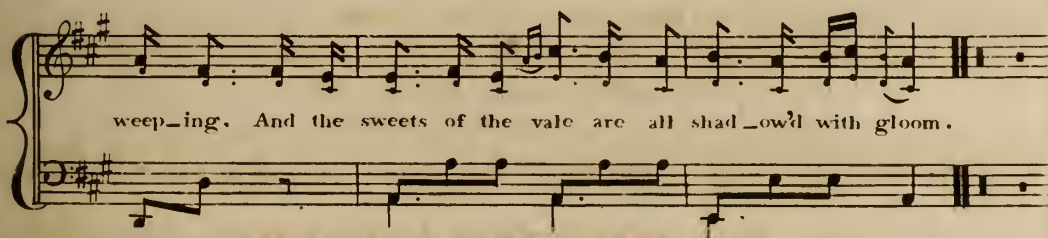
mind gen\_tly steal\_ing, A pause from keen an\_guish a mo\_ment is felt.



The moon's yel\_low light o'er the still lake is sleep\_ing, Ah! near the sad



spot Ma\_ry sleeps in her tomb! A\_gain the heart swells, the eye flows with



weep\_ing. And the sweets of the vale are all shad\_ow'd with gloom.

\* How sweet this lone vale! all the beauties of Nature,  
 In varied features, is here to be seen;  
 The lowly-spread bush, and the oak's tow'ring stature,  
 Is mantled in foilage of gay lovely green.  
 Ah! here is the spot! (oh, how sad recollection!)  
 It is the retreat of my Mary no more;  
 How kind, how sincere, was the maiden's affection,  
 Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

\* How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow!  
 The wail of distress I unheeded can pour;  
 My bosom o'ercharg'd may be lighter to-morrow,  
 By shedding a flood in the thick-twisted bower.  
 O Mary! in silence thou calmly reposest,  
 The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee;  
 Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses  
 A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

\* These two verses written, by the late John Hamilton of Edinburgh.



## IN SIMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

Lively

In simmer when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in il\_ka

field, While clo-ver blooms white o'er the lea, And ro-ses blaw in il\_ka bield;

Blythe Bes-sie in the milking shiel, Says "I'll bewed, come o't what will" Out

spak' a dame in wrink-led eild, 'Of gude ad-vice-ment comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae woovers mony ane,  
And lassie ye're but young ye kèn;  
Then wait a-wee, and cannie wale  
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.  
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
Tak' this frac me, my bonnie hen,  
It's plenty beets the lovers' fire?

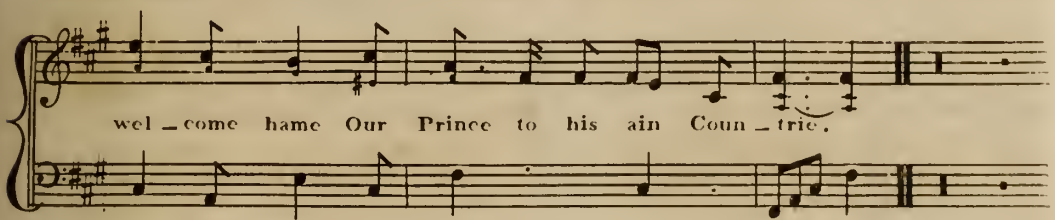
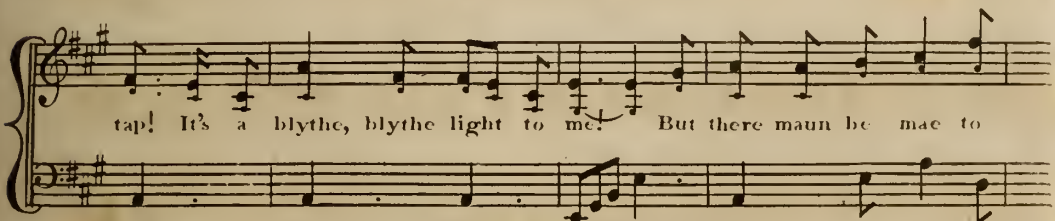
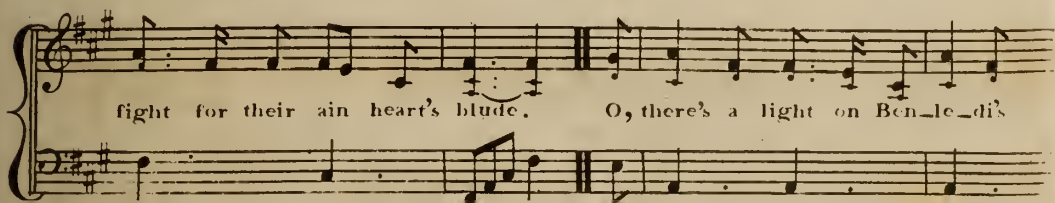
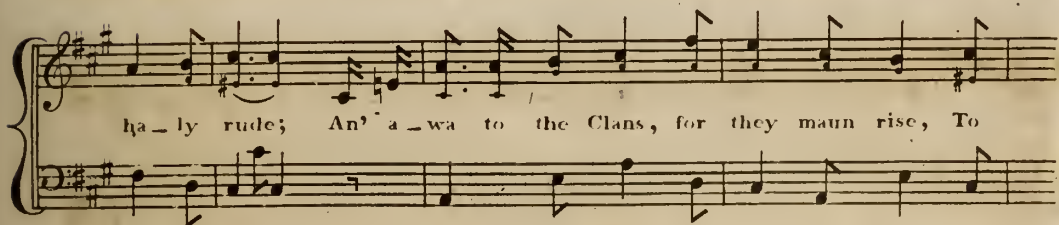
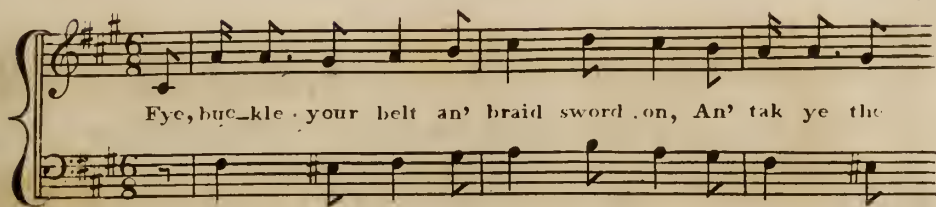
"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
I dinna care a single flie;  
He lo'es sac weel his craps and kye,  
He has nae love to spare for me.  
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;  
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie  
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear?"

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
The canniest gate the strife is sair;  
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,  
A hungry care's an unco care.  
But some will spend, and some will spare,  
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;  
Syne, as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
Keep mind, that ye maun drink the 'yll?"

"O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;  
But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
The gowd and siller canna buy.  
We may be poor, Robie and I,  
Light is the burden love lays on;  
Content and love brings peace and joy,  
What mair hae Queens upon a throne?"

105

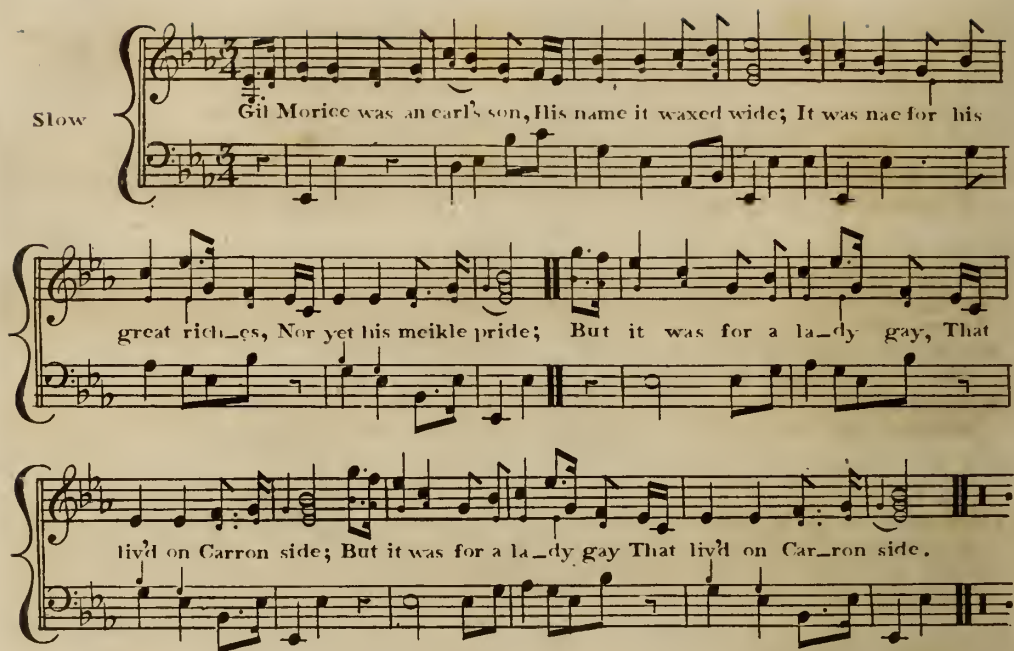
HY, BUCKLE YOUR BELT AN' BRAID SWORD ON.



Our gude auld wife has climb'd up the hill,  
 An' a blythe auld bodie is she;  
 She has lighted a peat for Charlie's sake,  
 An' merrie we a' will be.  
 An' here's a sword, an' a trusty ane,  
 Wi' a trusty hand I'll draw;  
 It'll never be sheath'd, it'll never wear rust,  
 'Till we drive the whigs awa.

Then buckle, buckle, Clansmen, an' on,  
 Our flags like our thistles wave;  
 Buckle, buckle, buckle, an' on  
 For Prince Charlie, or a grave.  
 Charlie's baith our kith an' kin,  
 An' by him we'll stand or fa;  
 Charlie claims but a kinsman's help,  
 On, on, my brave Clansmen, a'.

Slow



Gil Morice was an earl's son, His name it waxed wide; It was nae for his  
great riches, Nor yet his meikle pride; But it was for a la-dy gay, That  
liv'd on Carron side; But it was for a la-dy gay That liv'd on Car-ron side.

"Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon;  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',  
And bid his lady cum?  
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie;  
And ye maun rin wi' speed;  
When other boys gae on their feet,  
On horseback ye sall ride."

"Oh no! Oh no! my master dear!  
I dare nae for my life;  
I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's,  
For to tryst furth his wife?  
"My bird, Willie, my boy, Willie;  
My dear Willie," he said,  
"How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I sall be obey'd."

"But, Oh my master dear!" he cry'd,  
"In greenwood ye're your lain;  
Gie o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,  
For fear ye shou'd be ta'en."

"Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',  
Bid her come here wi' speed;  
If ye refuse my high command,  
I'll gar thy body bleed."

"Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' goud but the hem;  
Bid her cum to the good green wood,  
And bring nane but her lain;  
And there it is, a silken sark,  
Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
And bid her cum to Gil Morice,  
'Speer nae bauld baron's leave?"

"Yes; I will gae your black errand,  
Tho' it be to thy cost;  
Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,  
In it ye sall find frost.  
The baron he's a man of might,  
He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,  
As ye will see before it's night,  
How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt."

"Now, sen I maun your errand rin,  
Sae sair against my will,  
I's mak a vow, and keep it true,  
It sal be done for ill.  
And when he came to broken brigg,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran."

And when he came to Bernard's ha',  
Wau'd neither chap nor ca;  
Bot set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly lap the wa'.  
He wau'd tell nae man his errand,  
Tho' twa stood at the gate;  
Bot straight into the ha' he cam,  
Whair grit folks sat at meat."

"Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!  
My message winna wait;  
Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,  
Before that it be late;  
Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' goud but the hem;  
You maun gae to the gude green wood  
E'en by your sell alane."



'And there it is, a silken sark,  
Your ain hand sew'd the sleeve;  
Ye mann gae speak to Gil Morice  
Speir nae bauld baron's leave?  
The lady stamped wi' her foot,  
And winked wi' her eye;  
But a' that she could say or do,  
Forbidden he wad nae be.

"It's surly to my bow'r-woman;  
It ne'er could be to me?"  
'I brought it to Lady Barnard,  
I trow that ye he she,  
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,  
The bairn upon her knee,  
"If it be come frae Gil Morice,  
It's dear welcome to me."

'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;  
I brought it to Lady Barnard:  
I trow ye be na she,  
Then up and spake the bauld baron,  
An angry man was he;  
He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,  
In flinders gart a' flee.

'Gae bring a robe of yon cliding,  
That hings upon the pin;  
And I'll gae to the good green wood,  
And speak with your leman?  
"O, bide at hame now, lord Barnard!  
I warn ye bide at hame!  
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,  
That ne'er wyte ye wi' nane?"

Gil Morice sits in good green wood,  
He whistl'd and he sang;  
"O what means a' these folks coming?  
My mother tarries lang?"  
When Lord Barnard to green wood came,  
Wi meikle dule and care;  
There first he saw young Gil Morice  
Keming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, sire, Oh Gil Morice,  
My lady lo'ed ye weel,  
The fairest part of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel.  
Yet ne'ertheless, now Gil Morice,  
For a' thy great beauty,  
Ye's rue the day ye e'er was born;  
Thy head sall gae wi' me?

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the strae;  
And thro' Gil Morice fair body  
He's gard canld iron gae.  
And he has ta'en Gil Morice's head,  
And set it on a spear;  
The meanest man in a' his train  
Has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gil Morice up,  
Laid him across his steed,  
And brought him to his painted bow'r,  
And laid him on a bed.  
The lady on the castle wa'  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Gil Morice's head  
Come trailing to the town.

"Far mair I loe that bloody head,  
Bot and that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,  
As they lie here and there.  
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,  
And fondly seen the sleep;  
But now I'll go about thy grave,  
The sa't tears for to weep?"

And syne she kiss'd his bloody cheek,  
And syne his bloody chin;  
"Better I loe my son Morice,  
Than a' my kith and kin!"  
'Away, away, ye ill woman!  
An ill death mait ye die;  
Gin I had kend he'd been your son,  
He'd ne'er been slain for me?

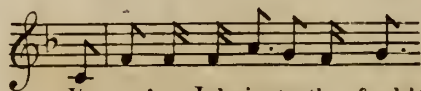
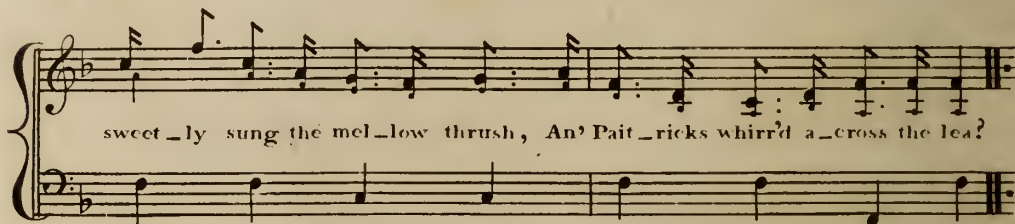
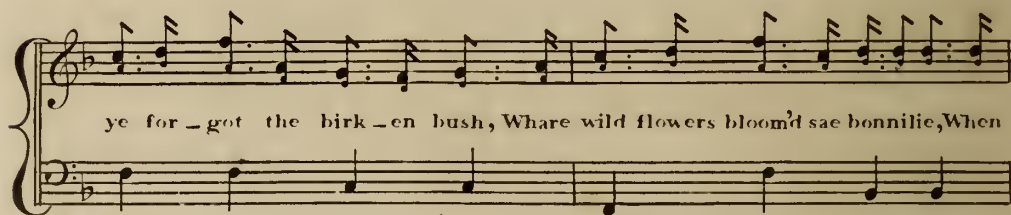
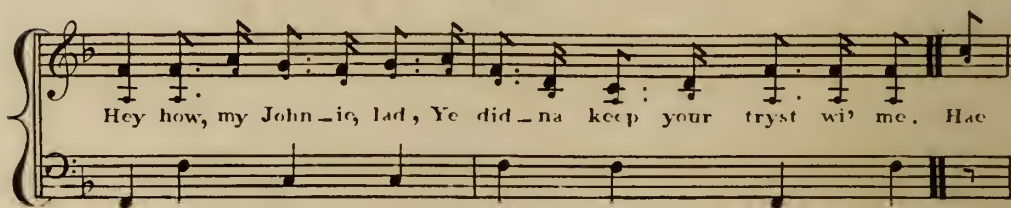
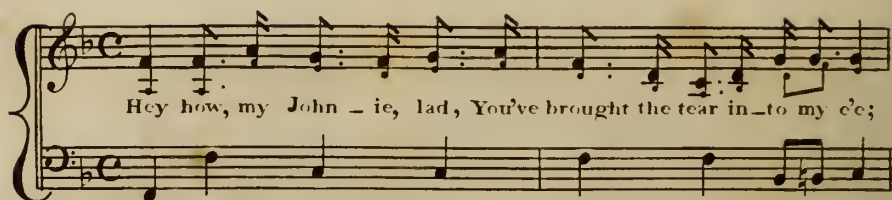
"Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,  
Upbraid me not, for shame!  
Wi' that same spear, O pierce my heart!  
And put me out o' pain.  
Since naithing but Gil Morice's head  
Thy jealous rage could quell;  
Let that same hand now take her life,  
That ne'er to thee did ill.

"To me nae after days nor nights  
Will e'er be saft or kind;  
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
And greet till I am blind."  
"Enough o' blood by me's been spilt;  
Seek not your death frae me;  
I rather it had been mysell,  
Than either him or thee.

'With wae! wae I hear your plaint;  
Sair, sair I rue the deed,  
That e'er this cursed hand of mine  
Did gar his body bleed.  
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;  
You see his head upon my spear,  
His heart's blood on the ground.

'I curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thought the ill;  
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed  
The comely youth to kill.  
I'll aye lament for Gil Morice,  
As gin he were my ain;  
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day  
On which the youth was slain?

## HEY HOW, JOHNTIE, LAD.



Ye cam'na Johnie to the fauld;  
 Ye cam'na to the trysting tree;  
 I trow'd na love wad turn sae cauld,  
 That ye sae soon wad lightlie me.  
 I pu'd the rose sae sweet an' fine,  
 The fairest flower on a' the lea;  
 Tho' fresh an' fair, it wither'd syne,  
 E'en like the love ye promis'd me.

Ye said ye lo'd but me alane,  
 Nor cou'd ye keep your fancy free,  
 An' gin that I wad be your ain,  
 The chains o' love wad lightsome be.  
 O, gin ye had sincerely lov'd!  
 They lightsome aye had been to me;  
 But sin' that ye hae faithless prov'd,  
 I'll strive to keep my heart a wee.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

(THE)  
**SCOTISH MINSTREL**  
A SELECTION  
from the  
**VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND**  
*ANCIENT & MODERN*  
ARRANGED FOR THE  
**PIANO FORTE**  
— BY —  
**R. A. SMITH.**  
*VOL. IV.*



Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stat. Hall.

*Edina Scotch drinking Song*

Price 8 s

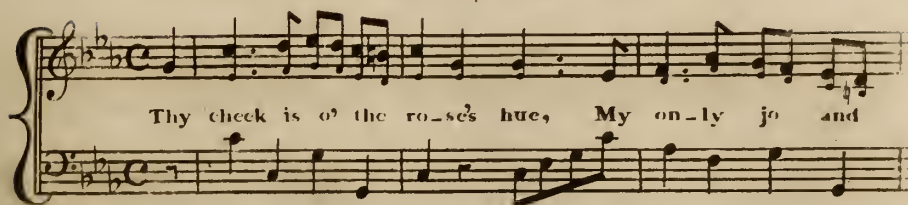
**EDINBURGH**

*Published & Sold by ROBT. PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument  
Warehouse N<sup>o</sup> 70 Princes Street.*

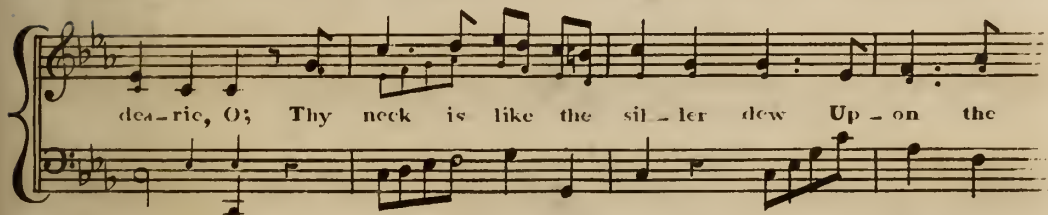


Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a manuscript page. The text is arranged in approximately 10 horizontal lines, though it is extremely faded and difficult to decipher. The script appears to be a historical form of Arabic or Persian. The page is aged and shows signs of wear, including discoloration and faint smudges.

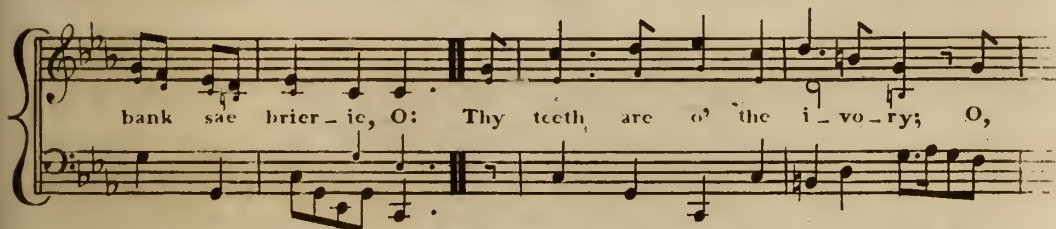
# THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSES HUE.



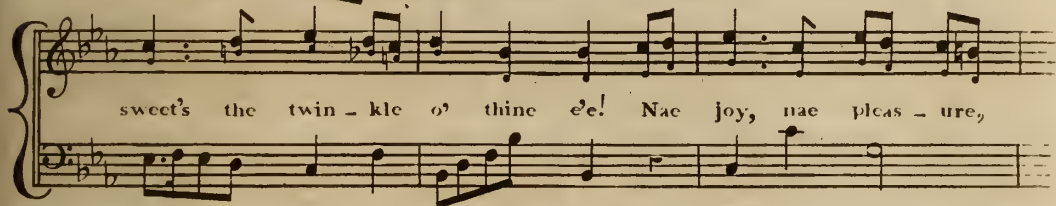
Thy cheek is o' the ro-ses' hue, My on-ly jo and



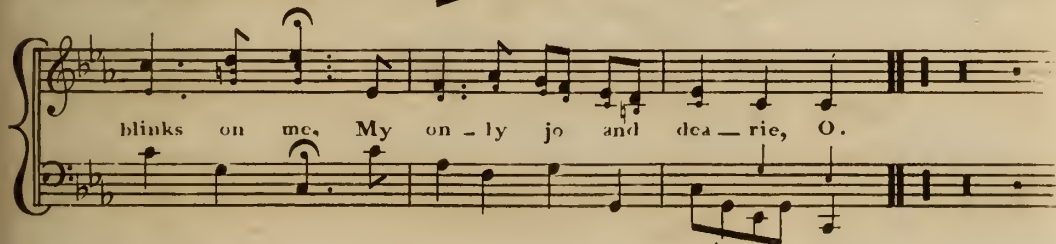
dear-rie, O; Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew Up-on the



bank sae brier-ic, O; Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry; O,



sweet's the twin-kle o' thine ee! Nae joy, nae pleas-ure,



blinks on me, My on-ly jo and dear-rie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;  
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;  
 But little kens the sangster sweet,  
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,  
 That gars my restless bosom beat,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we war bairnies on yon brae,  
 An' youth was blinkin' bonny O,  
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,  
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;

Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lea,  
 And round about the thornie tree;  
 Or put the wild-flowers a' for thee,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;  
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,  
 And never mair to leave me, O;  
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,  
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae,  
 Till life's warm stream forget, to play,  
 My only jo and dearie, O.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee,  
 I wou'd love thee, An thou were my ain thing, how dear-ly  
 wou'd I love thee. Then thy de-fence should be my arms; Then  
 I'd se-cure thee from all harms; For 'bove all mor-tals  
 thou hast charms; How dear-ly do I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,  
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
 With angel pity look on me,  
 Wha only lives to love thee.  
 An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,  
 But that I love, and, for thy sake,  
 What man can do I'll undertake;  
 So dearly do I love thee.  
 An thou were, &c.



S.A.W' YE NAE MY PEGGY.

3

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy? Saw ye nae my Peg-gy?

Saw ye Peg-gy, com-in by Til-li-bel-ton's broom? In the A-brer-da-gie,

Ower the crags o' Craigie; For aught I ken o' Peg-gy, She's a-yont the moon.

'Twas but at the daw-in, Clear the cock was craw-in, I saw Peg-gy caw-in

Haw-ky by the brier. Ear-ly bells were ring-ing, Blythest birds were singing,

Sweet-est flow'rs were spring-ing, A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blowin,  
Almond water's flowin,  
Deep and ford unknowin,  
She maun cross the day.  
Almond water, spare her,  
Safe to Lyndoch bear her,  
Its bracs ne'er saw a fairer,  
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

O, now to be wi' her!  
Or but ance to see her  
Skaithless, far or near,  
I'd gie Scotland's crown.  
Bye-word blinds a lover—  
Wha's ye I discover?—  
Just ye're ain fair rover,  
Stately stappin down.

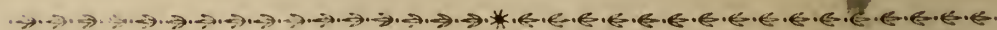
# MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the  
 Highlands, a-chasing the deer; A-chasing the wild deer, and following the  
 roe, My heart's in the High-lands where e-ver I go.

Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the north!  
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills o' the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high-cover'd with snow!  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below!  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging-woods!  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



## THE EXILE OF ULDOONAN.\*

Slowly

A-dieu to rock and to wa-ter-fall, Whose ec-hocs start a-mong

\* This Air lately introduced as Irish under the name of "The Legacy," has been current in the north of Scotland for Sixty Years - the composition of John Mc Murdo of Kintail. "Capt. Fraser's Melodies."

Albyn's hills, A long a-dieu, UL-doön-an! And all thy wild-wood steep, and thy  
sparkling rills. From the dreams of my childhood and youth I a-wa-ken, And  
all the sweet visions that fan-cy wove; A-lieu! ye lone glens, and ye  
braes of green bracken, En-deard by friendship, and hope, and love.

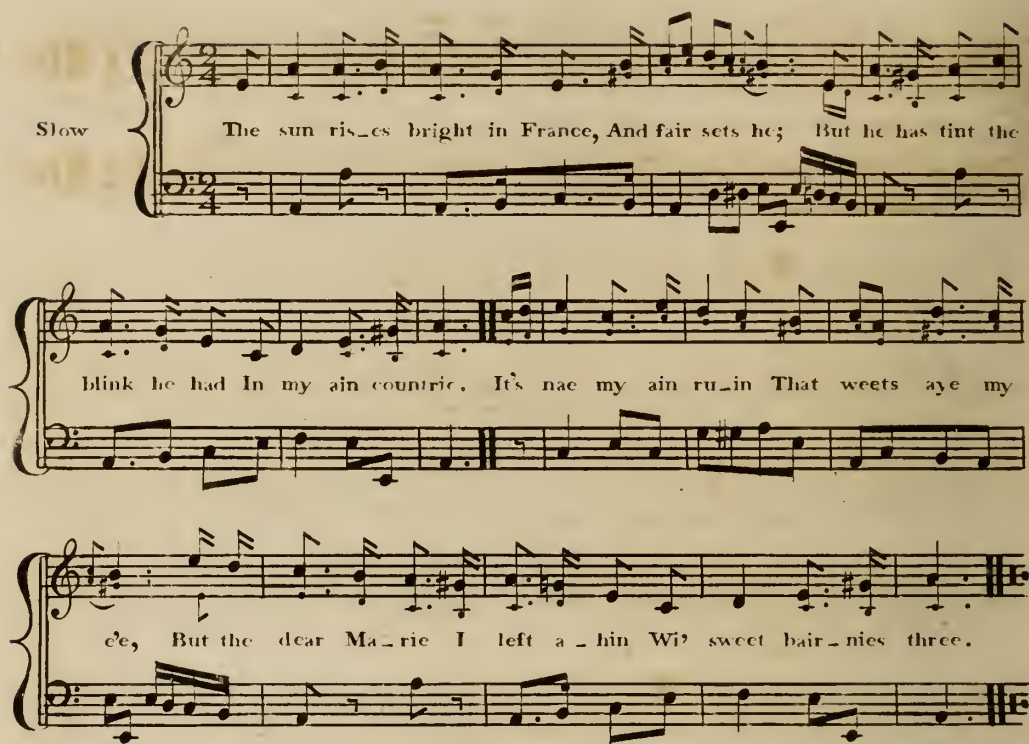
The stranger came, and adversity's wind  
Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;  
I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find  
Among the fields of my father's birth:  
But my desolate spirit shall never be severed  
From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,  
Though within its bare walls lies the roof-tree all shivered,  
And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;  
I see the galley in yonder bay,  
All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,  
And seems to chide my longer stay.  
UL-doön-an! when lingering afar from thy valley,  
At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine,  
Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,  
Without devotion and love like mine.



THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

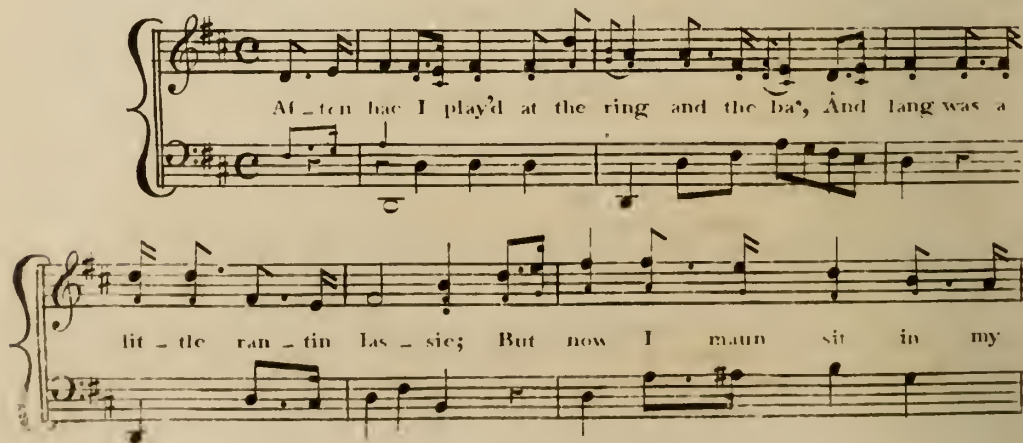
Slow



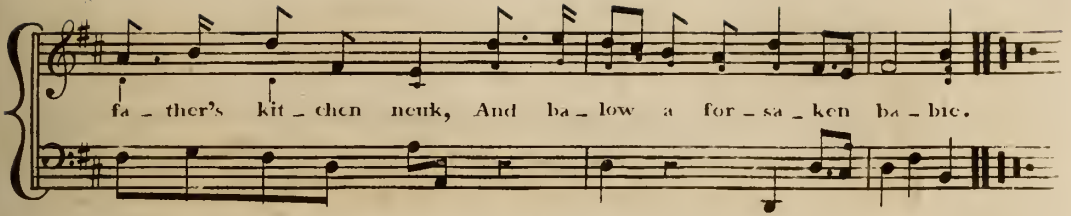
The sun ris-es bright in France, And fair sets he; But he has tint the  
 blink he had In my ain countrie. It's nae my ain ru-in That weets aye my  
 e'e, But the dear Ma-rie I left a-hin Wi' sweet bair-nies three.

Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,  
 And smil'd my ain Marie;  
 O I've left a' my heart behind  
 In my ain countrie!  
 O I'm leal to high heaven,  
 Which aye was leal to me!  
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,  
 Frae my ain countrie.

LORD ABOYNE.



At-ten-hae I play'd at the ring and the ba', And lang was a  
 lit-tle ran-tin-las-sie; But now I maun sit in my



For my father he will not me own,  
 And my mother she neglects me;  
 And a' my friends hae lightlied me,  
 And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command,  
 As aft times I've had many,  
 That wad rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,  
 Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

Oh! is he either a laird, or a lord?  
 Or is he but a cadie?  
 That ye do him ea' sae aften by name  
 Your bonny, bonny, rantin laddie.

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord;  
 Think ye I married a cadie?  
 But he is the Earl o' bonny Aboyne,  
 And he is my rantin laddie.

O yese get a servant at your command,  
 As aft times ye've had many,  
 That sall rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,  
 A letter to your rantin laddie.

When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,  
 O but he blinket bonie;  
 But, or he had read three lines of it,  
 I think his heart was sorry.

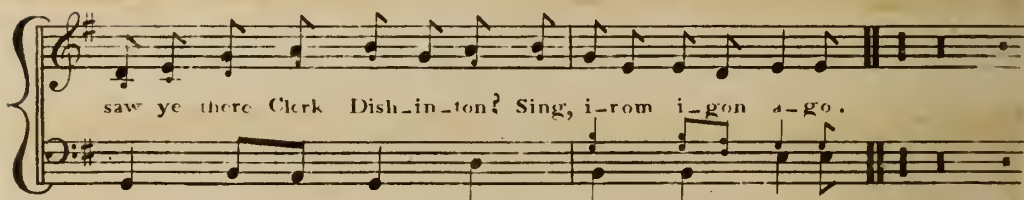
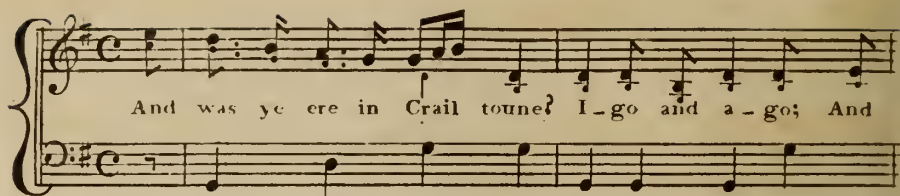
His face it reddened like a flame,  
 And grasping his sword sae massy,  
 O wha is this that daur be sae bauld,  
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?

For her father he will not her know,  
 And her mother she does slight her,  
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,  
 And their servants they neglect her.

Go raise to me my five hundred men;  
 Make haste and make them ready,  
 With a milk-white steed under every ane,  
 For to bring hame my lady.

As they came in thro' Buchan-shire,  
 They were a company bonny,  
 With a gude claymore in every hand,  
 And O but they shind bonny.

## CRAIL TOUNE.



His wig was like a drouket hen,  
Igo and ago;  
The tail o't like a goose pen,  
Sing, irom igon ago.

To hear them o' their travels talk,  
Igo and ago;  
To gae to London's but a walk,  
Sing, irom igon ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcom,  
Igo and ago;  
Gin he be wise enough I mistak him.  
Sing, irom igon ago.

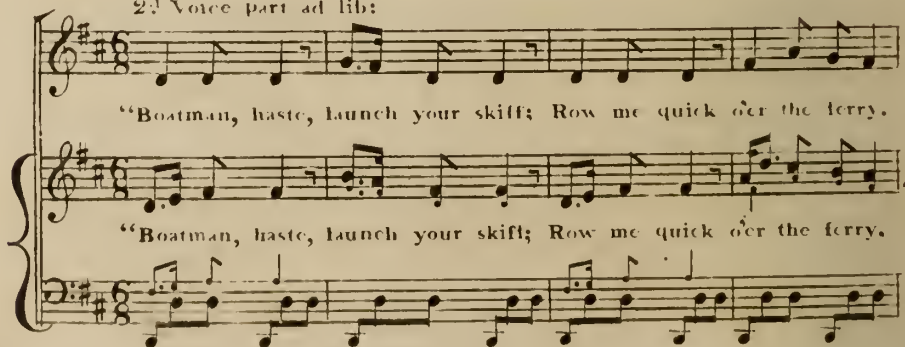
To see the wonders o' the deep,  
Igo and ago;  
Would gar a man baith wail and weep,  
Sing, irom igon ago.

And had ye weel frae Sandy Don,  
Igo and ago;  
He's muckle dafter nor Sir John,  
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the Leviathan skip,  
Igo and ago;  
An' wi' his tail ding owre a ship,  
Sing, irom igon ago.

## BOATMAN, HASTE.

2d Voice part ad lib:





From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.

From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.

Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.

Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.

Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Sail and oar swiftly bore

Him afar from the mooring;

But before he was o'er,

Winds and waves loud were roaring,

Soon, alas! the weltering billow,

Is his cold and restless pillow,

Where he sleeps without commotion,

Sheeted with the foam of ocean.

# CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

Lively

Char - lie, ye are wel - come, wel - come, wel - come; Char - lie, ye are  
wel - come to Scot - land, and to me. There's some fòk in yon town, yon town,  
yon town; There's some fòk in yon town, I trow, that should na be.

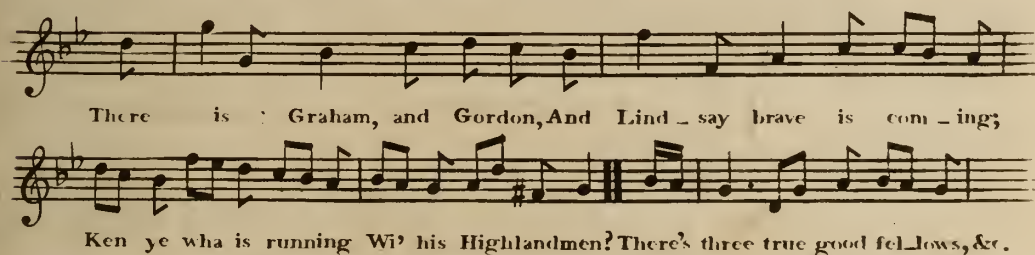
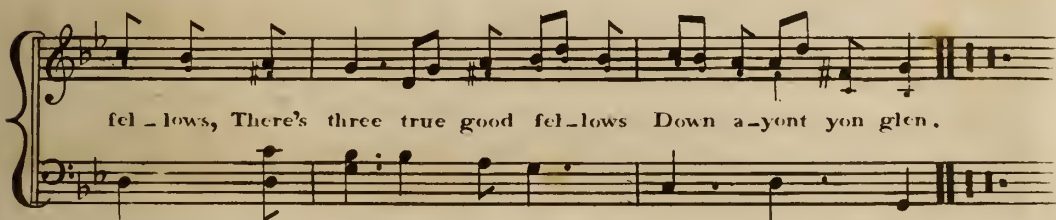
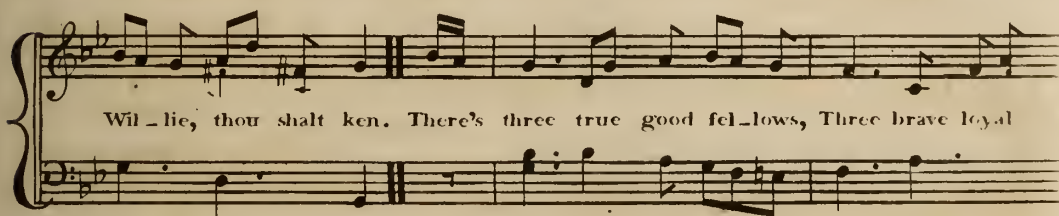
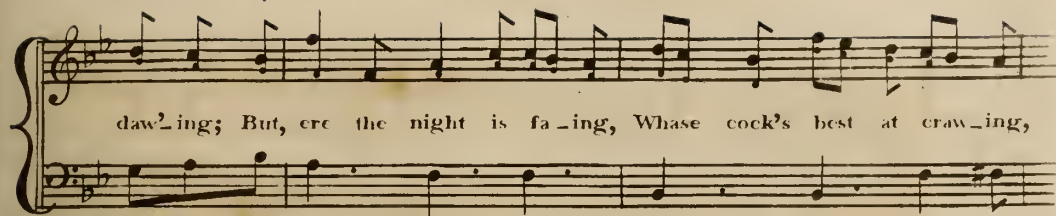
Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them;  
Charlie we'll no name them, we ken wha they be.  
The swords they are ready, ready, ready;  
The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak them flee.

Charlie, ye'll get backing, backing, backing;  
Charlie ye'll get backing, baith here and owre the sea:  
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering;  
The clans they are gathering, to set their kintra free.

Charlie it's the warning, warning, warning;  
Charlie it's the warning we hear, owre hill and lea:  
The colours they are flying, flying, flying;  
The colours they are flying, will lead to victorie.

## THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

There's three true good fel - lows, Three brave loy - al fel - lows, There's  
three true good fel - lows Down a - yont yon glen. It's now the day is



'Tis he that's ay the foremost,  
When the battle is warmest,  
The bravest and the kindest  
Of all Highlandmen.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,  
Hector and bold Evan,  
Reoch, Bane Macrabach  
And the true Maclean.

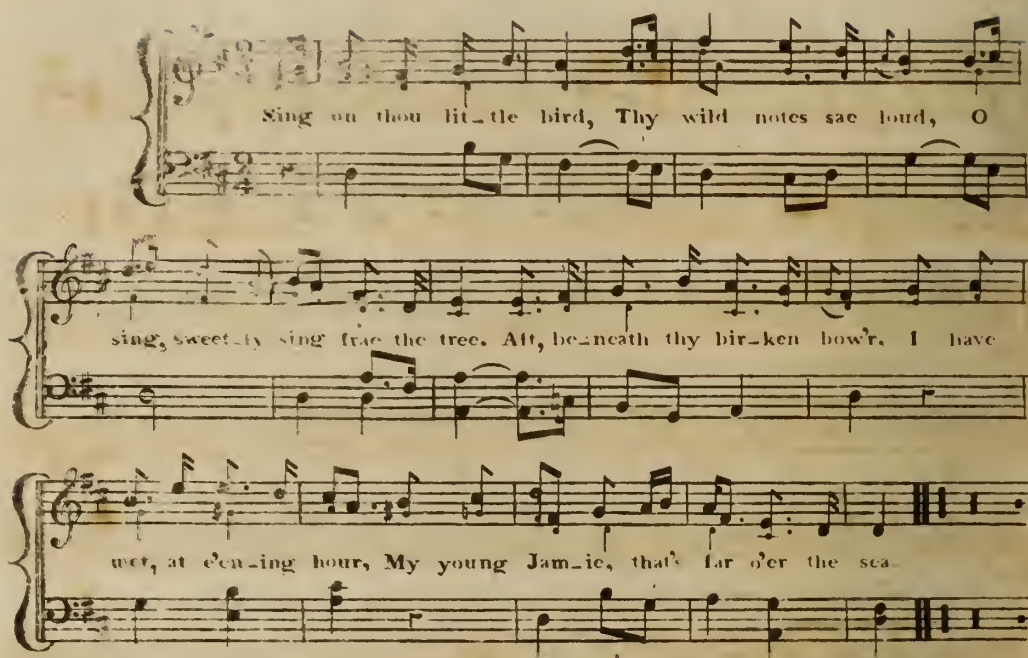
There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's now no retreating,  
The clans are a' waiting,  
And ilk heart is beating  
For honour and fame.

There's three true good fellows,  
Whate'er they may tell us,  
Thrice three good fellows  
Down ayont yon glen.



## SING ON, THOU LITTLE BIRD.



Sing on thou little bird, Thy wild notes sae loud, O  
sing, sweetly sing frae the tree. Ah, beneath thy bir-ken bow'r, I have  
met, at e'en-ing hour, My young Jam-ie, that's far o'er the sea.

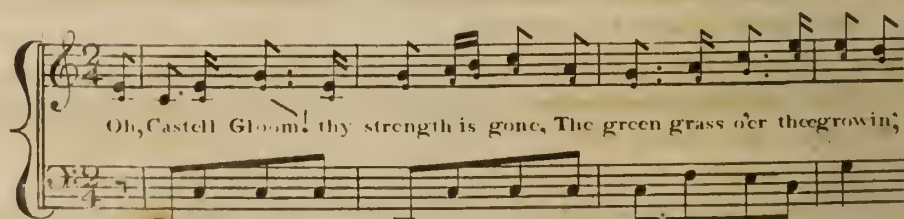
On yon bonnie heather knows  
We pledged our mutual vows,  
And dear is the spot unto me;  
Tho' pleasure I hae nane,  
While I wander alane,  
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,  
The seasons will return,  
And verdure again clothe the lea;  
The flow'rets shall spring,  
And the soft breeze shall bring  
My dear Laddie again back to me.

Thou star! give thy light,  
Guide my lover aright,  
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;  
Now gold I hae in store,  
He shall wander no more,  
No, no more shall he sail o'er the sea.

## CASTELL GLOOM.\*

Slowly



Oh, Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone, The green grass o'er thee growin'.

\* Castell Gloom belonging to the family of Argyle, was burned down in the civil wars by Montrose about 1643.

On hill of care thou art a-lone, The sorrow round thee flow-in' Oh

Cas-tell Gloom! on thy fair wa's Nae ban-ners now are stream-in'; The

hou-lit flits a-mang thy ha's, And wild birds there are scream-in'.

Chorus.

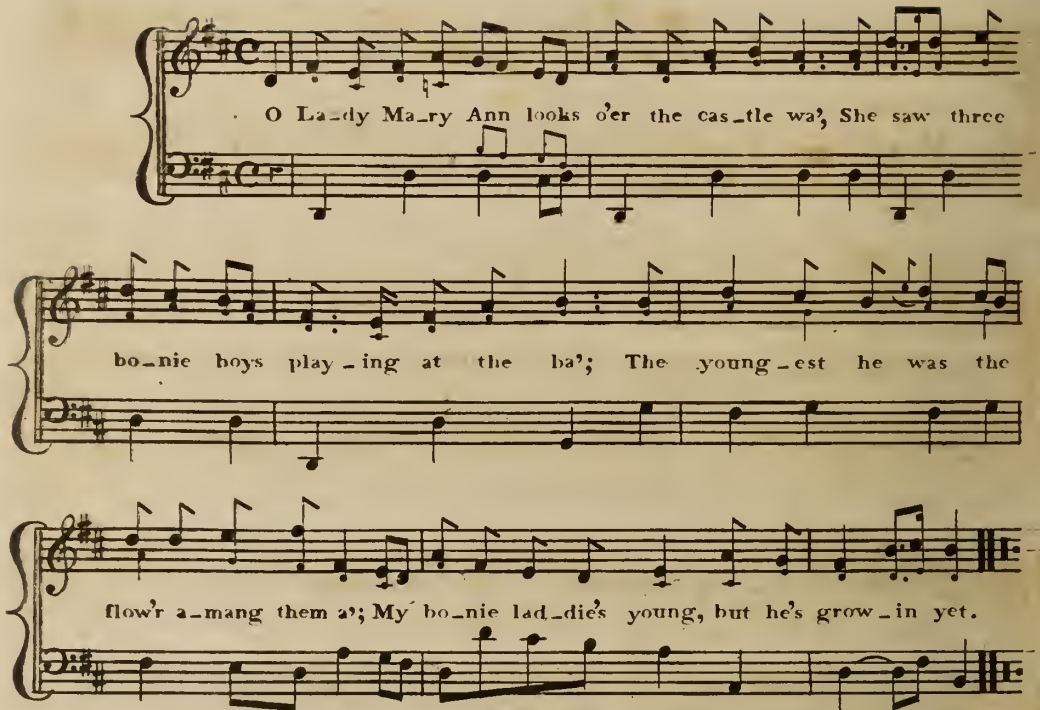
Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime, From civil war that flows; Oh!

mourn Ar-gyle, thy fal-len line, And mourn the great Mon-trose.

Here ladies bricht were aften seen,  
 Here valient warriors trod;  
 And here great Knox has often been,  
 Who fear'd nought but his God!  
 But a' are gane! the guid, the great,  
 And naething now remains,  
 But ruin sittin on thy wa's,  
 And crumblin doune the stanes!  
 Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

The lofty Ochills bricht did glow,  
 Tho' sleepin' was the sun;  
 But mornin's licht did sadly show  
 What ragin' flames had done:  
 Oh mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,  
 That hangs o'er thy wild wood;  
 Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,  
 And all was solitude.  
 Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

## LADY MARY ANN.



O Lady Ma-ry Ann looks o'er the cas-tle wa', She saw three  
bo-nie boys play-ing at the ba'; The young-est he was the  
flow'r a-mang them a'; My bo-nie lad-die's young, but he's grow-in yet.

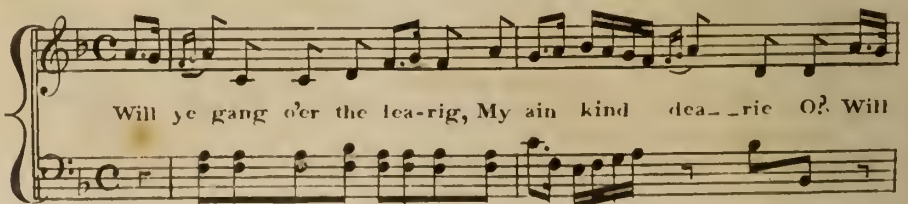
O Father! O Father! an ye think it fit,  
We'll send him a year to the College yet;  
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,  
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,  
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,  
And the langer it blossom'd the fairer it grew,  
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,  
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make,  
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,  
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

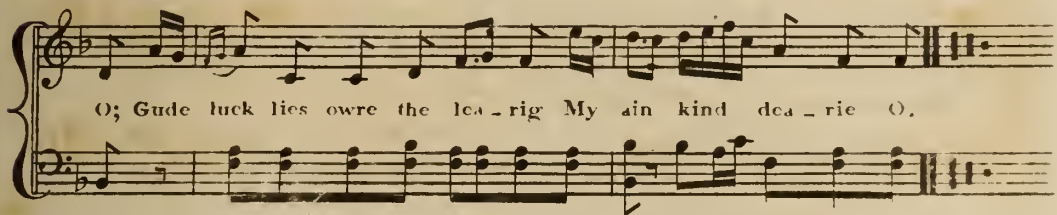
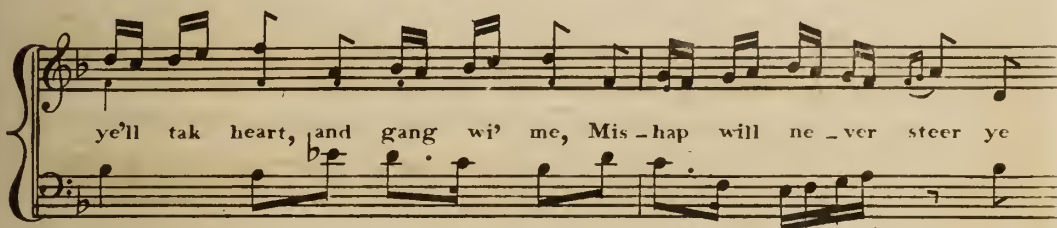
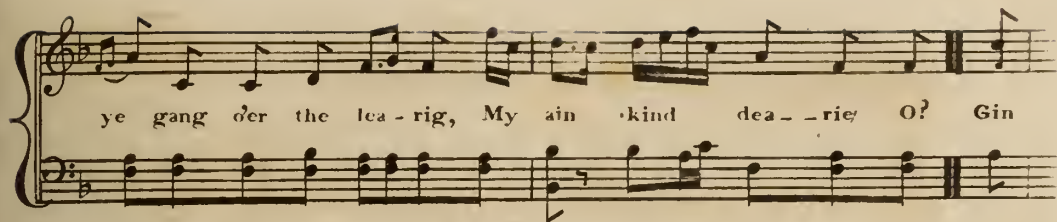
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,  
And the days are awa that we hae seen;  
But far better days, I trust will come again,  
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.



Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dea-rie O? Will





There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O;  
 There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O.  
 It's neither land nor gowd nor braws,  
 Let them gang tapsey teerie O;  
 It's walth o' peace o' love, and truth,  
 My ain kind dearie O.

### WHEN O'ER THE MUIR THE TWILIGHT GREY.

Same Air.

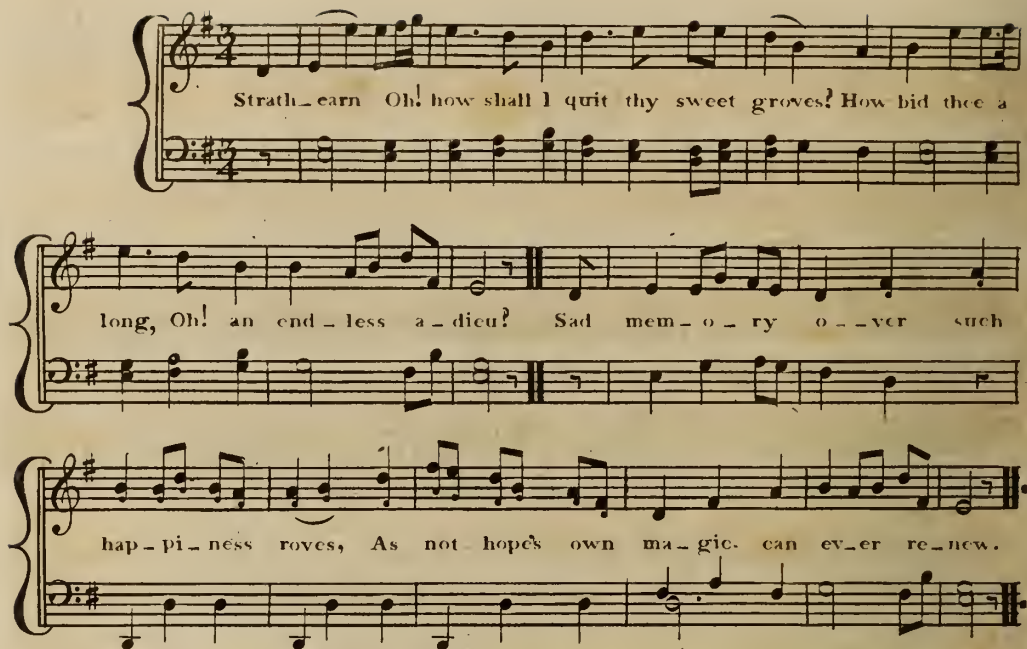
When o'er the muir the twilight grey  
 Spreads o'er the lawn sae eerie O,  
 And frae the hill the weary hind  
 Comes hame baith dour and weary O;  
 Out o'er the sward I tak my road,  
 Nae bog or hag can fear me, Jo,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig  
 My ain kind dearie O.

When labour's o'er, at close of day,  
 How blythsome is the ingle en';  
 The joke, the laugh, the langsyne crack,  
 Gaes roun' and roun', baith but and ben.  
 But frae their mirth I steal awa,  
 Altho' I'm wet an' weary O,  
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O.

Tis sweet, in yonder lonely glen,  
 At gloamin when the moon shines hie,  
 To see the burnie trotting down  
 Out-o'er the lin beneath the tree;  
 When at thy side upon the brae,  
 My heart grows light and cheery O,  
 Upon the trysting lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O.

At morning sun the lavrock sings,  
 And in the air he tunes his lay,  
 And frae the scented dewy woods  
 The blackbird chaunts at close of day;  
 But at the gloamin' happy hour!  
 When a' is dull and dreary O,  
 O meet me on the lea-rig,  
 My ain kind dearie O.

## STRATHEARN.



Strath\_earn Oh! how shall I quit thy sweet groves? How bid thee a  
 long, Oh! an end\_ less a\_ dieu? Sad mem\_ o\_ ry o\_ \_ ver such  
 hap\_ pi\_ ness roves, As not hope's own ma\_ gic. can ev\_ er re\_ new.

Sweet scene of my childhood, delight of my youth!  
 Thy far-winding waters, no more I must see;  
 Thy high-waving bowers, thy gay woodland flowers,  
 They wave now, they bloom now, no longer for me!

## A HEAVENLY MUSE.

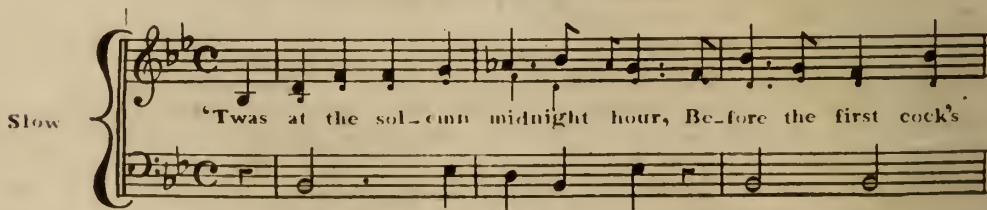
Same Air.

A heavenly muse in green Erin is singing,  
 His strains all seraphic ascend to the skies!  
 Fair blossoms of Eden, around him all springing,  
 The soft balmy ether perfume as they rise.

Sweet poet! be true to thy lofty aspiring,  
 While bound by thy magic, the skies half unfurl'd,  
 Youth, beauty, and taste, are with rapture admiring;  
 Oh! spread not around them the fumes of this world!

## COLONEL GARDINER.

Slow



'Twas at the sol\_ emn midnight hour, Be\_ fore the first cock's

crow-ing, When west-land winds shook Stir-ling tow'r, With  
 hol-low mur-murs blow-ing. When Fan-ny fair, all woe-be-  
 gone, Sad on her bed was ly-ing, And from the ruin'd  
 tow'rs she heard The bod-ing screech-owl cry-ing!

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;  
 "O night presaging sorrow!  
 O dismal night! she said, and wept;  
 "But more I dread to-morrow.  
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
 Each host to Preston bending;  
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,  
 With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,  
 I saw tell death wide sweeping,  
 And all the matrons of the land,  
 And all the virgins, weeping?"  
 And now she heard the massy gates  
 Harsh on their hinges turning;  
 And now through all the castle heard  
 The woe'ful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,  
 The fatal tidings dreading.  
 "O, speak!" she cry'd, "my fathers slain!  
 I see, I see him bleeding!"

'A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;  
 Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,  
 The foe of life berelt him.

'Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,  
 With many a wound deformed;  
 A braver knight, nor better man,  
 This fair Isle ne'er adorned?  
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid  
 A deadly swoon invaded;  
 Lost was the lustrè of her eyes,  
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,  
 And sad was our complaining;  
 But oh! for thee, my native land,  
 What woes are still remaining.  
 But, why complain, the hero's soul  
 Is high in heaven shining:  
 May providence defend our isle  
 From all our foes designing.



## CALLER HERRIN.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish, and hailsum faring;

Wha'll buy cal\_ler her\_rin, New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin'

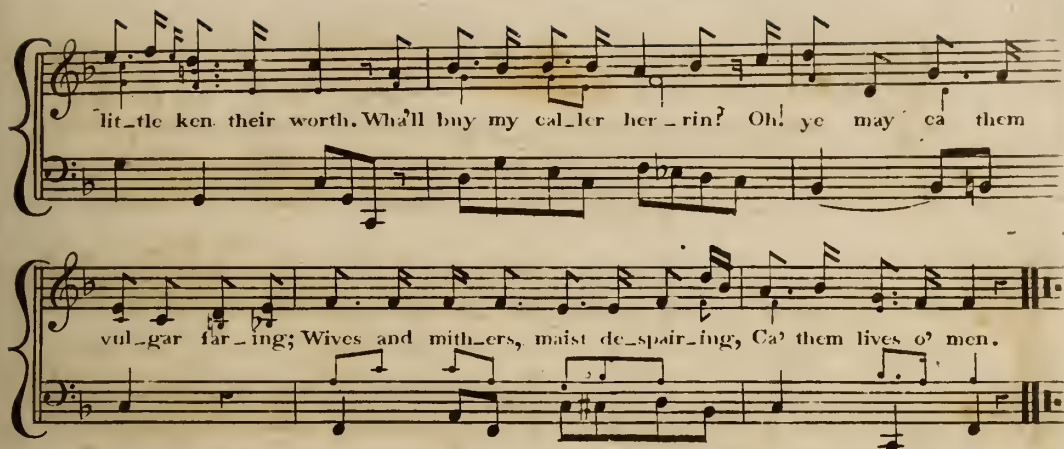
on your pil\_lows, Dream'd ye ought o' our puir fel\_lows, Dark\_ling, as they

faced the bil\_lows, A' to fill the wov\_en wil\_lows. Buy my cal\_ler

her\_rin, They're bon\_nie fish and hale\_som fair\_ing; Buy my cal\_ler

her\_rin, New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal\_ler herrin? They're

no brought here with-out brave dar\_ing; Buy my cal\_ler her\_rin, Ye



Wha'll buy caller herrin?  
 Bonnie fish and halesome fairin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin;  
     Hauled thro' wind and rain?  
 A' our lads at herrin' lishin',  
 Costly vampum, dinner dressin',  
 Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',  
 Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessin'.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin?  
 Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin';  
 Buy my caller herrin,  
     Hauled thro' wind and rain.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?  
 What they've cost ye're little carin';  
 Buy my caller herrin,  
     Aye the puir man's friend.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?  
 What they've cost ye're little carin';  
 Siller canna pay  
     For the lives o' honest men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.  
 When the creel o' herrin passes,  
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads, & screw their faces,  
     Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.  
 Caller herrin', no to lightlie,  
 Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,  
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
 Gow has set you a' a singin',  
     Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.  
 Neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',  
 When the bonny fish ye're sellin'  
 At a word aye be your deatin',  
 Truth will stand when a' thing's fallin',  
     Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

## HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

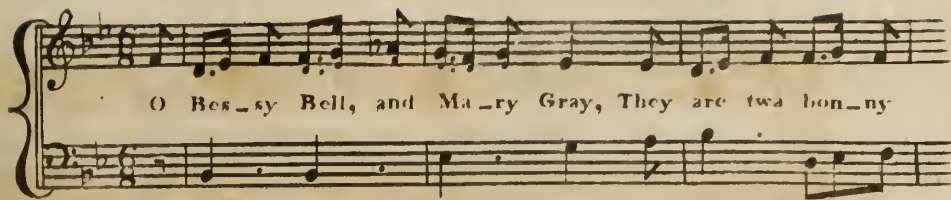
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a grand staff (treble and bass clef) with piano accompaniment and a single vocal line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I wish I were where He-len lies, For night and day on  
 me she cries, For night and day on me she cries; And like an Angel  
 to the skies, Still seems to beck on me! For me she liv'd, for  
 me she sigh'd, For me she wish'd to be a bride, For me she wish'd to  
 be a bride; For me, in life's sweet morn, she died On fair Kirkcon-nel lea.

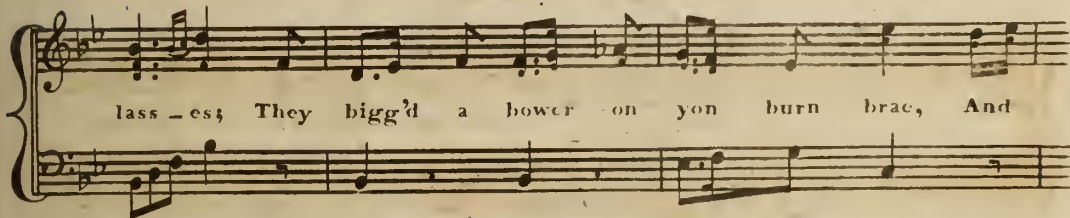
Where Hurtle waters gently wind,  
 As Helen on my arm reclin'd,  
 A rival, with a ruthless mind,  
 Took deadly aim at me;  
 My love, to disappoint the foe,  
 Rush'd in between me and the blow;  
 And now her corse is lying low,  
 On fair Kirkconnel lea.

O! when I'm sleepin' in my grave,  
 And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,  
 May he who life and spirit gave  
 Unite my love and me!  
 Then from this world of doubts and sighs,  
 My soul on wings of peace shall rise,  
 And joining Helen in the skies,  
 Forget Kirkconnel lea.





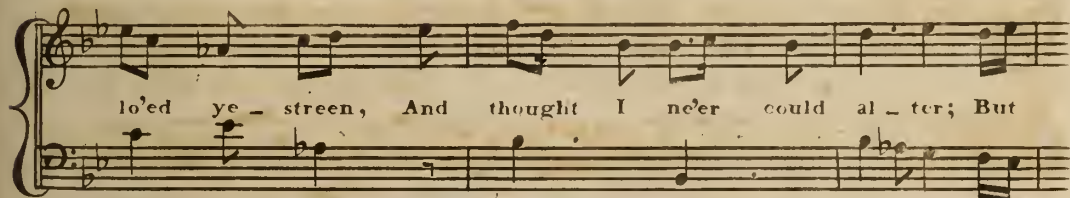
O Bes-sy Bell, and Ma-ry Gray, They are twa bon-ny



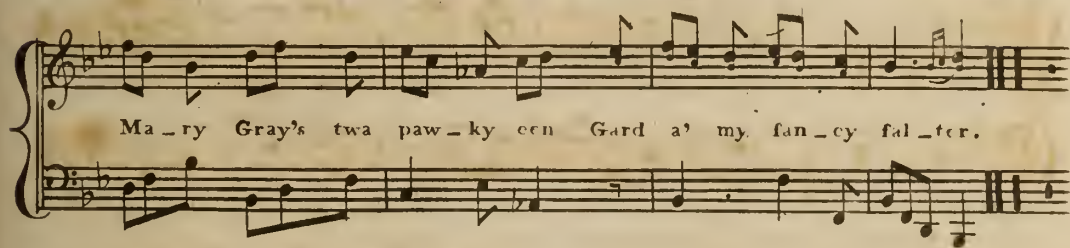
lass-es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And



theek'd it o'er wi' rash-es. Fair Bes-sy Bell I



lo'ed ye-streen, And thought I ne'er could al-ter; But



Ma-ry Gray's twa paw-ky een Gard a' my fan-cy fal-ter.

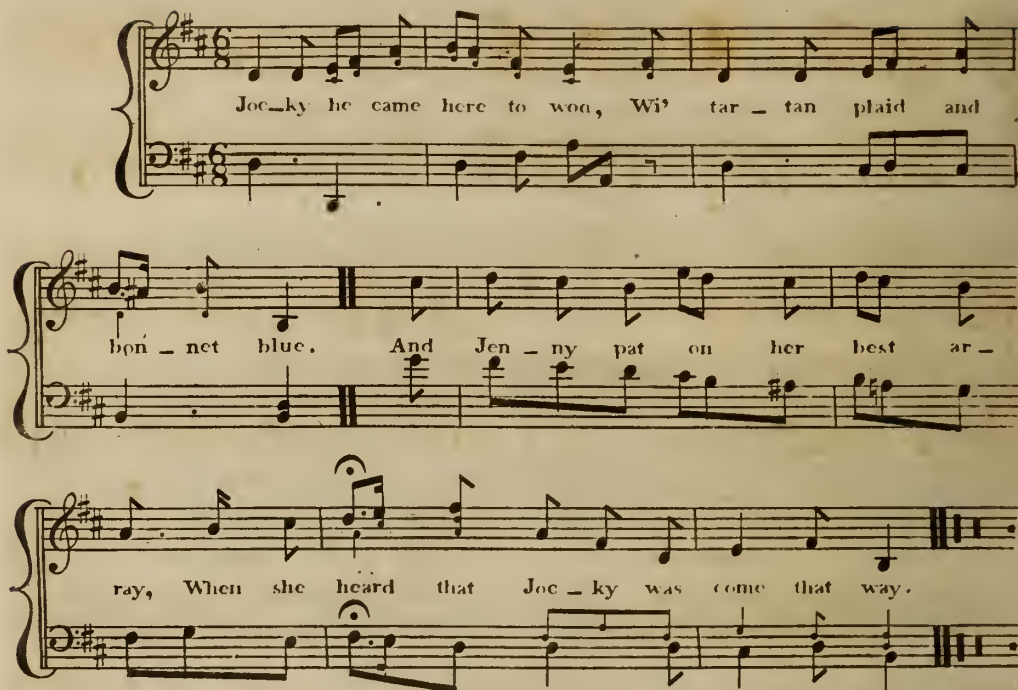
Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,  
She smiles like a May morning,  
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
The hills with rays adorning.  
White is her neck, soft is her hand,  
Her waist and feet fu' genty;  
With ilka grace she can command;  
O wow, but she is dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,  
Her een like diamonds glances;  
She's ay sae clean, red lipp, and braw,  
She kills whene'er she dances:

Blyth as a kid, with wit 'at will,  
She, blooming, tight, and tall is;  
And guides her air sae gracefu' still,  
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco sair oppress us,  
Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
Ye are sic bonny lasses.  
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;  
To ane by law we're stented,  
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
And be with ane contented.

## HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK.



Joc-ky he came here to woo, Wi' tar - tan plaid and  
bon - net blue. And Jen - ny pat on her best ar -  
ray, When she heard that Joc - ky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,  
Sae privily, to change her smock;  
And ay sae loud as her mither ilid raif,  
Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,  
And she came hobbin and heekin ben;  
Her stays they were lach, & her waist it was jimp,  
And a braw new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand;  
O, Jenny, can ye fancy me?  
My father is dead & has left me some land,  
And braw houses twa or three:

And I will gie them a' to thee.  
A baith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock:  
Then, foul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;  
If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

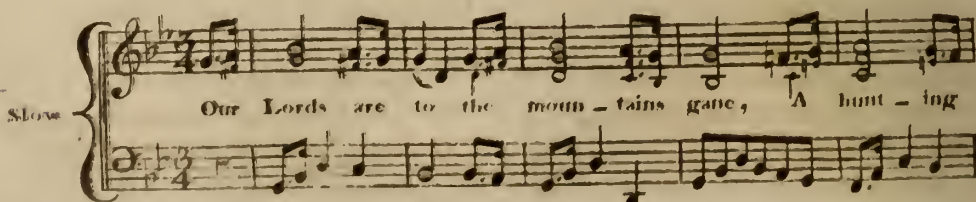
Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh;  
Ye first maun get my mither's consent:  
A weel, guidwife, and what say ye?  
Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,  
O mither, fetch us some gude meat;  
A piece of the butter was kirk'd the day,  
That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

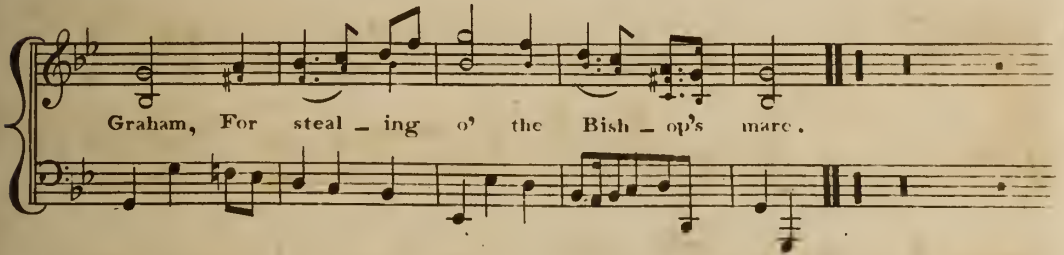
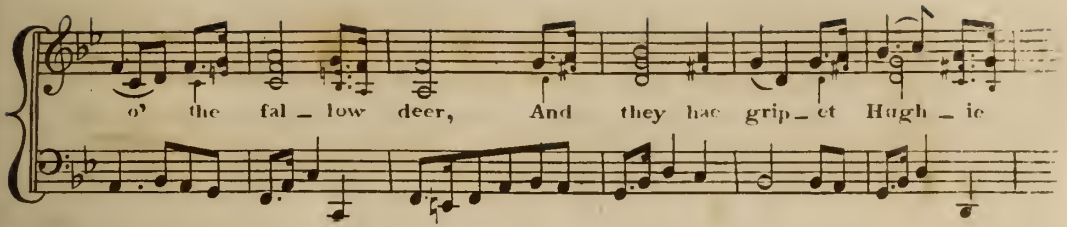
Jocky unto Jenny did say,  
Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;  
It was nae for meat that I came here,  
But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,  
Wi' a green gown as sild as her smock;  
And ay sae loud as her mither did raif,  
Vow, sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.

## HUGHIE GRAHAM.



Slow Our Lords are to the moun - tains gane, A hunt - ing



And they hae tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up thro' Stirling town;  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,  
And put my braid sword in the same;  
He's no in Stirling town this day,  
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
As he sat by the bishop's knee,  
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,  
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,  
And wi' your pleading let me be;  
For, tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
As she sat by the bishop's knee,  
Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,  
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady, fair,  
And wi' your pleading let it be,  
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,  
It's for my honor he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,  
He looked to the gallows-tree;  
Yet never colour left his cheek,  
Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about,  
To see whatever he could spy;  
And there he saw his auld Father,  
And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my Father dear,  
And wi' your weeping let it be;  
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,  
Than a' that they could do to me.

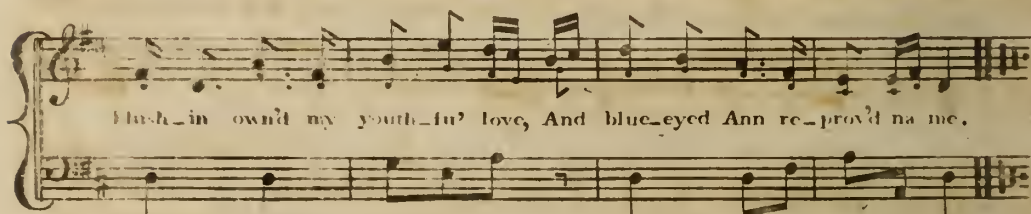
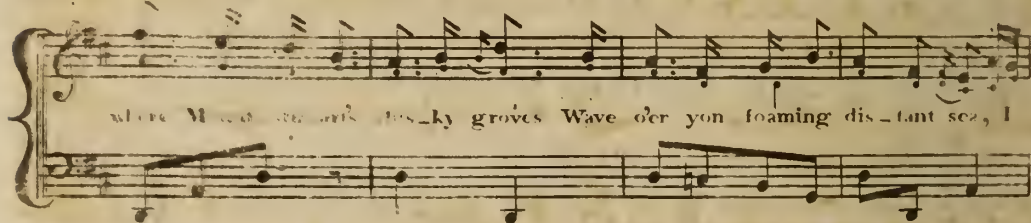
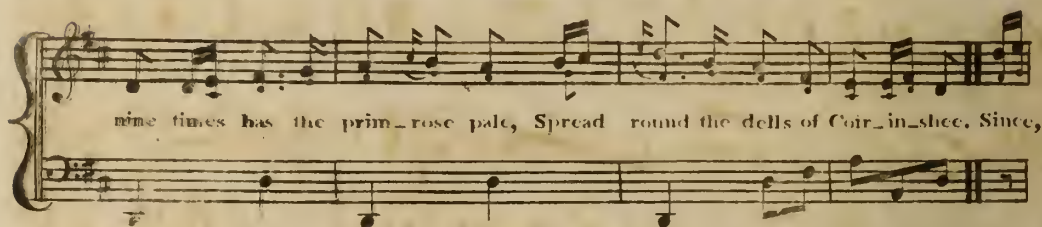
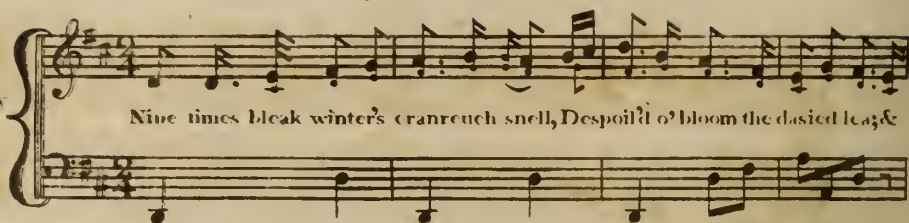
And ye may gie my brother John,  
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,  
And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James  
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,  
And bid him come at four o'clock,  
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,  
I never did disgrace their blood;  
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,  
To mak it shorter by the hood.



## BLUE-EYED ANN.

Moderately  
Slow.

What then could think our joys wad fade?

Love's dearest pleasure's a' we knew;

And not a cloud was seen to shade

The blissful scenes young fancy drew.

But ah! misfortune overcasts

Our fairest hopes full oft we see.

Alas! I've borne her rudest blasts,

Yet blue-eyed Ann still smiles on me.

Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray

Ambition's faithless path along;

But calmly spend the careless day

Dunoon's green winding vales amang;

And oft I'll climb the hoary pile,

When spring revives each flower and tree,

To view yon sweet-sequester'd isle,

Where blue-eyed Ann first smiled on me.

# THE BOATIE ROWS.

1<sup>st</sup> Set. 25

O weel may the boat\_ie row, And bet\_ter may she speed; And lie\_some

may the boat\_ie row That wins the bairns' bread. The boat\_ie rows, the

boat\_ie rows, The boat\_ie rows in\_deed; And weel may the boat\_ie row, That

wins the bairns' bread. O weel may the boat\_ie row, And bet\_ter may she

speed; And lie\_some may the boat\_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

# THE BOATIE ROWS.

2<sup>d</sup> Set.

O weel may the boat\_ie row, And bet\_ter may it

speed; And lie\_some may the boat\_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows fu' weel;

Mie - kle luck at - tend the boat, the mur - lain, and the ereel, O!

weel may the boat - ie row, That fills a hea - vy ereel, And

cleeds us a' frae tap to tae, And buys our par - ritch meal.

Chorus.

1<sup>st</sup> Treble.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

2<sup>d</sup> Treble.

Tenor.

Bass.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And



hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

When Jamie, vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And wad frae me my heart,  
 O mickle lighter grew my creel;  
 He swore we'd never part.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel;  
 And mickle lighter is the load,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,  
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;  
 But, dowie, dowie was my heart  
 When Jamie gaed awa.  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part;  
 And lightsome he the lassie's care,  
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy, Jock, an' Janetie,  
 Are up an' gotten lear,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel;  
 And lightsome be her heart, that bears  
 The murlain an' the creel.

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,  
 And hirplin' at the door,  
 They'll row, to keep us dry an' warin,  
 As we did them before.  
 Then weel may the boatie row,  
 And better may it speed;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

## COCKBURN'S CORONACH

Plaintive

Oh wae to us was Flod-den's plain,<sup>2</sup> Twas there the royal James was slain.<sup>1</sup> For

oft we've wept the fatal day, That fill'd our Scot-ish hearts wi' wae. To

mo-nay a high-born lass and dame, Their Sires and Lords nae mair came hame; But

wae-fu' in their ha's a-lane, They heard the sad Co-ro-nach's mane!

Coronachs, that not heavy now,  
Are left to sing o'er thousands low;  
Are rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,  
That with their King to battle came.  
That round him there remain'd to die,  
Fighting till death, right royally,  
How many, that fought at morn so brave,  
Before e'en-tide had found their grave!

Oh! there amongst fu' many a name,  
Still dear to Scotland and to fame,  
Brave Hume,\* that led the right hand wing,  
Sank down in death beside his King.  
And with him fell his daughter's spouse,  
The noble laird of Cockburn's house;  
Two Sons, and twice four knights beside,  
Of Cockburn's chieftain bravely died.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,  
Let every Highland glen reply,  
And sadly let each lowland plain  
Return the wactu sound again!  
Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;  
Sad Scotland's choicest flow'rs are shorn.  
Let Berwick's tow'rs be robb'd in gloom!  
Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's and on Langton's tow'rs  
The cloud of desolation low'rs!  
Their widows wait their perish'd lords,  
Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words,  
Demand their Sire, whose face no more  
Shall bless with smiles, which once it wore,  
Those ha's shall neer be gay again,  
Their chiefs are in the battle slain!

\* Earl of Home. The chief of Cockburn (Son in law to Earl of Home) with his two sons, and eight knights of his name and kindred, died with their King. In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled. The two principal seats of the Cockburns, in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburn's path Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.

The Tay-lor bu-sy at his seam, Ay tuik a luik at son-sy Jean, Wha,

red-ding up, made a' things clean, As she gaed but aed ben. The

Tay-lor thought: I'd lay my life, She'd mak a thrifty work-in wife; No

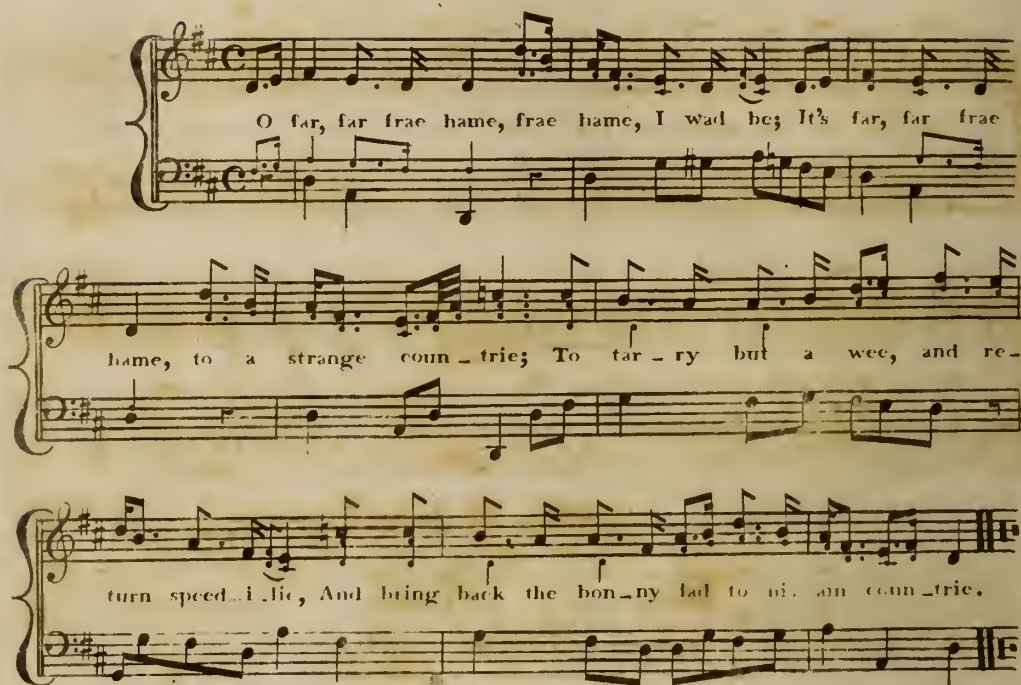
like that i-dle tau-py Nell, She'll aye help on the seam. Sa'e,

while the thread gaed quick-ly thro', Jean-ie he be-gan to woo; And

tho' she made a great a-do, At length she gied con-sent.



## OUR AIN COUNTRIE.

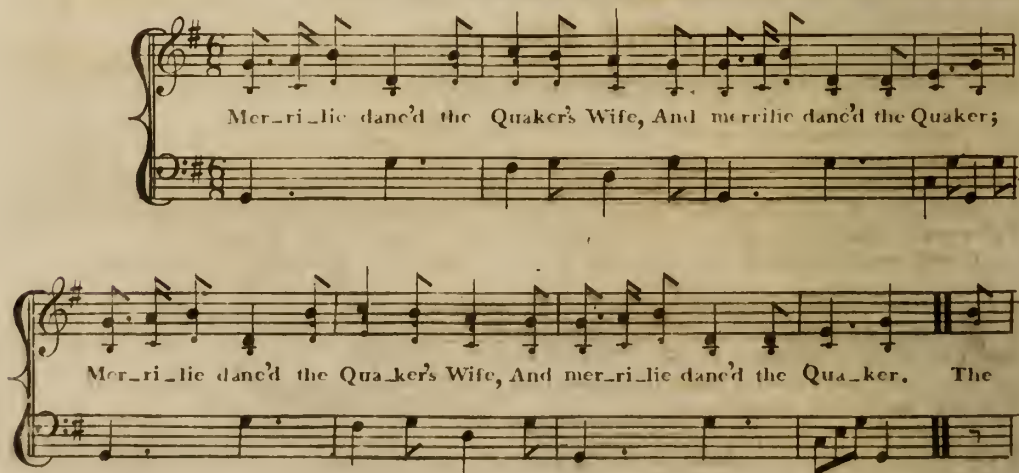


O far, far frae hame, frae hame, I wad be; It's far, far frae  
hame, to a strange coun - try; To far - ry but a wee, and re -  
turn speed - i - lie, And bring back the bon - ny lad to his ain coun - try.

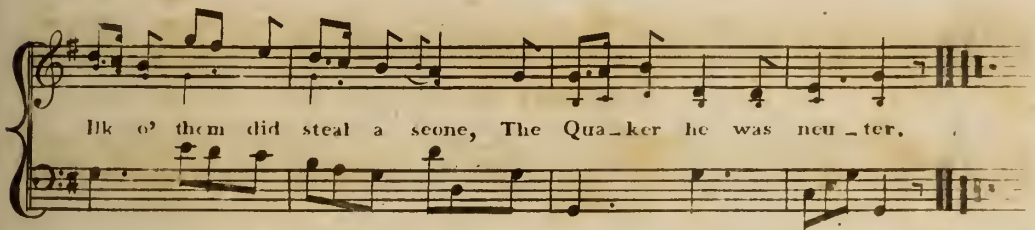
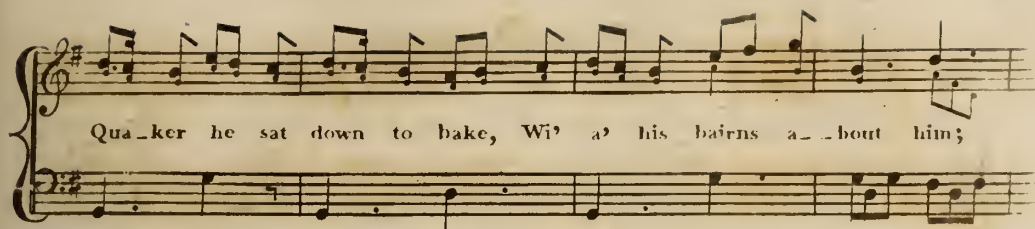
O doukit be the Dutch in their ain sleepy sea,  
Cadogan and all such, wherever they may be;  
Wae worth the volunteers, and shame to them be,  
That wad fight against their Prince in his ain countrie.

Blest be our royal King, from danger keep him free,  
When he conquers all his foes that oppose his majesty;  
And bless the duke of Mar, and all his cavalry,  
Wha first began the war for the King and our countrie.

## .. THE QUAKER'S WIFE.



Mer - ri - lie dan'd the Quaker's Wife, And mer - ri - lie dan'd the Quaker;  
Mer - ri - lie dan'd the Qua - ker's Wife, And mer - ri - lie dan'd the Qua - ker. The



When ben then came the Quaker's Wife,  
 And O she was in a passion;  
 Bairns, says she, ye plague my life,  
 To steal is a very bad fashion:  
 Nae sooner can my back be turned,  
 But what the cakes are eat or burned;  
 O'a' that I left there's nane to be seen,  
 Ye've eaten the cakes and licket the cream.

### BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Same Air.

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,  
 As the lambs before me;  
 Careless nika thought, and free,  
 As the breeze flew o'er me.  
 Now nae langer sport and play,  
 Mirth or sang can please me;  
 Lesley is sae lair and coy;  
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring;  
 Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r,  
 Sighing, dumb, despairing.  
 If she winna ease the thraws  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass green-sod  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

### THE REGALIA.

Same Air.

We hae the Crown without a head,  
 The Sceptre but a hand O;  
 The ancient warlike royal blade  
 Might be a willow wand O.  
 Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs,  
 That laid them useless bye a';  
 Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot  
 Could boast his cheek was dry a'.

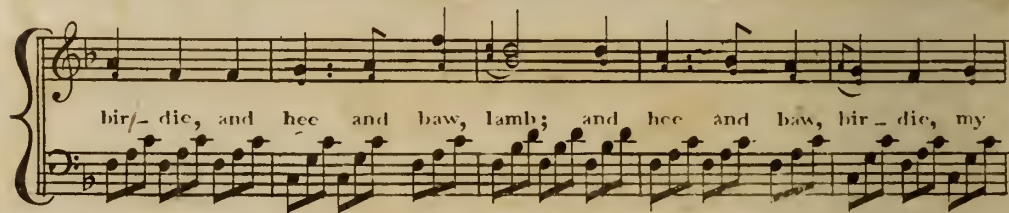
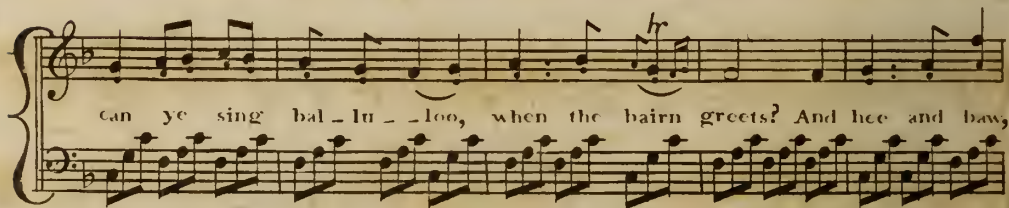
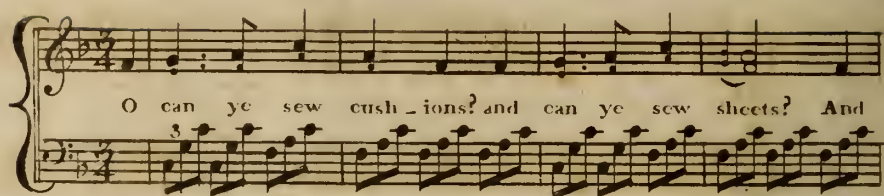
The thistle ance it flourish'd fair,  
 An' grew maist like a tree a;  
 They've stunted down its stately tap,  
 That roses might luik bie a.  
 But tho its head lie in the dust;  
 The stump is stout and steady;  
 The thistle is the warrior yet;  
 The rose its tocher'd lady.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,  
 The bye-gane back to bring a,  
 And gie us ae lang simmer's day,  
 O' a true born Scottish King a.  
 We'd put the Crown upon his head,  
 The Sceptre in his hand a',  
 We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout,  
 Bruce and his native land a'.

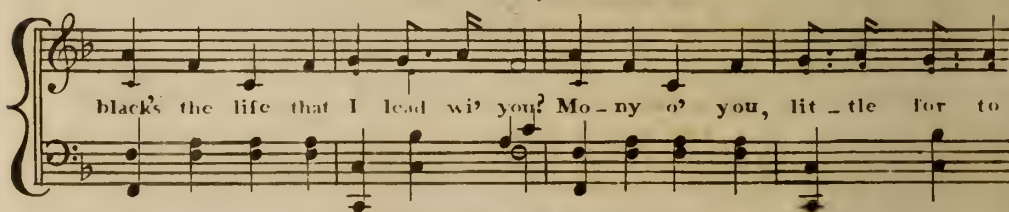
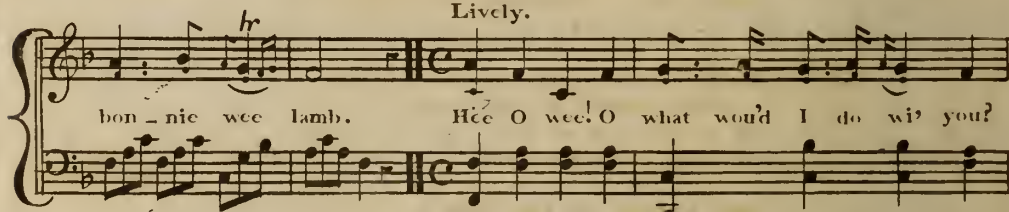
Then flourish, thistle, flourish lair,  
 Tho' ye've the crown nae langer,  
 They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet;  
 Your jags grow aye the stranger.  
 The rose it blooms in safter soil,  
 And strangers up could root it;  
 Aboon the grund was ne'er the hand,  
 That pu'd the thistle out yet.

## O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.

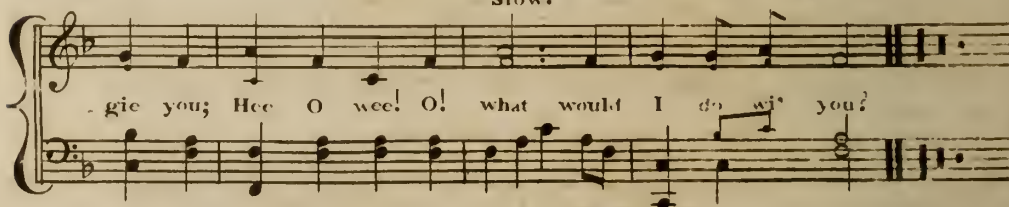
Slow



Lively.



Slow.

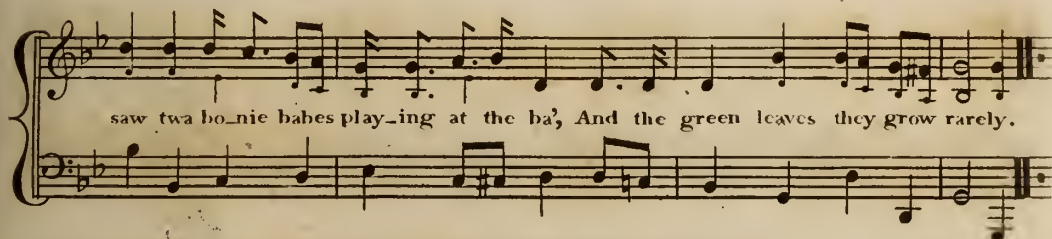
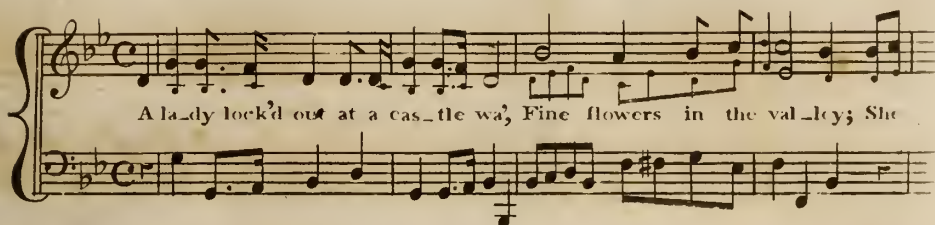


I biggit the cradle on the tree top,

And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock,

And hee and baw, birdie, &amp;c.





O my bonnie babes, an' ye were mine,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 I would cleed ye i' the scarlet sae fine,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'd lay ye saft in beds o' down,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 And watch ye morning, night, and noon,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mither dear, when we were thine,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 Ye didna cleed us i' the scarlet sae fine,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye took out yere little pen knife,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 And parted us frae our sweet life,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye howkit a hole aneath the moon,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 And there ye laid our bodies down,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

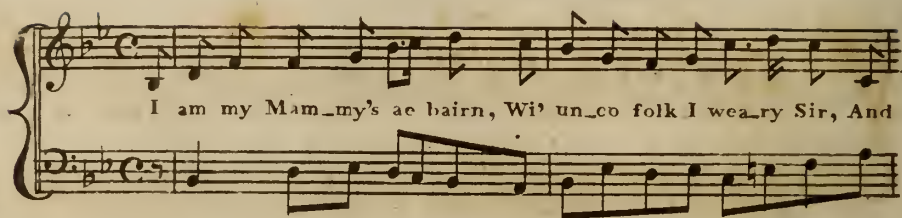
Ye happit the hole wi' mossy stanes,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 And there ye left our wee bit banes,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye ken weel, O mither dear,  
 Fine flowers in the valley;  
 Ye never cam that gate for fear,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,  
 Fine flowers in the valley,  
 And see sic sights as ye darna tell,  
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

## I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Lively



liv-ing in a house my lane, I'm fley'd it mak me ee-rie Sir. I'm

o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet; I'm

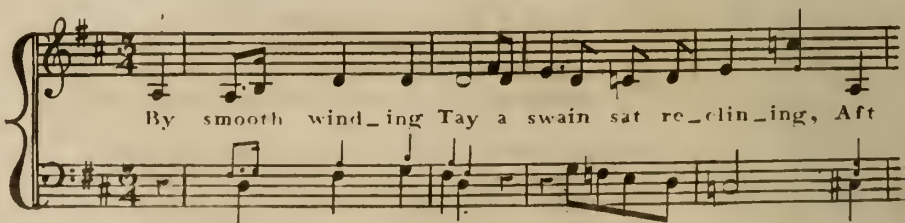
o'er young 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my Mam-my yet.

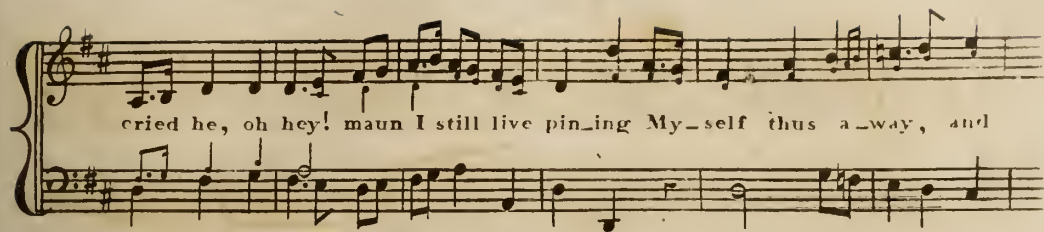
For I've aye had my ain will,  
Nane dar'd to contradict me, Sir,  
And now to say I wad obey,  
In troth, I dar na venture, Sir.  
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind  
Blaws thro' the leafless timmers, Sir;  
But if ye come this gate again,  
I'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.  
I'm o'er young, &c.

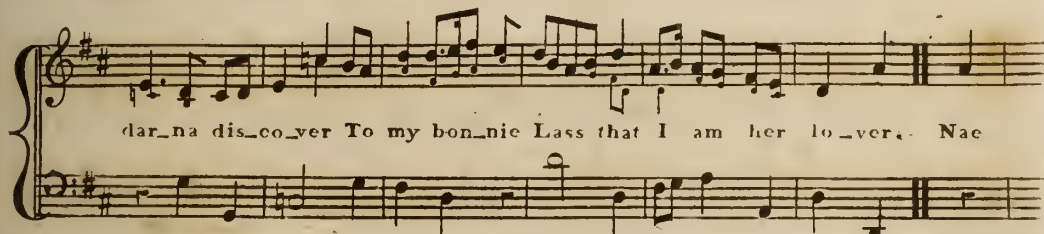
## JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

Andante

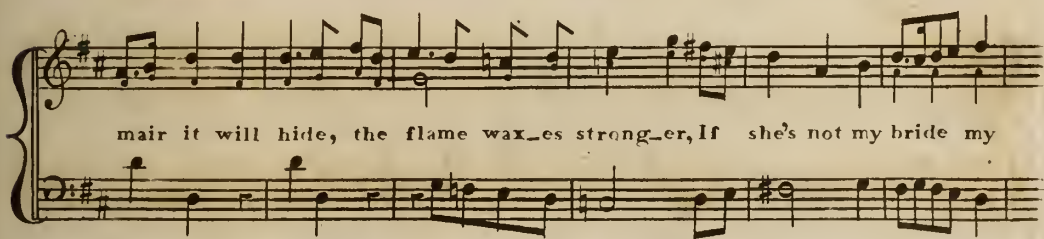




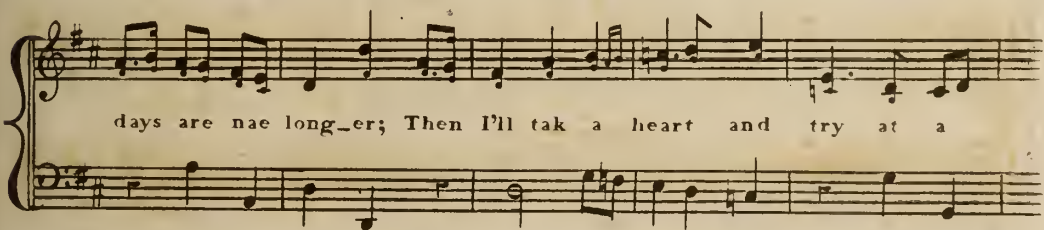
cried he, oh hey! maun I still live pin-ing My-self thus a-way, and



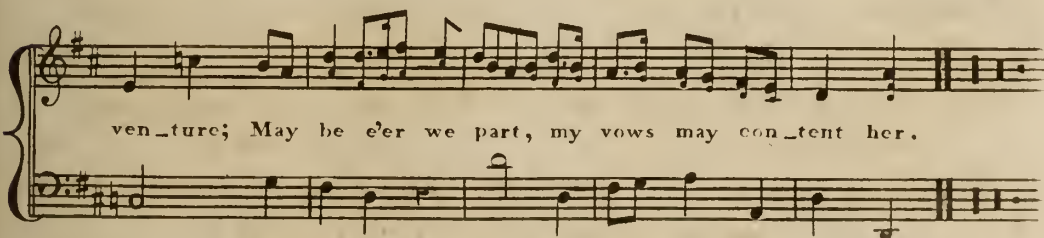
dar-na dis-co-ver To my bon-nie Lass that I am her lo-ver, Nae



mair it will hide, the flame wax-es strong-er, If she's not my bride my



days are nae long-er; Then I'll tak a heart and try at a



ven-ure; May be e'er we part, my vows may con-tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:  
The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,  
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,  
The fountains run clear, and flōws smell the sweeter:  
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,  
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.



## THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.\*

Fræ Dunidier as I cam through Doun by the hill of Ba-noch-ic, A-  
 langst the lands of Ga-ri-och, Grit pi-tie 'twas to hear and see. The  
 noys and dule-sum har-mon-ic, That e'er that drea-ry day did daw', Cry,  
 and the Co-ry-noch on hie, A-las! a-las! for the Har-law.

I marvelt quhat the matter meint,  
 All folks war in a fiery fairy;  
 I wist nocht qua was fæe or friend,  
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.  
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,  
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene;  
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairry,  
 For bissness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit, on the way  
 To Inverury as I went,  
 I met a man, and bad him stay,  
 Requeisting him to mak me quaint  
 Of the beginning, and the event,  
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw.  
 Then he entreated me tak tent  
 And he the truth should to me shaw.

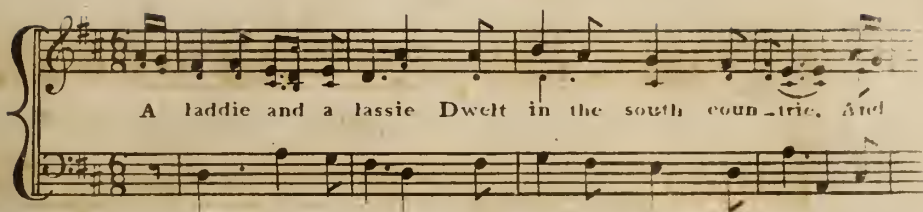
Grit Donald of the Yles did claim  
 Unto the lands of Ross some right,  
 And to the Governour† he came,  
 Thaim for to haif gif that he might;  
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,  
 And thairfore answert wi' disdain;  
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,  
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald, richt impatient  
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,  
 He vowed to God omnipotent,  
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif;  
 Or ells he graithed in his graif;  
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht;  
 Nor be abusit like a slaif,  
 That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

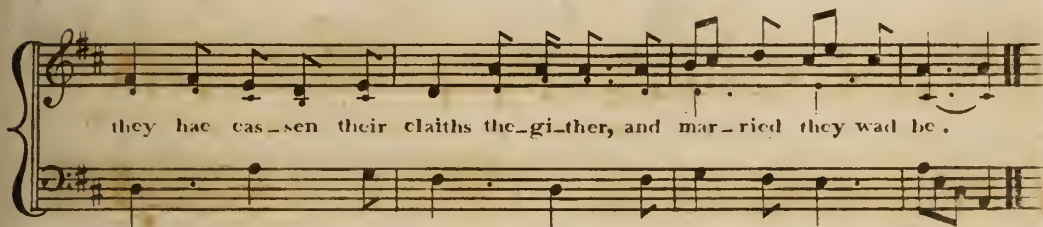
\* Fought upon Friday July 24<sup>th</sup> 1411 against Donald of the Isles.

† Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle to king James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

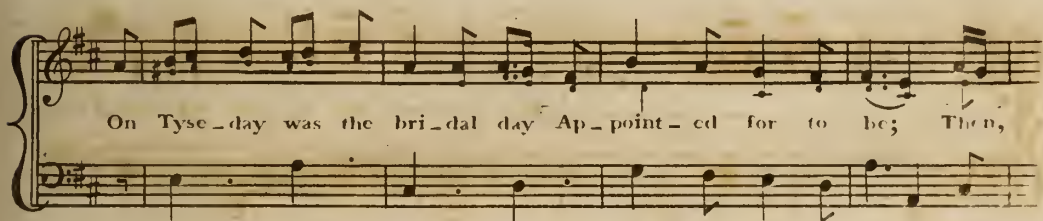
# THE RINAWA BRIDE.



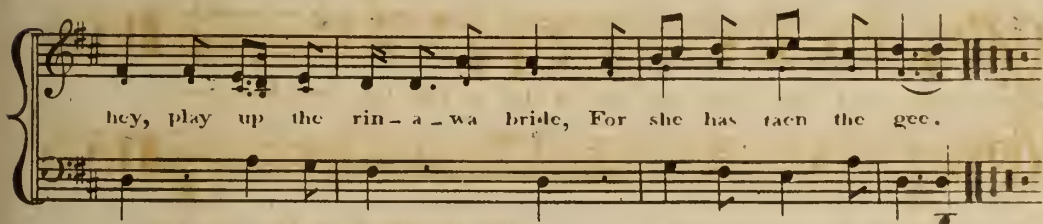
A laddie and a lassie Dwelt in the south coun-trie, And



they hae cas-sen their claiiths the-gi-ther, and mar-ried they wad be.



On Tyse-day was the bri-dal day Ap-point-ed for to be; Then,



hey, play up the rin-a-wa bride, For she has taen the gee.

She had nae run a mile or twa,  
When she began to consider  
The angering of her father dear,  
The displeasing of her mither,  
The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,  
The weel warst o' the three;  
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,  
For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mother  
Ran after her wi' speed,  
And ay they ran until they cam  
Unto the water of Tweed;  
And when they came to Kelso town,  
They gart the clap gae thro';  
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,  
For she has taen the gee.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,  
The face o' lind up wi' blue;  
The face o' lind up wi' blue;  
And the tail lind round wi' green  
Saw ye a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle  
Sud been married on Tysday 'ween,  
Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,  
For she has taen the gee.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,  
He was as saft as butter;  
For, had she play'd the like to me,  
I'd neer made sic a splutter;  
I'd taen a tune o' my hooly,  
And set my fancy to;  
And, syne, play'd up the rin-awa bride,  
And litten her tak the gee.

## TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Turn a-gain, thou fair E-li-za, Ae kind blink be-fore we  
 part, Rue on thy des-pair-ing lo-ver, Canst thou break his faith-fu'  
 heart? Turn a-gain thou, fair E-li-za, If to love thy heart de-nies, For  
 pi-ty hide the cruel sen-tence, Un-der friend-ship's kind dis-guise.

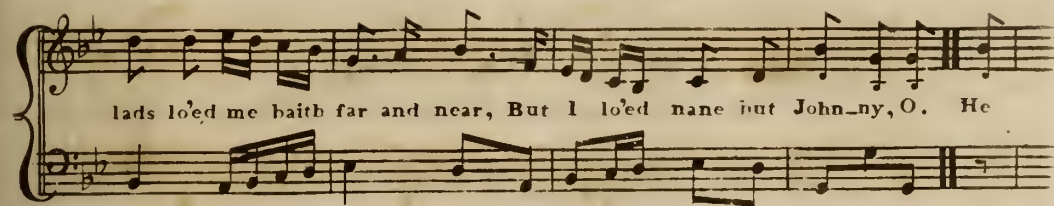
Thée, dear maid, have I offended?  
 The offence is loving thee;  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?  
 While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride of sunny noon;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the summer moon:  
 Not the Poet, in the moment,  
 Fancy lightens in his eë,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gie's to me.

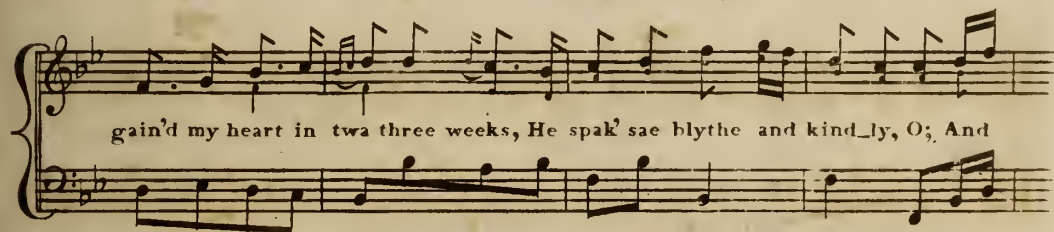
## JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

When I was in my nineteenth year, I was baith blyth and bonny, O; The

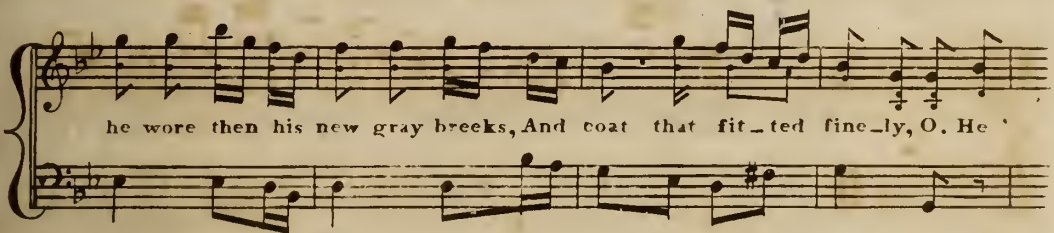




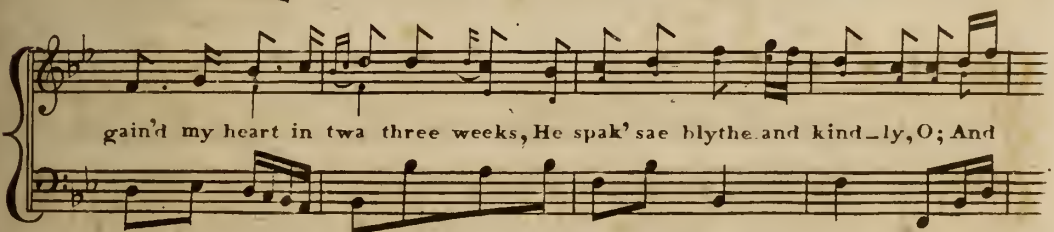
lads lo'ed me baith far and near, But I lo'ed nane but John-ny, O. He



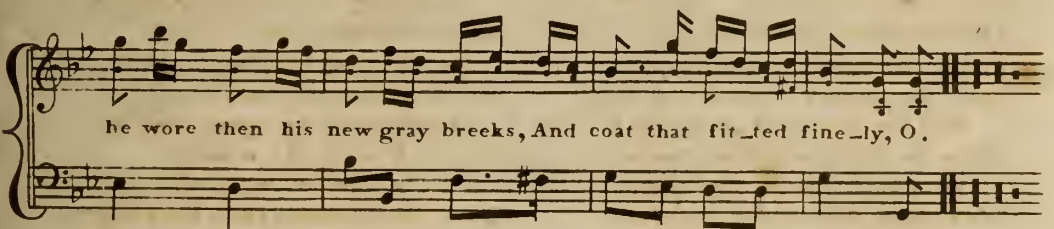
gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind-ly, O; And



he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit-ted fine-ly, O. He



gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind-ly, O; And



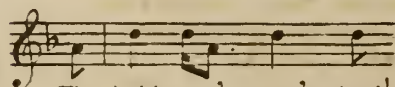
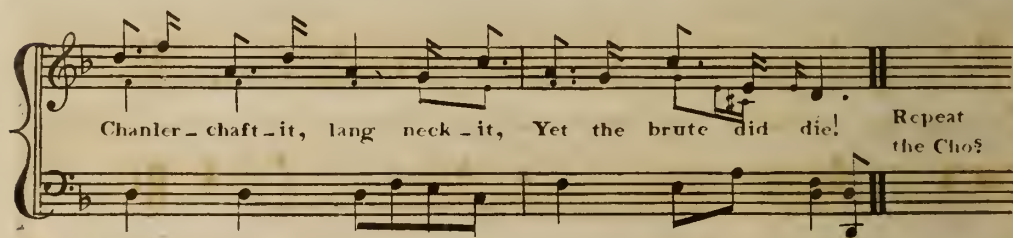
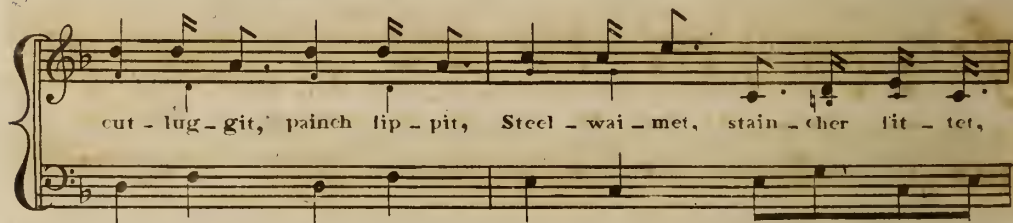
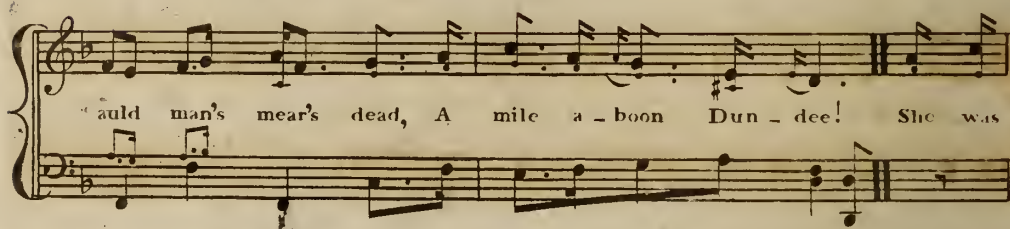
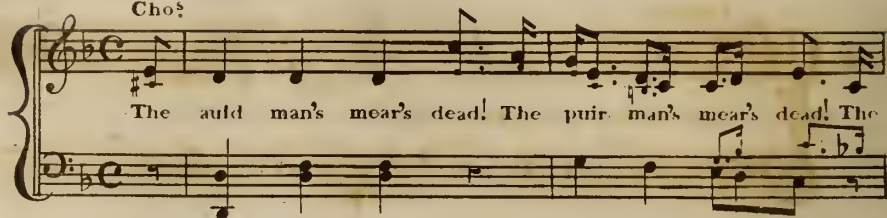
he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit-ted fine-ly, O.

His coat was blue, his waistcoat red,  
 His bannet just a thought a jee;  
 His bonny hair sae yellow,  
 Like goud it glittered in my ee;  
 His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,  
 And face sae fair and ruddy, O,  
 I think ye canna wonder now,  
 That I lo'ed weel my John-ny, O.

He waited for a year and mair,  
 Till Faither his consent wad gie;  
 His coat was tashed and thread-bare,  
 His breeks were clouted on the kneec,  
 But gin I had a simmer's day,  
 As I had right mony, O,  
 I'll spin a wab o' new gray,  
 And mak claes to my John-ny, O.

## THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

Chor.



The auld man's mear's dead!  
 The puir man's mear's dead!  
 The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,  
 And she is gane — waes me!  
 The auld, &c.

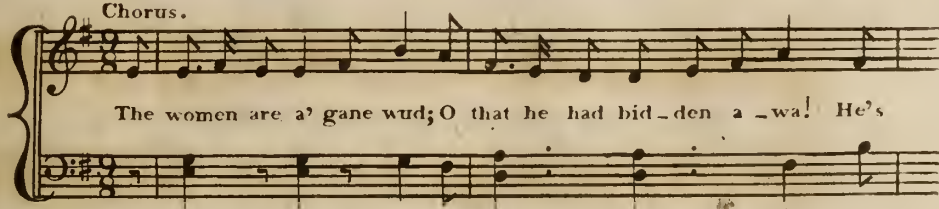
The puir man's head's sair,  
 Wi' greetin for his grey mear;  
 He's like to die himsel wi' care,  
 Aside the green kirk-yard.  
 The auld, &c.

He's thinkin on the bygone days,  
 And a' her douce and canny ways;  
 And how his ain gudewife, auld Meg,  
 Might maist as weel been spared.  
 The auld, &c.

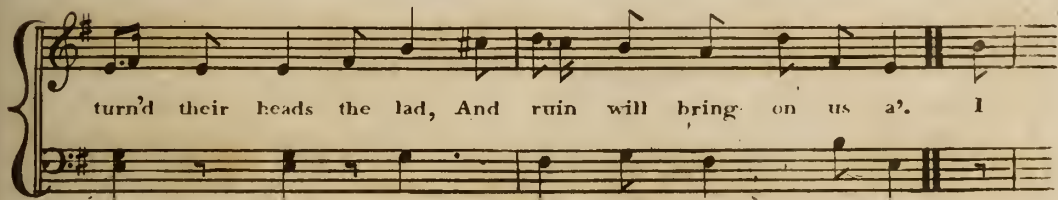
# THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

41

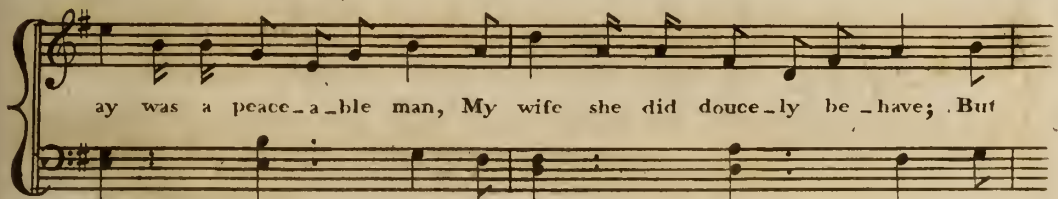
Chorus.



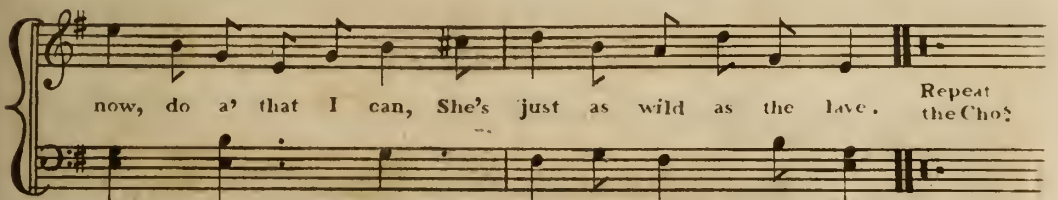
The women are a' gane wud; O that he had bid-den a -wa! He's



turn'd their heads the lad, And ruin will bring on us a'. I



ay was a peace-a-ble man, My wife she did douce-ly be-have; But



now, do a' that I can, She's just as wild as the lave. Repeat the Cho?

My wife she wears the cockaude,  
Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I hate;  
There's ane too prin'd on her maid,  
An' baith will tak their ain gate.  
The women, &c.

The senseless creatures neer think,  
What ill the lad would bring back;  
We'd hae the Pope and the Deil,  
An' a' the rest o' his pack..  
The women, &c.

I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;  
Now Tories infest me at hame;  
An' tho' I tak nae part at a',  
Baith sides do gie me the blame.  
The women, &c.

The wild Hieland Lads they did pass,  
The yetts wide open did flee;  
They eat the very house bare,  
And spier'd nae leave o' me.  
The women, &c.

But when the red coats gaed bye,  
D'ye think they'd let them alane;  
They aye the louder did cry,  
Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.  
The women, &c.



## JOCKY SAID TO JENNY.

Lively.

Jock\_y said to Jen\_ny, Jen\_ny wilt thou wed? Nèer a fit, quo

Jen\_ny, for my to - cher good; For my - to - cher good, I

win\_na mar\_ry thee; E'en's ye like, quo' Jock\_y, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh;  
I hae sax good owsen ganging in a pleugh;  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha'house, a barn, and a byre,  
A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,  
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

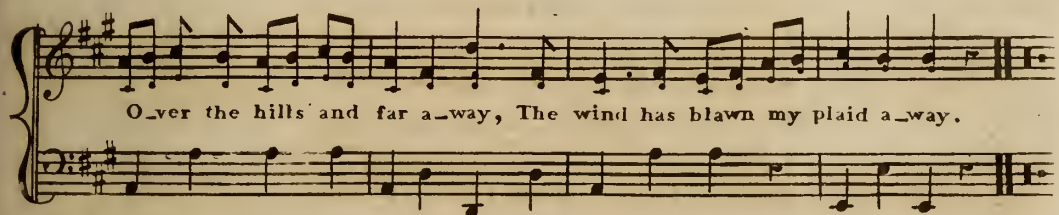
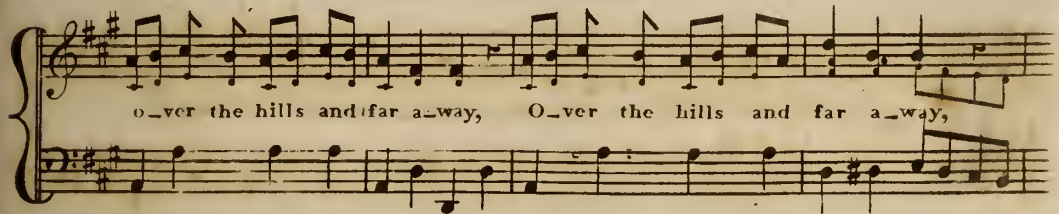
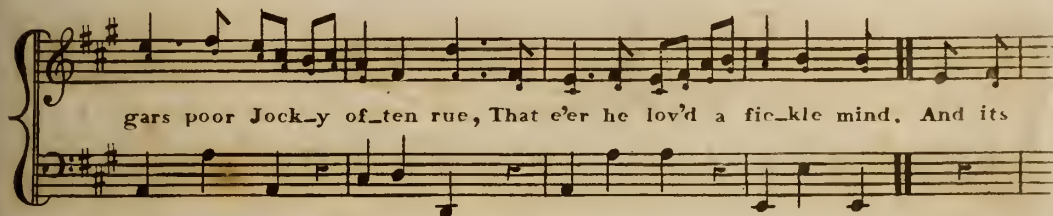
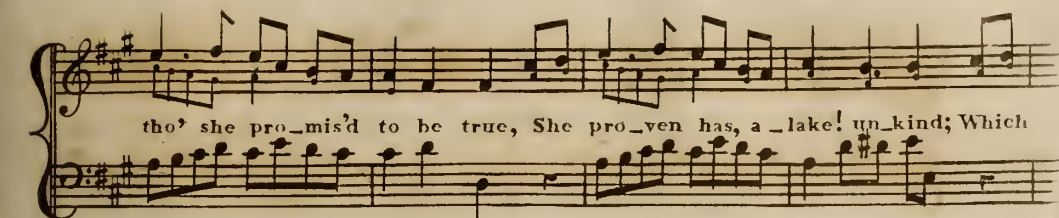
Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;  
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

## OER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Andante.

Jock\_y met with Jen\_ny fair, Aft by the dawn\_ing of the day; But,

Jock\_y now is fu' of care, Since Jen\_ny staw his heart a-way. Al-



Now Jocky was a bonny lad  
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;  
But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,  
Since Jenny has gart him despair.  
Young Jocky was a piper's son,  
And fell in love when he was young;  
But a' the springs that he could play,  
Was o'er the hills, and far away.  
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung: When first my Jenny's face  
I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,  
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,  
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.  
Oh! was she but as true as fair,  
'Twad put an end to my despair;  
Instead of that she is unkind,  
And wavers like the winter wind.  
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

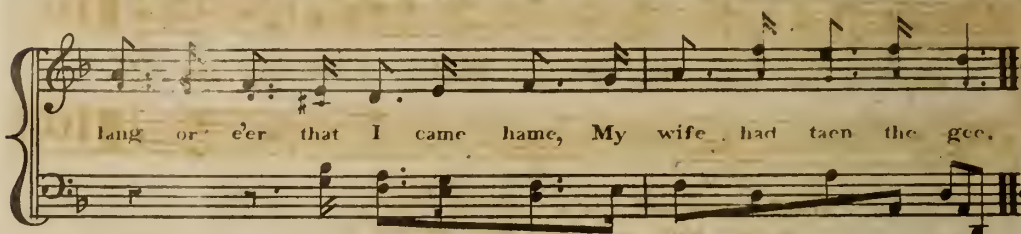
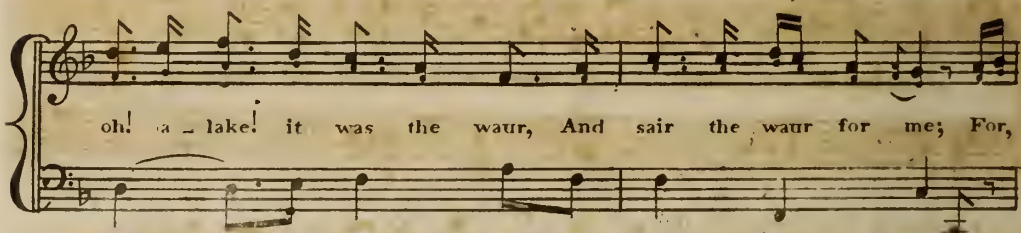
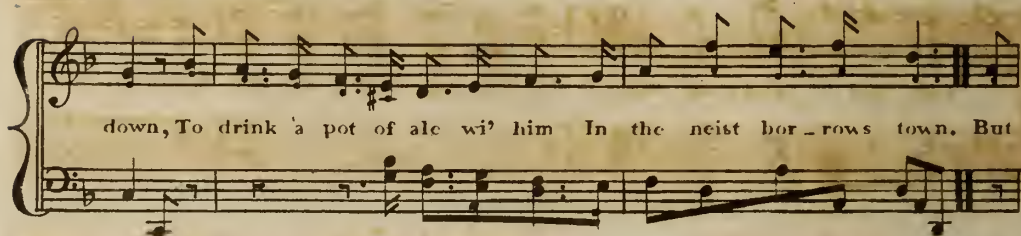
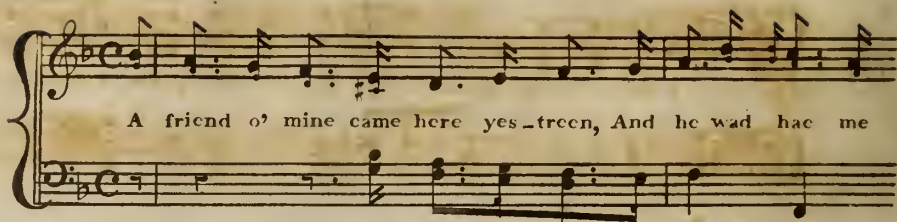
Ah! could she find the dismal wae,  
That for her sake I undergae,  
She could nae chuse but grant relief,  
And put an end to a' my grief.

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,  
Which causes a' my sighs and care;  
But she triumphs in proud disdain,  
And takes a pleasure in my pain.  
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love  
With ane that does sae faithless prove;  
Hard was my fate to court a maid,  
That has my constant heart betray'd.  
A thousand times to me she swore,  
She wad be true for evermore;  
But, to my grief, alake! I say,  
She staw my heart and ran away.  
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,  
I maun gae wander for her sake,  
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,  
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.  
Since she is fause whom I adore,  
I'll never trust a woman more;  
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,  
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.  
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

## MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

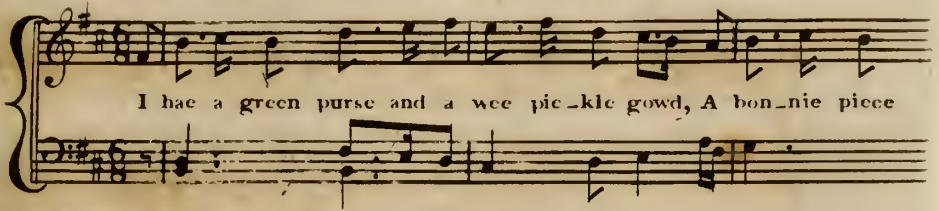


We sat, sae late, and drank sae stout,  
The truth I tell to you,  
That lang or ever midnight came  
We were a' roaring fou.  
My wife sits at the fire-side,  
And the tear blinds ay her ee;  
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,  
But sit and tak the gee.

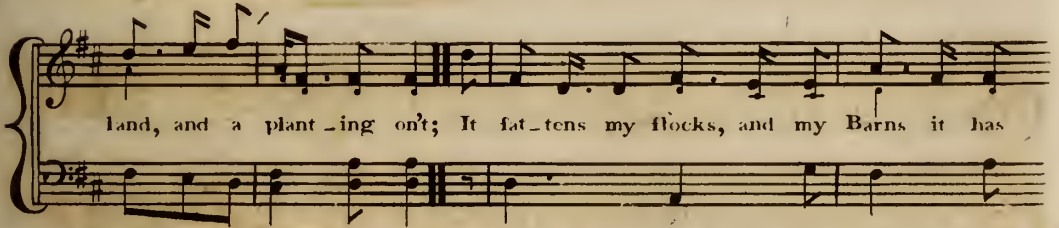
In the morning soon when I came down,  
The ne'er a word she spake;  
But mony a sad and sour look,  
And ay her head she'd shake:  
My dear, quoth I, what ailleth thee,  
To look sae sour on me;  
I'll never do the like again,  
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang  
Her arms about my neck,  
And twenty kisses, in a crack,  
And poor wee thing she grat:  
If you'll ne'er do the like again,  
But bide at hame wi' me,  
I'll lay my life I'll be the wife,  
That's never tak the gee.

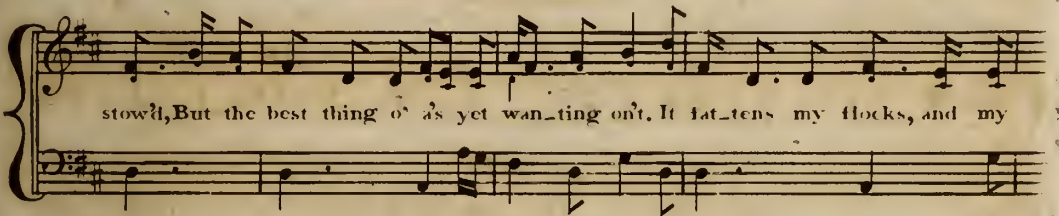




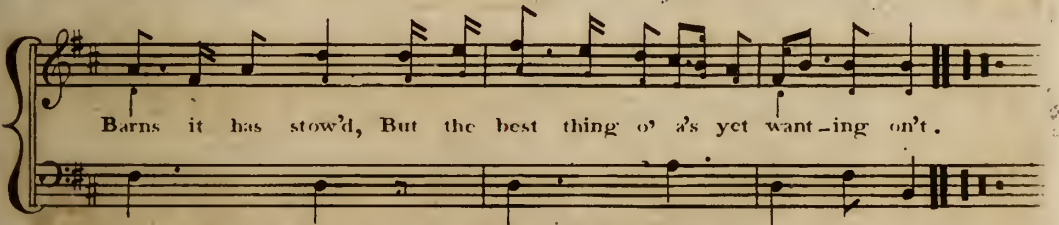
I hae a green purse and a wee pie-kle gowd, A bon-nie piece



land, and a plant-ing on't; It fat-tens my flocks, and my Barns it has



stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet wan-ting on't. It fat-tens my flocks, and my



Barns it has stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet wan-ting on't.

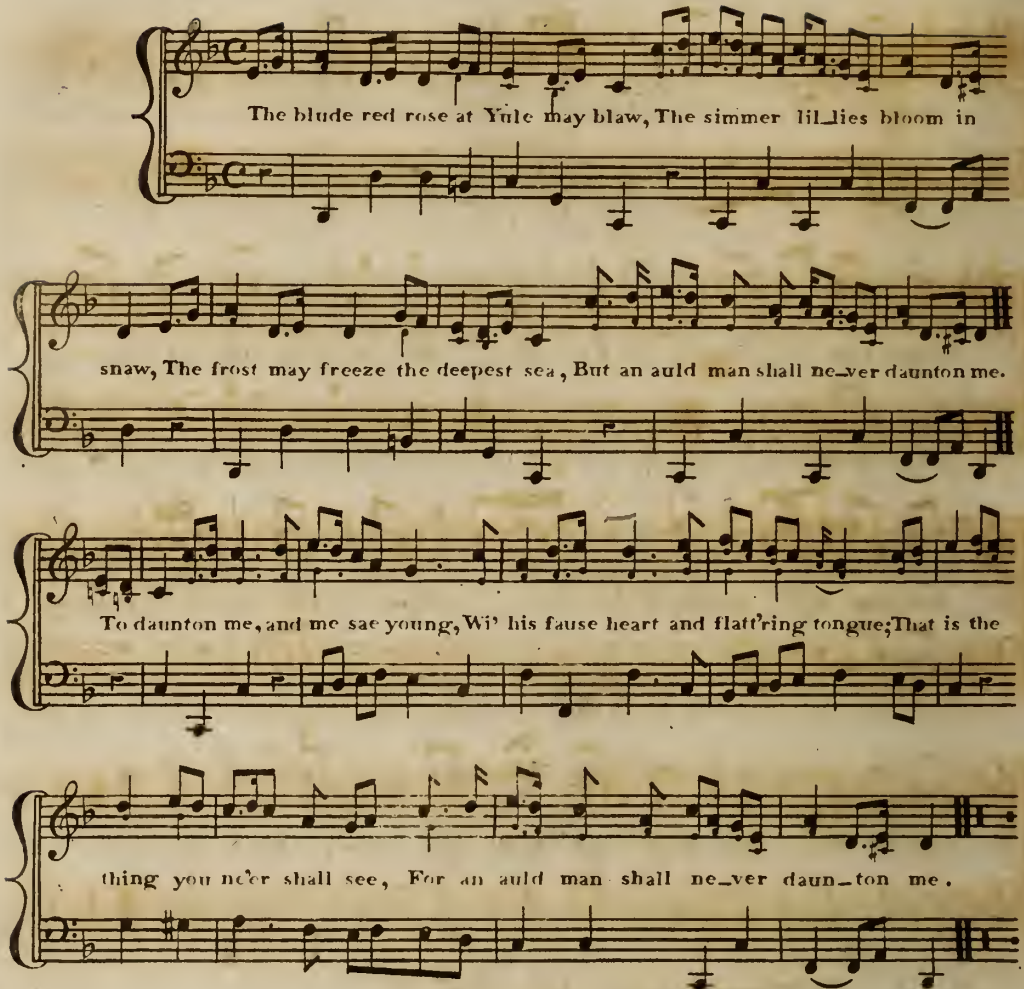
There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,  
A gude kail yard, and a weel sneeket yet,  
Wi' plenty o' peats to throw i' the fire;  
But the best thing o' a's a-wanting yet.

I thought o' a wife for ten years and mair,  
But nane will answer that stops here about,  
And I hae nae time to gang here and there;  
A wanter I am, and I'll bide sae, I doubt.

A bonny tame patrick I wared upon Bell,  
A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I geed,  
To Betty I plainly did offer my sel;  
She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; fareweel to all folly!  
I tak up my buik, and I sit in my chair,  
Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,  
Contented and cheerfu', tho' sixty and mair.

## TO DAUNTON ME.

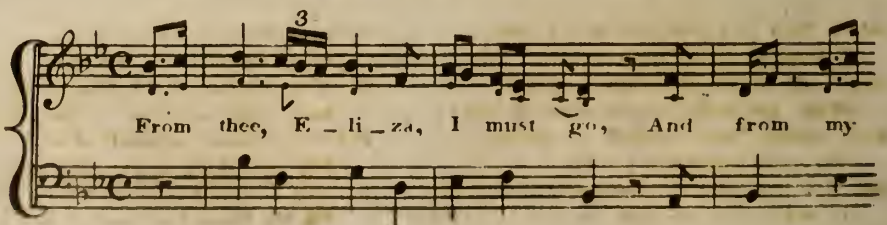


The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The simmer lillies bloom in  
 snaw, The frost may freeze the deepest sea, But an auld man shall ne-ver daunton me.  
 To daunton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue; That is the  
 thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall ne-ver daun-ton me.

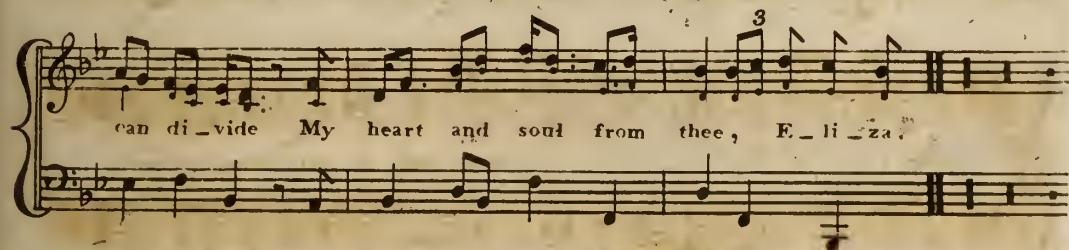
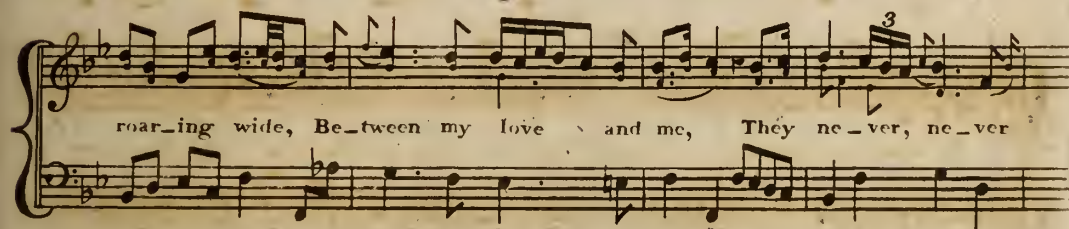
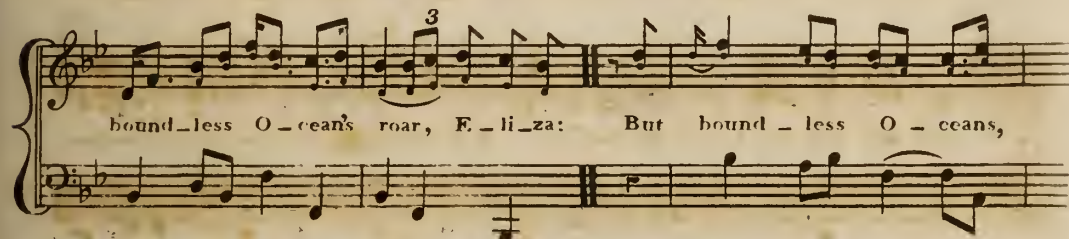
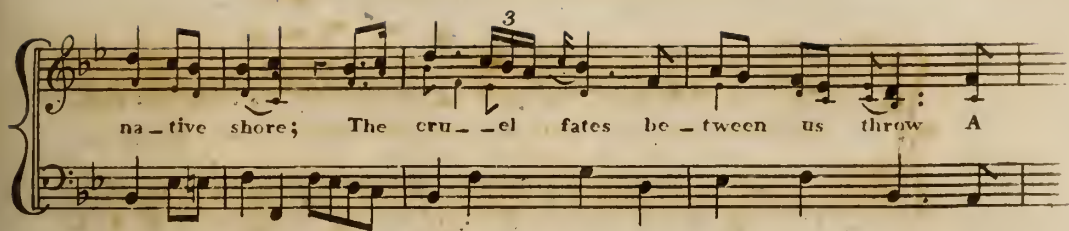
For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
 For a' his gold and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye & yowes,  
 His gear may buy him glens & knowes;  
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me.

## FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.



From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And from my



Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore!  
 A hoding voice is in my ear,  
 We part to meet no more, Eliza!  
 But the last thro' that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That thro', Eliza, is thy part,  
 And thine that latest sigh, Eliza.

### DONALD.

When first you courted me, I own,  
 I fondly favour'd you;  
 Apparent worth and high renown,  
 Made me believe you true, Donald.  
 Each virtue then seem'd to adorn,  
 The man esteem'd by me,  
 But now the masks thrown off, I scorn  
 To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, forever haste away,  
 Away from love and me;  
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,  
 And come no more to me, Donald.  
 For I'll reserve myself alone,  
 For one that's more like me;  
 If such a one I cannot find,  
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.



## I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and on - ly love, I pray This lit - tle world of  
 thee, Be go - vern'd by no o - ther sway, But pur - est mon - ar - chy. For  
 if con - fu - sion have a part, Which vir - tuous souls ab - hor, I'll  
 call a sy - nod in my heart, And ne - ver love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone;  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,  
 And always give the law,  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe;  
 But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find  
 Thou storm or vex me sore,  
 And if thou set me as a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to share with me;  
 Or committees if thou erect,  
 Or go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at the neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
 Thy love and constant word,  
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
 And glorious by my sword:  
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
 As ne'er was known before;  
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
 And love thee more and more.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left, consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is written on a single staff on the right, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'From the chase on the moun - tains as I was re - turn - ing, By the side of a foun - tain Mal - vi - na sat mourn - ing; To the winds that loud whist - led she told her sad sto - ry, And the val - lies re - ech - oed, Mac - gre - gor a Ru - a - ra.' The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings. The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

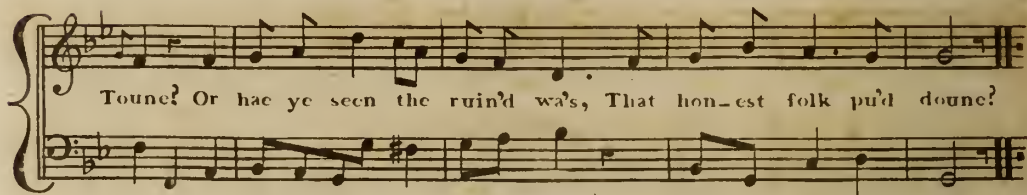
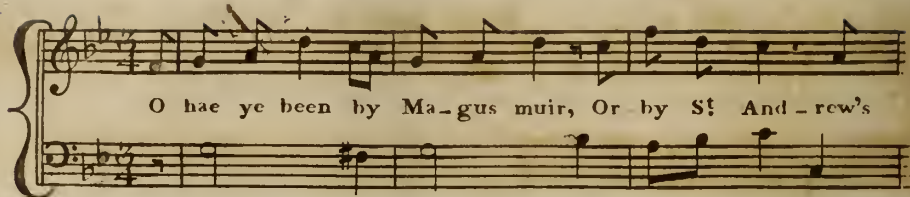
Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara,  
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara;  
Oh! where is Macgregor? Say where does he hover?  
Thou son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded:  
Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded!  
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,  
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him!

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom,  
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;  
Macgregor, Macgregor, loud echo resounded,  
And the hills rung in pity, Macgregor is wounded!

Near the brook in the valley the green turf did hide her,  
And they laid down Macgregor sound sleeping beside her;  
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander,  
Near the roaring-loud waters their spirits oft wander.

## ST ANDREW'S TOUNE.



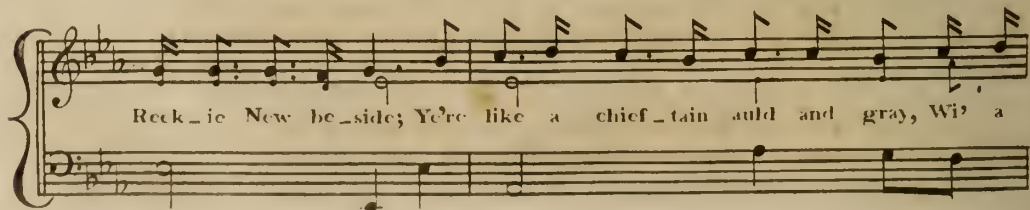
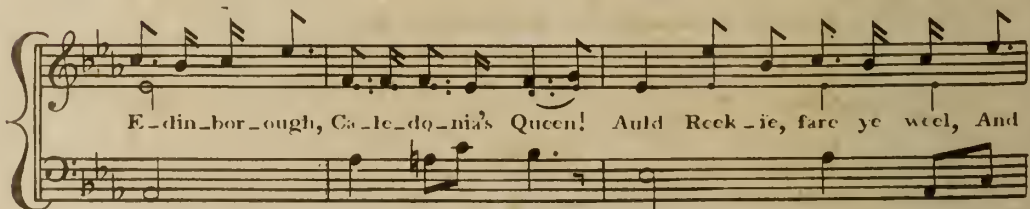
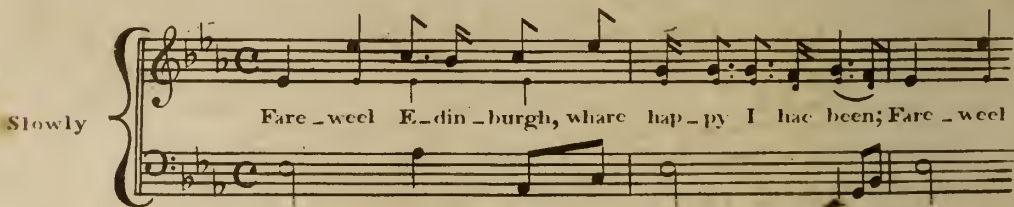
And o' the bluidy Cardinal,  
Ye surely hae heard tell?  
And the persecutin Bishop Sharpe,  
And a' that them befell?

The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw,  
Red-risin oure the sea;  
I wat it soon cam to the land,  
And brake on the castelle hie.

The death the wicked Bishop dec'd,\*  
Some folk will murder ca';  
But, by a' it is agreed,  
That he is weel awa.

\* May 3<sup>d</sup> 1679.

## FAREWELL EDINBURGH.





a young bon\_nie bride. Fare\_wel E\_din\_burgh, your trus\_ty vo\_lun

teers; Your Coun\_cil, a' sae cir\_cum\_spect, your Pro\_vosts without peers; Your

state\_ly Col lege stuff'd wi' lear, Your ran\_tin hie\_schul yard; The

gib, the lick, the roguish trick, The ghaists o' auld town-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;  
 Your Scribes, that set ye a' to rights, and wield the golden pen;  
 The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs, and lang gowns a';  
 And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;  
 Your Bernardswell your Calton hill whar every breath is health  
 An', spite o' a' your fresh sea-gates, if ony chance to dee,  
 It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the fee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your Hospitals, and Ha's,  
 The rich man's friend, the Cross lang kend, auld Ports, and city wa';  
 The Kirks that grace their honoured place, and peacefu as they stand;  
 Whare'er they're fund on Scottish grund, the bulwarks o' the land.  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,  
 That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin line;  
 A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just whan its forgot,  
 Your hard will be forgotten too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;  
 Your palace in the shelter'd glen, your castelle in the air;  
 Your rocky brows, your grassy knows, and eke your mountain bauld;  
 Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad ne'er be tauld.  
 Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, whare happy we hac been;  
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!  
 Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin sun,  
 And blessin's be on Edinburgh, till time his race has run!

## CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

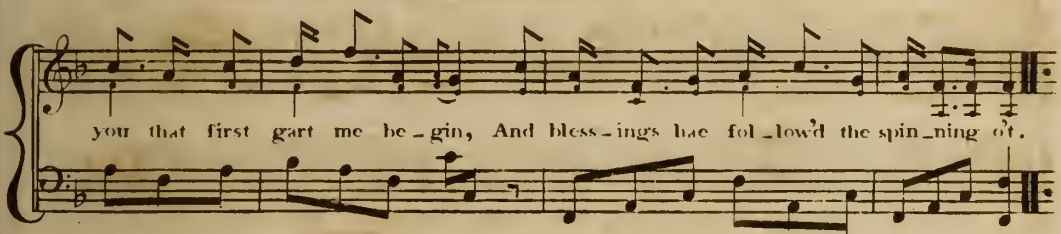
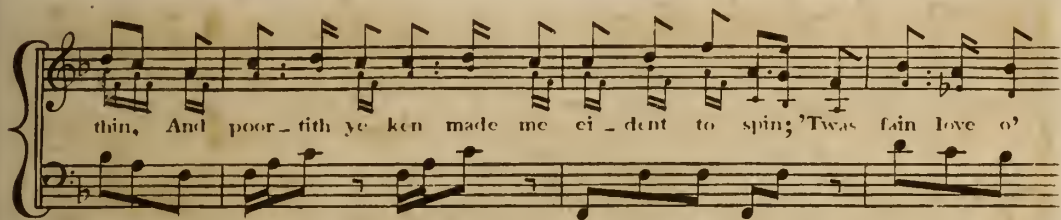
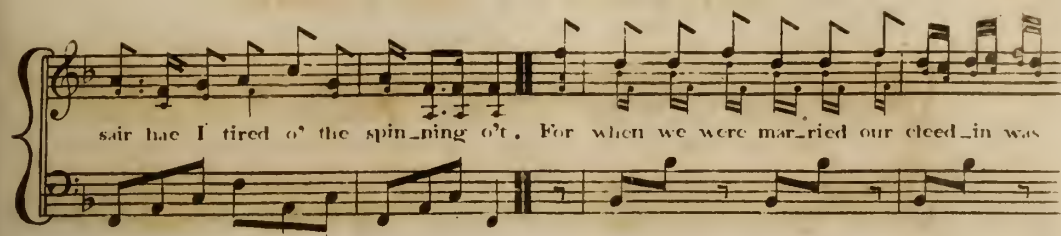
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whar the heath-er grows,  
 Ca' them whar the bur-nie rows, My bon-nie dear-ie, 'Twas in the  
 bon-nie month o' June, When the woods a-bout us hung; When a' the  
 flow'rs were in their bloom, The night-in-gale sung clear-ly.

Will ye gang down the water-side,  
 And see the waves so sweetly glide?  
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.  
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;  
 Till clay-could death shall blind my ee,  
 Ye shall be my dearie.  
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

## THE SPINNING O'T.

Now, San-dy, the win-ter's cauld blasts are a-wa, And sim-mer we've  
 seen the be-gin-ning o't; I've lang, lang, been wea-ried o' frost and o' snaw, And



The mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw  
 War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,  
 When ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be it thaw,  
 My task was nae less at the spinning o't:  
 But now we've a pantry, baith muckle and fu'  
 O' ilka thing guid for to gang in the mu';  
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some maut for to brew,  
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,  
 Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,  
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,  
 As little think on the beginning o't:  
 O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,  
 Far less we hae seen wad made us fu' blythe;  
 But thrift and industry maks poor fowk to thrive,  
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',  
 And heartless and hard the beginning o't,  
 When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',  
 And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;  
 But now we can dress in our plaidies sae sma',  
 Fu' neat and fu' clean, gae to kirk or to ha',  
 And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',  
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.



## THE BUSH ABOVE TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves  
me; Tho' thus I lan-guish and com-plain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My  
vows and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver move her; The  
bon-nie bush a-boon Tra-quir, Was where I first did love her.

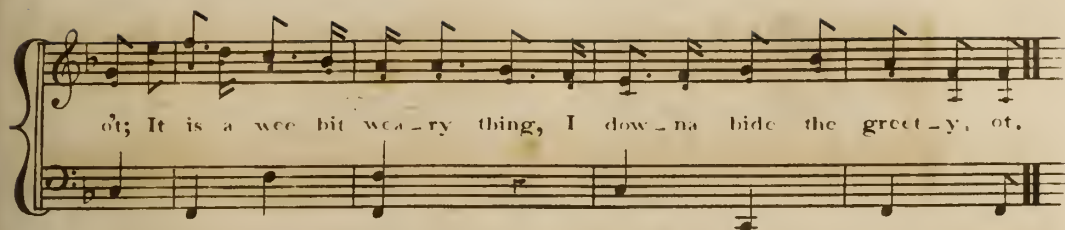
That day she smil'd, and made me glad;  
No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
It's sweets I'll ay remember;  
But now her frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
Oh! make her partner in my pains;  
Then, let her smiles relieve me.  
If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender;  
I'll leave the bush above Traquair,  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

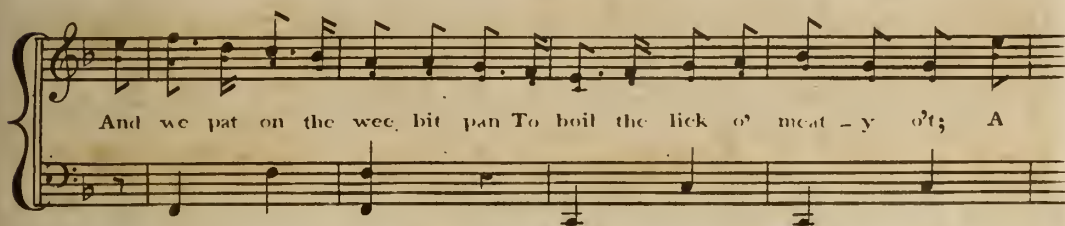
## HAP AND ROW THE FEETY O'T.

Chorus.

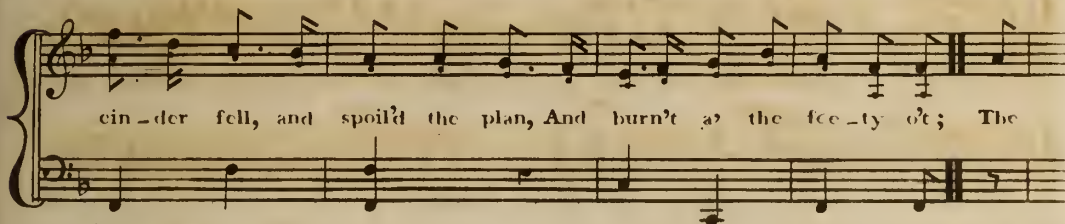
We'll hap and row, we'll hap and row, we'll hap and row the feety



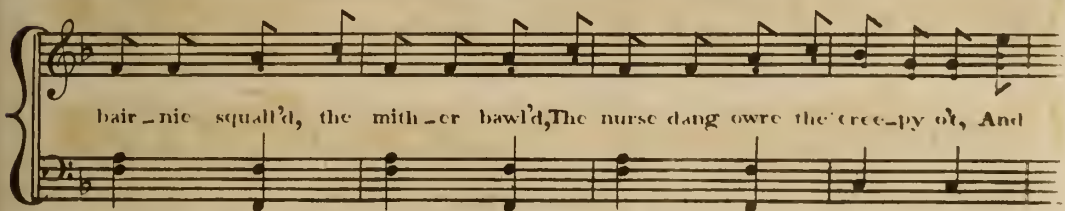
ot; It is a wee bit wea-ry thing, I dow-na bide the greet-y, ot,



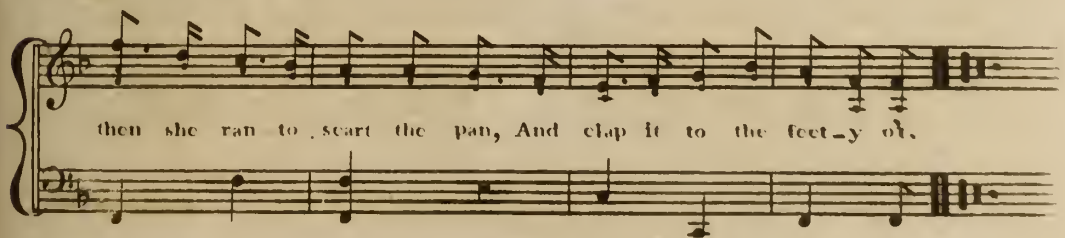
And we pat on the wee bit pan To boil the lick o' meat-y o't; A



cin-der fell, and spoil'd the plan, And burn't a the fee-ty o't; The



hair-nie squall'd, the mith-er bawl'd, The nurse dang owre the tree-py o't, And



then she ran to scart the pan, And clap it to the feet-y o't.

Fu' sair it grat, the poor wee brat,  
 And ay it kick'd the feety o't,  
 'Till poor wee elf, it tir'd itself,  
 And then began the sleepy o't,  
 The skirling' brat nae purritch gat,  
 When it gaed to the sleepy o't;  
 'Tis waesome true, instead o'ts mou,  
 They're round about the feety o't.  
 We'll hap and row, &c.

## WHERE ARE YE GAUN, THOU BLUIDY DUKE?

Where are ye gaun, thou bluidy duke, At sic an hour sae carlly? I  
 fear the road ye hae mis-took, Gin ye fa' in wi' Char-lie. For  
 Char-lie's up wi' a' his clans, A-wa they're march-ing rare-ly; There's  
 no a heart but he tre-pans; They're a' in love wi' Char-lie.

He's marching on to Lon'on town,  
 To kick yon doited carlie;  
 Wha but a king should wear a crown?  
 An' wha is king but Charlie?  
 Wha now dare say he was to blame?  
 Or, wha dare cry a parley?  
 Let him gae back the road he came,  
 Nae coward hearts for Charlie.

Our Highland and our lawland maids,  
 O but they like him dearly!  
 And weel they like the tartan plaids  
 That's buckled on for Charlie.  
 The brailzie now is weel begun,  
 Then heart an' han' till't fairly;  
 Wi' Highland sword an' Highland gun,  
 We'll mak' a road for Charlie.

~~~~~

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Bold Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has a-t'en led,



Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ric!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle hour!

Ad. lib:  
See ap - proach proud Ed - wards pow'r! Chains and slav - er - ie!

Who will be a traitor knave?  
Who can fill a coward's grave?  
Who sae base as he a slave?  
Coward! turn and flee!  
Who for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',  
Let him on' wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Forward! do, or die!

### WATERLOO.

Same Air.

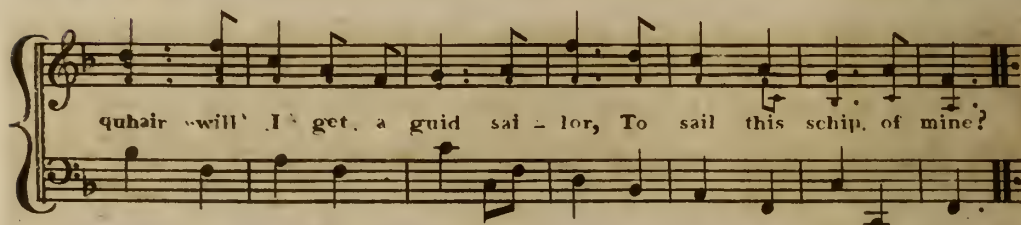
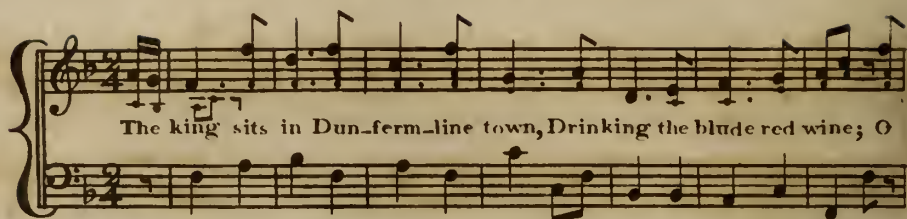
Revolving time has brought the day,  
That beams with glory's brightest ray,  
In hist'ry's page, or poets lay  
The day of Waterloo!  
Each British heart with ardour burns,  
As this resplendent day returns,  
While humbled France in secret mourns  
The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high,  
While rapture beams in every eye.  
Let shouts of triumph rend the sky,  
The toast be Waterloo!  
To all who can the honor claim,  
From Wellington's immortal name  
To the humblest son of martial fame,  
Who fought at Waterloo!

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again;  
But altered be the joyous strain;  
To those, the cup now silent drain,  
Who fell at Waterloo!  
Soft sigh, ye breezes, o'er the grave,  
Where rests the relics of the brave!  
And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave,  
Who sleep on Waterloo!

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed,  
The olive rears its peaceful head,  
Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed  
At glorious Waterloo.  
In freedom's sacred cause to die!  
In victory's embrace to lie!  
Who would not breathe his latest sigh,  
Like those at Waterloo!

## SIR PATRICK SPENCE.



Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's richt knee,  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,  
That sails upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,  
And sign'd it wi' his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The tear blinded his ee.

O quha is this has done this deid,  
This ill deid done to me?  
To send me out this time o' the zeir,  
To sail upon the sea.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',  
Our guid schip sails the morne.  
O say na sae, my master dear,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arme,  
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,  
That we wull come to harme.

O our Scotch nobles were richt laith,  
To weet their cork heel'd shoone;  
Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd,  
They wat their heads aboone.

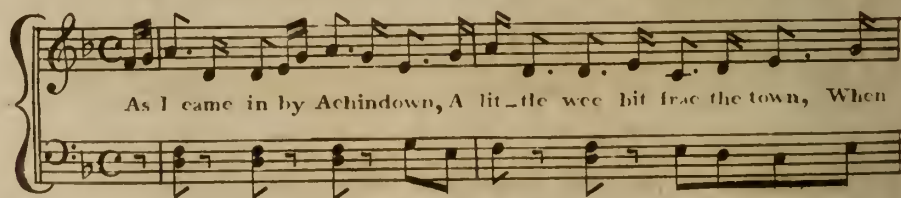
O lang, lang, may their ladies sit  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

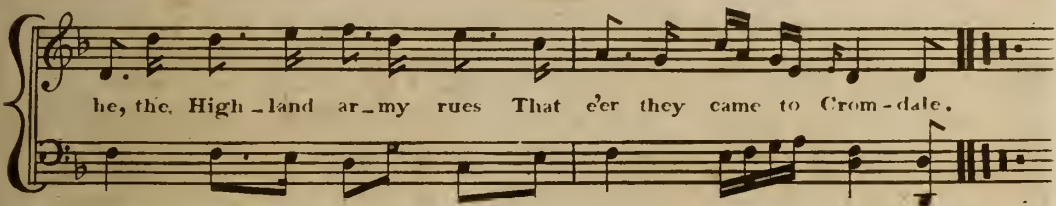
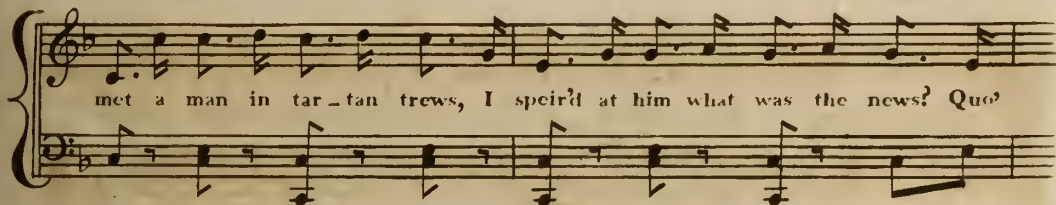
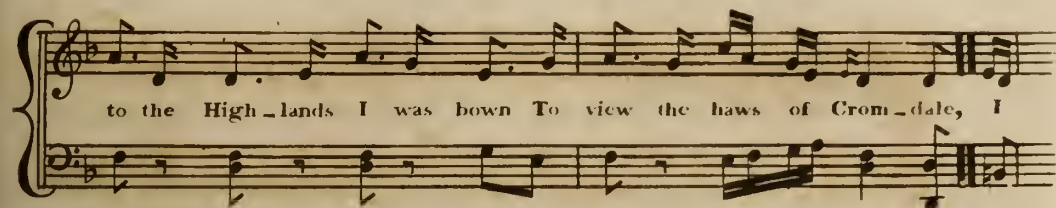
O lang, lang, may their ladies stand  
Wi' their gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for their ain deir Tordes,  
For they'll see thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deip;  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence  
Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

## THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

Slowly





We were in bed, sir, every man,  
When the English host upon us came;  
A bloody battle then began  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.  
The English horse, they were so rude  
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood;  
But our brave clans they boldly stood  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,  
For o'er the hills we came away,  
And sure we do lament the day  
That e'er we came to Cromdale.  
Thus the great Montrose did say,  
Can you direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day,  
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas! my lord, you're not so strong;  
You scarcely have two thousand men,  
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,  
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.  
Thus the great Montrose did say,  
I say direct the nearest way,  
For I will o'er the hills this day  
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner every man,  
When great Montrose upon them came;  
A second battle then began  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.  
The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,  
Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
O! then they fought most vehemently  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

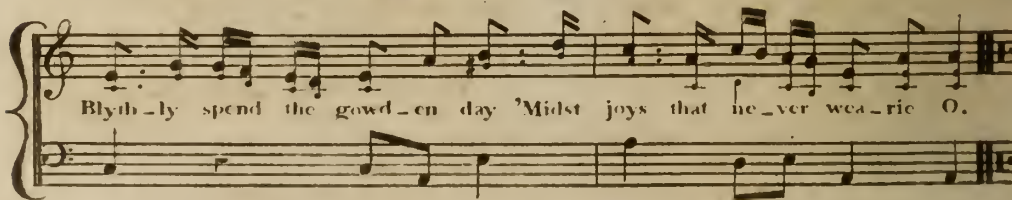
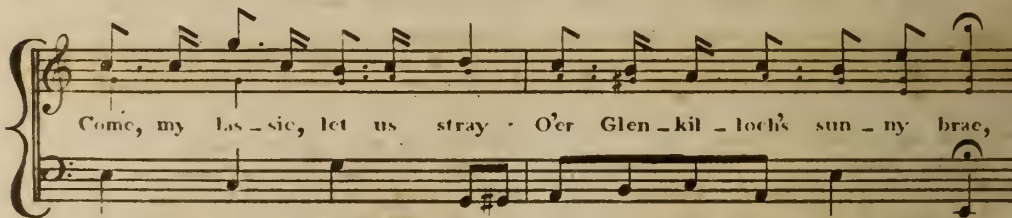
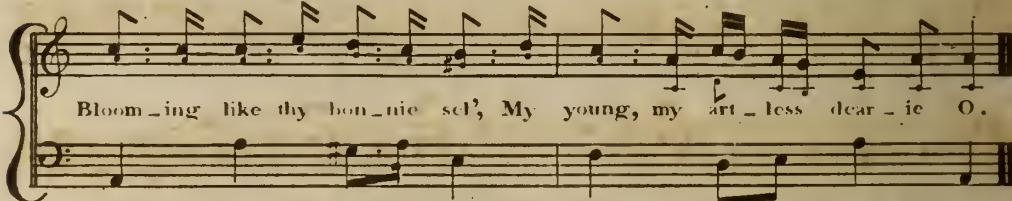
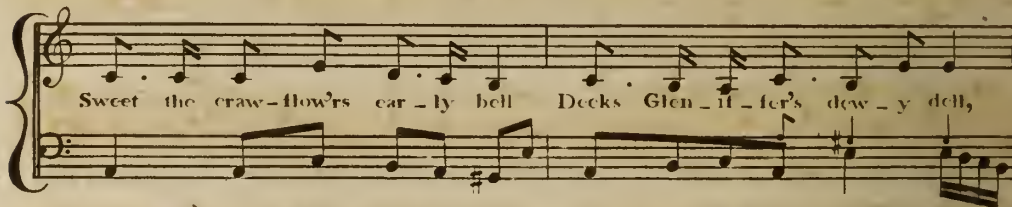
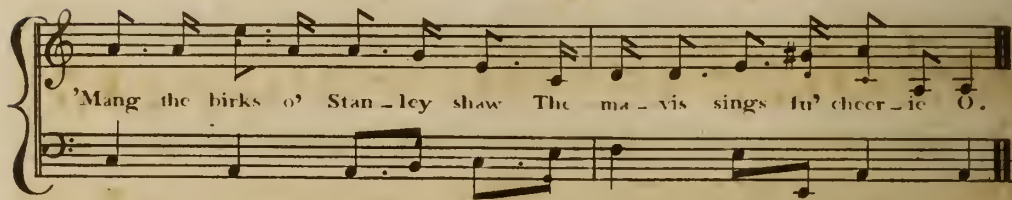
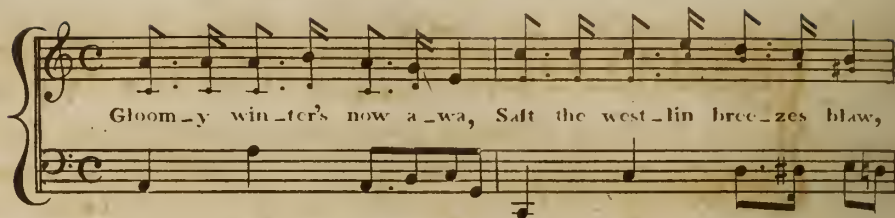
The M<sup>c</sup> Donalds they return'd again,  
The Camerons did their standard join,  
M<sup>c</sup> Intosh play'd a bonny game  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.  
The M<sup>c</sup> Gregors fought like lions bold,  
M<sup>c</sup> Phersons none could them controul,  
M<sup>c</sup> Lauchfans fought like loyal souls  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

M<sup>c</sup> Leans, M<sup>c</sup> Dougals, and M<sup>c</sup> Neals,  
So boldly as they took the field,  
And made their enemies to yield  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.  
The Gordons boldly did advance,  
The Frazers fought wi' sword and lance,  
The Grahams they made their heads to dance  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

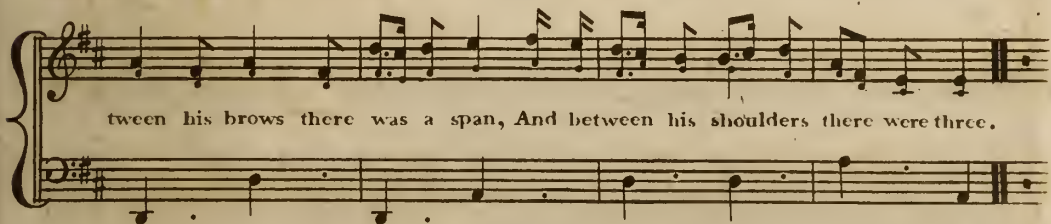
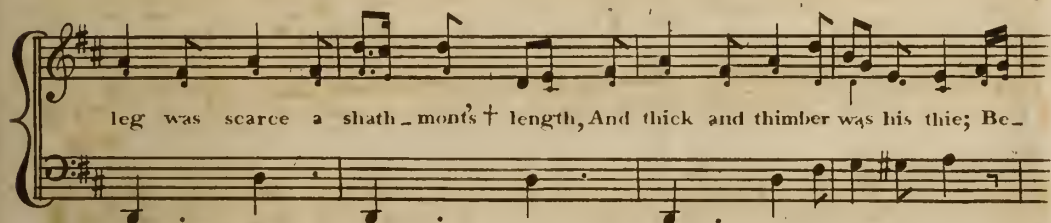
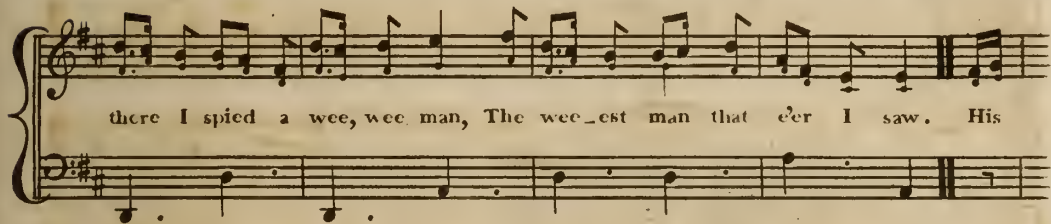
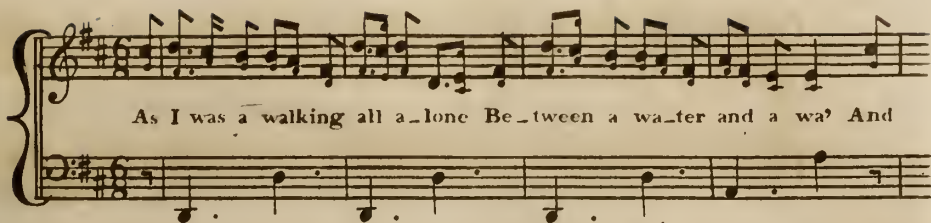
The loyal Stewarts with Montrose,  
So boldly set upon their foes,  
And brought them down with Highland blows  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.  
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,  
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,  
The rest of them lies on the plain  
Upon the haws of Cromdale.



## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.



Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lav'rocks fan the snow-white clouds,  
 Siller sanghs, wi' downy buds,  
 Adorn the bank sae briery O:  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka thing is cheery O.  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.



He took up a meikle stane,  
And he flang't as far as I could see;  
Tho' I had been a Wallace wight,  
I couldna listen't to my knee.  
O wee, wee man, but thou be strong!  
O tell me where thy dwelling be?  
My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower,  
O will you go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny green;  
We lighted down for to bait our horse,  
And out there came a lady fine.  
Four and twenty at her back,  
And they were a' clad out in green;  
Though the king of Scotland had been there,  
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen

On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny ha',  
Where the roof was o' the bonny beaten gould,  
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.  
When we came to the stair foot,  
Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',  
But, in the twinkling of an e'e,  
My wee, wee man, was clean awa.

† Shathmont in old Scotch, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

## THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In A-pril when prim-roses paint the sweet plain, And

sum-mer ap-proach-ing re-joic-eth the swain. In A-pril when prim-roses

paint the sweet plain, And sum-mer ap-proach-ing re-joiceth the swain, The

yel-low-hair'd lad-die would of-ten times go, To wilds and deep

glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow. The yellow-hair'd laddie would

of-ten times go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.



There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;  
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
That sylphs and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: tho' young Mary be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;  
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,  
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;  
Then sighing, he wish'd, would Parents agree,  
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



*THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.*

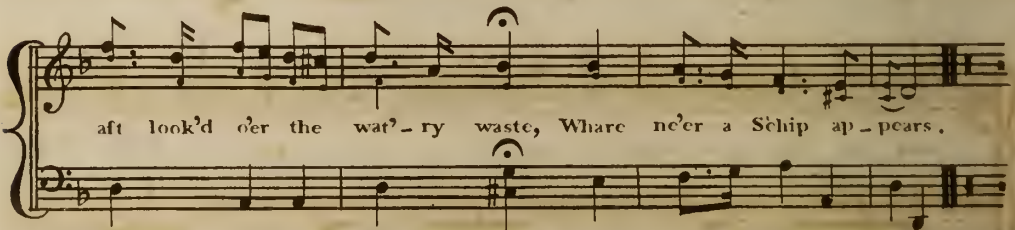
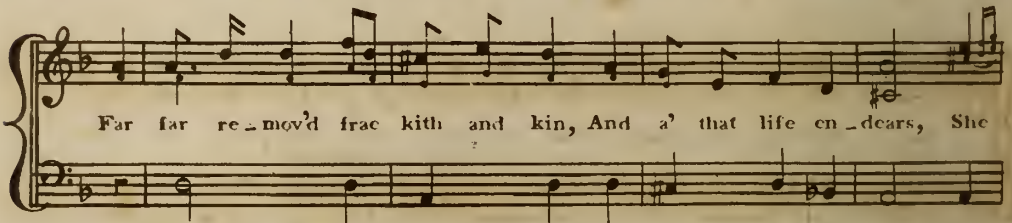
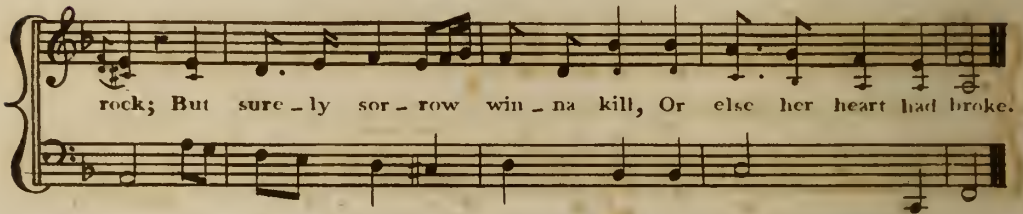
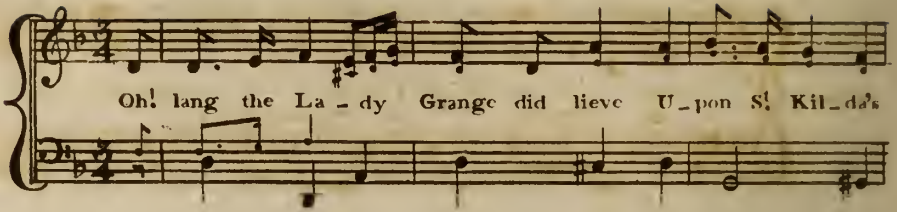
Same Air.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brac,  
Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;  
And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,  
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman,  
And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;  
The ewes are new clipped they winna bught in;  
They winna bught in, altho' I shou'd die,  
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind and help me.  
They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben;  
The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirn:  
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd be sour,  
I'll crack wi' my love for ae ha'f hour;  
It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,  
When the yellow-hair'd laddie my Guidman shall be.

## THE LADYE GRANGE.



O! is it for my faither's\* crime  
That I'm thus banish'd far?  
Or was it ony faut o' mine  
That kindled civil war?  
M<sup>r</sup> Leod and Lovat, weel I trow,  
Hae wrought this treacherie;  
But wherefore has their cruel spite  
Faen on helpless me?

And thus she murned; fair Ladye Grange  
Thus sped her life away;  
The mornin sun it brought nae joy;  
And night did close the day;  
And nought was heard but sea-birds cry  
To cheer her solitude,  
Or the raging billow's roar  
That broke o'er rocks so rude.

At length a fav'ring wind did bring  
An auld and worthy pair,  
Whase kindest charitie  
Her sorrows a' did share.  
They taught her pridefu' heart to bend  
Aneath the chastening rod;  
And then she kent her prison walls  
Had been a blest abode.

\*Chisly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President.

# OUT OVER THE FORTH.

65

Slow

Out o-ver the Forth I look to the north; But what is the

north and its High-lands to me, The south nor the east gî'e ease to my

breast, The far fo-reign land, or the wide rol-ling sea. But I

look to the west when I gae to my rest, That hap-py my

dreams and my slum-bers may be; For far in the west lives

he I lo'e best, The man that is dear to my ba-bie and me.



## HAME CAM OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.

Recit: In time Recit.

Hame cam oure gude-man at e'en, And hame cam he, And

In time

there he saw a sad-dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh!

how's this? and what's this? And wha's may he be? How cam this

Recit:

horse here with-out the leave o' me? Ye sil-ly, blind,

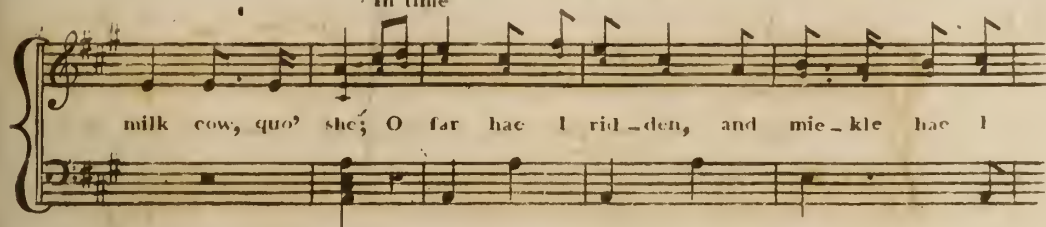
In time

doit-ed carl, and blind-er may ye be; It's but a bon-nie

Recit:

milk-cow my min-ny sent to me. Milk cow! quo' he; Ay,

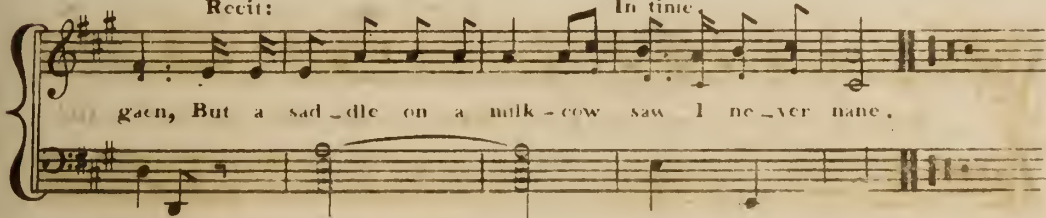
In time



milk cow, quo' she; O far hae I rid-den, and mie-kle hae I

Recit:

In time



gaen, But a sad-dle on a milk-cow saw I ne-ver nane.

Hame cam our gudeman at e'en,

And hame cam he,

And there he saw a siller gun,

Whar nae sic gun sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam this gun here

Without the leave o' me?

Ye stupid auld doited earl,

Ye're unco blind I see;

It's but a bonnie parritch-stick

My Minnie sent to me.

Parritch-stick! quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;

Far hae I ridden, and mickle hae I seen,

But siller munted parritch-sticks

Saw I never nane.

Hame cam our gudeman at e'en,

And hame cam he,

And there he saw a feather-cap,

Whar nae cap sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam this bannet here

Without the leave o' me?

Ye're a silly auld donard bodie,

And unco blind I see;

It's but a tappit clocken hen

My minnie sent to me.

A clocken hen! quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;

Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,

But white cockaids on clocken hens

Saw I never nane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,

And ben gaed he,

And there he spied a' Highland plaid,

Whar nae plaid sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam the plaid here

Without the leave o' me?

Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman,

And dinna angered be;

It cam wi' cousin M<sup>c</sup> Intosh

Frae the north countrie.

Your cousin! quo' he; ay, cousin, quo' she;

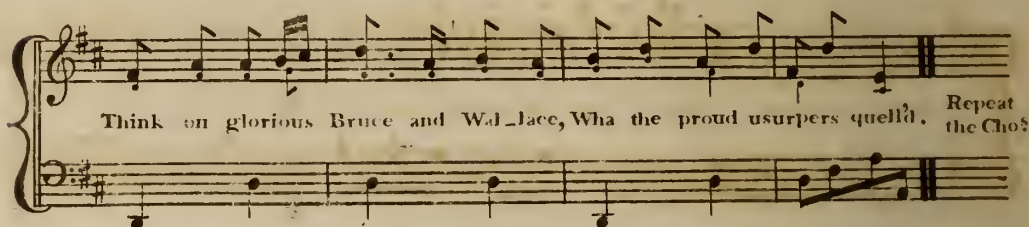
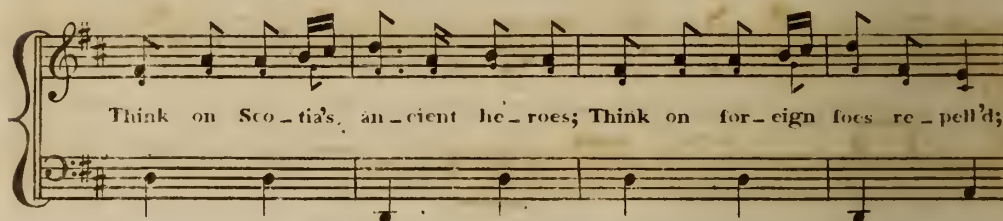
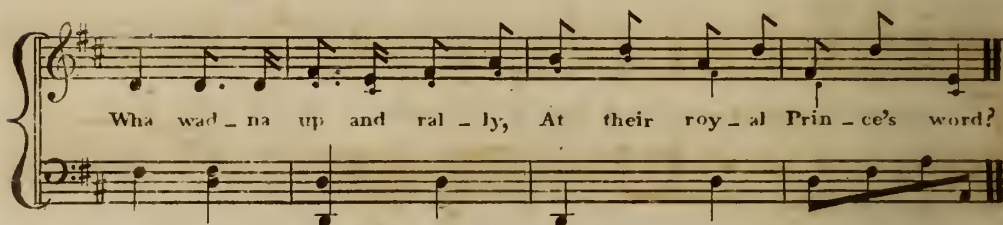
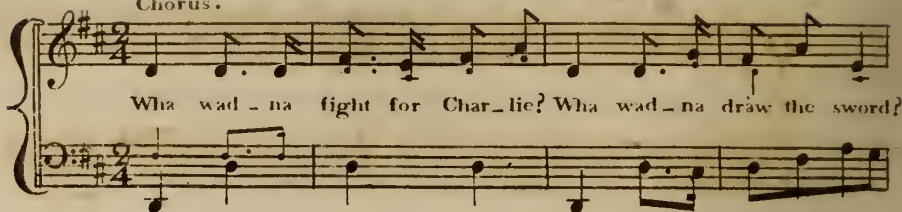
Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,

Ye're hidin' tories in the house

Without the leave o' me.

# WHIA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

Chorus.



Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;

Rouse ye heroes of the north;

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,

Tis your Prince that leads you forth.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!

See Glengary and Lochiel!

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing,

Highland hearts are true as steel!

Wha wadna fight, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?

Shall we own a foreign sway?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

While a stranger rules the day.

Wha wadna fight, &c.

Now our prince has rear'd his banner;

Now triumphant is our cause;

Now the Scottish lion rallies,

Let us strike for prince and laws.

Wha wadna fight, &c.



And a' that e'er my Jen\_ny had, my Jen\_ny had, my Jen\_ny had; And

a' that e'er my Jen\_ny had was ae baw\_bie. There's your plack, and

my plack, and your plack, and my plack; and my plack, and your plack, and

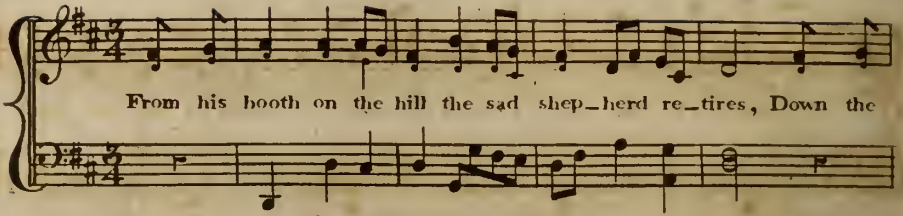
## Chorus.

Jenny's baw\_bie. And a' that e'er my Jen\_ny had, my Jen\_ny had, my

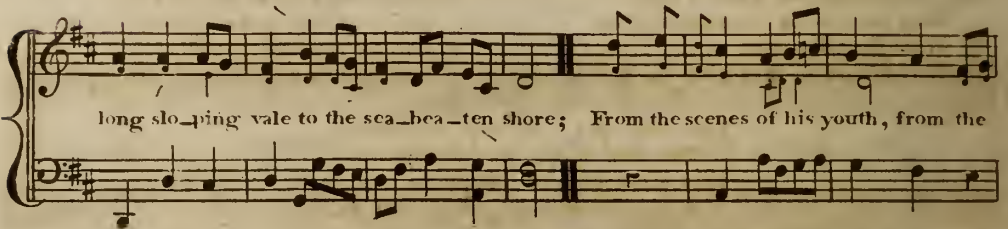
Jen\_ny had; And a' that e'er my Jen\_ny had was ae baw\_bie.

We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,  
 The penny-pig, the penny-pig;  
 We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,  
 And birl't a' three.  
 And a' that e'er, &c.

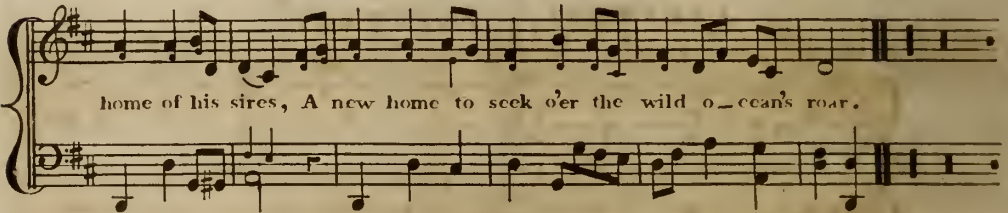
## THE EMIGRANT.



From his booth on the hill the sad shep-herd re-tires, Down the



long slo-ving vale to the sea-bea-ten shore; From the scenes of his youth, from the



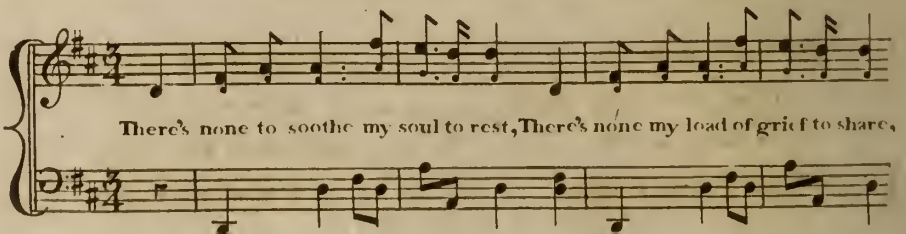
home of his sires, A new home to seek o'er the wild o-cean's roar.

On his arm hung his partner of joy and of woe;  
 On her cheek the smile strove to oppose the big tear;  
 'Twas vain; for the past still return'd to her view,  
 And the future was darken'd with sorrow and care.

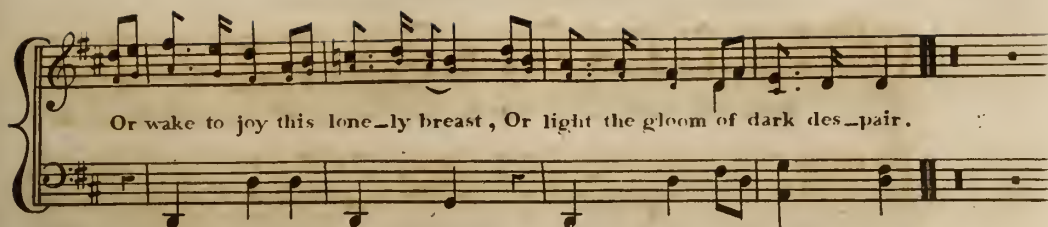
By their side the dear pledges of love cheerful smil'd,  
 For they knew not the cause why their fond father mourn'd;  
 And the old shepherd dog, as he follow'd, howl'd wild,  
 And oft to the dear lonely mansion return'd.

O hard, cruel Lordling, thy mandate's severe,  
 That sends yon sad band o'er the wide western wave;  
 O'er thy bier weeping Pity shall ne'er shed a tear,  
 Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave.

## THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.



There's none to soothe my soul to rest, There's none my load of grief to share,

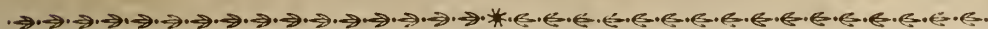


Or wake to joy this lone-ly breast, Or light the gloom of dark des-pair.

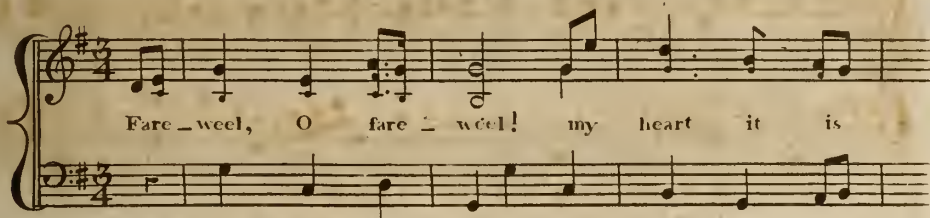
Off to the winds my grief I tell;  
They bear along the mournful tale  
To dreary echo's rocky cell,  
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,  
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,  
In murmuring echoes dies away,  
And melts like sorrow on my ear.

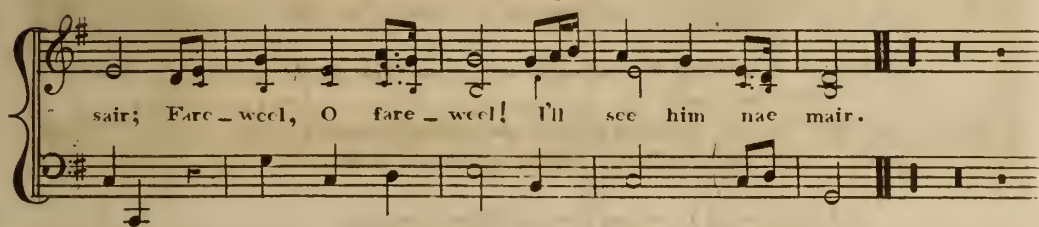
The voice of joy no more can cheer,  
The look of love no more can warm,  
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.



### FAREWELL, O FAREWELL!



Fare-weel, O fare-weel! my heart it is



sair; Fare-weel, O fare-weel! I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,

Lang, lang, but nae mair;

I maun-na repine,

But my heart it is sair.

But, O! he's at rest,

Why sud I compleen?

Gin my saul be blest,

I'll meet him again.

His staff's at the wa,

Toom, toom is his chair!

The bannet an' a'!

And I maun be here.

O! to meet him again

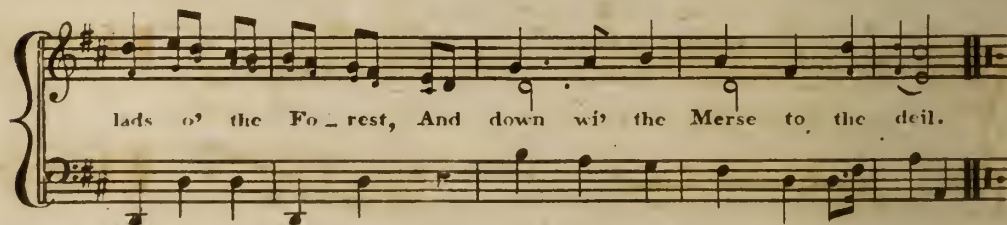
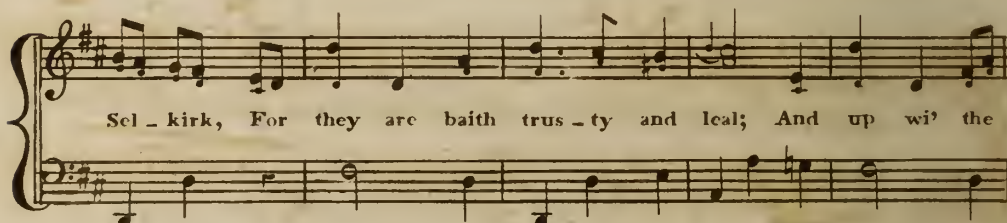
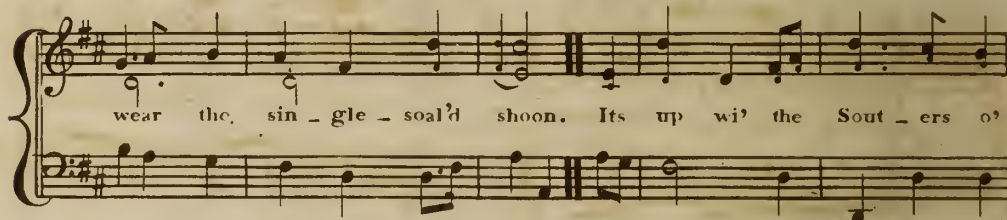
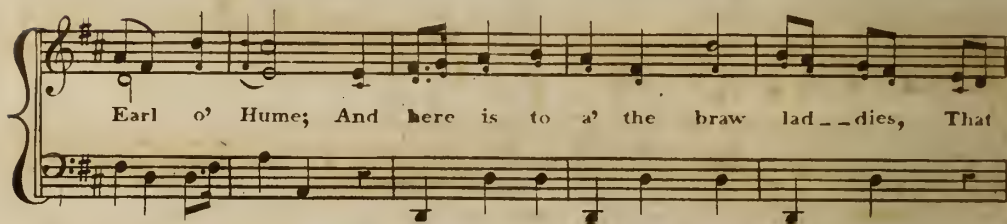
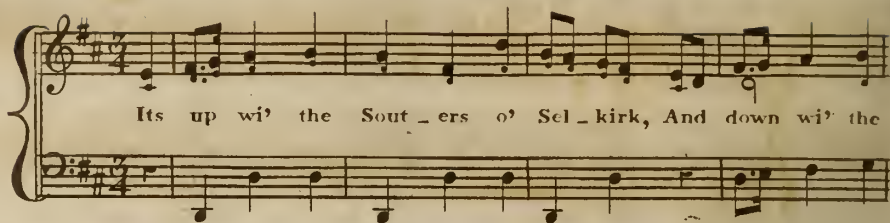
Whar hearts ne'er were sair,

O! to meet him again,

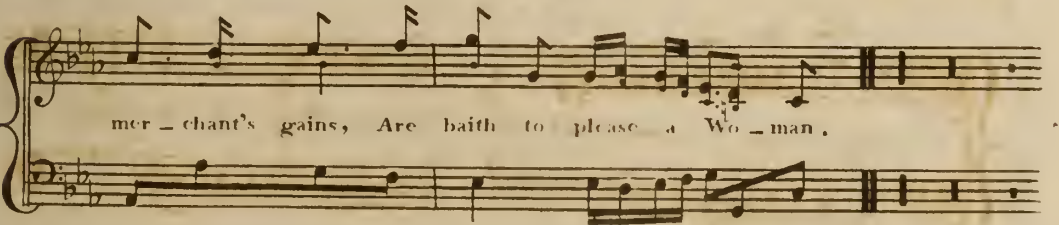
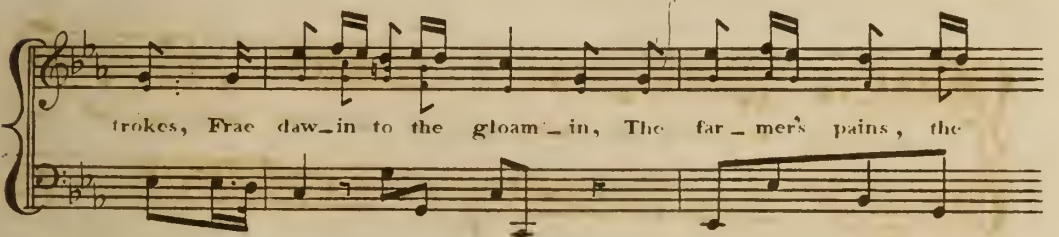
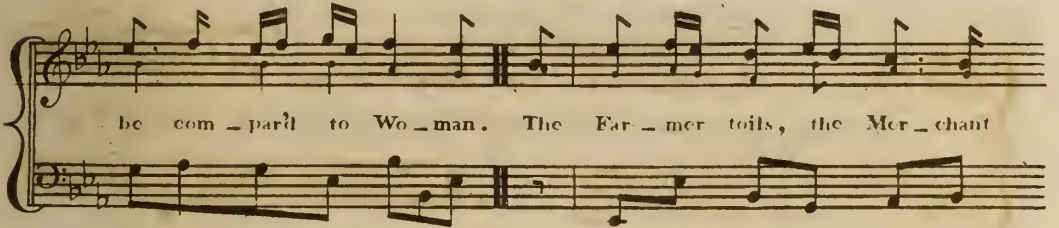
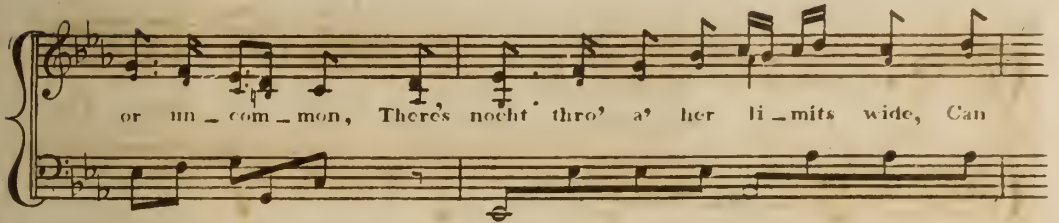
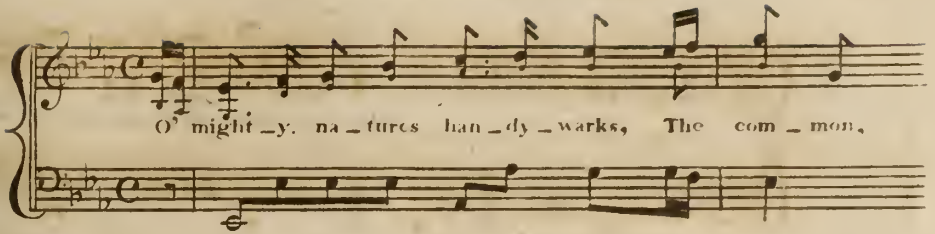
To part never mair.



## THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.



Eye upon yellow and yellow,  
 Eye upon yellow and green;  
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
 And up wi' the single soa'd sheen.  
 Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal;  
 And up wi' the men o' the Forest,  
 And down wi' the Mersc to the deil.



The Sailor spreads the daring sail,  
Thro' angry seas a foaming;  
The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,  
He gies, to please a Woman.  
The Sodger fights o'er crimson fields,  
In distant climates roaming;  
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,  
Before all-conquering Woman.

A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,  
Wi' other men in common,  
He flings aside his crown, and kneels  
A subject to a Woman.  
Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,  
Barbarian, Greek or Roman;  
It wad nae a' be worth a strat,  
Without my goddess, Woman.

## MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

My love has for\_saken me; Ken ye for why? Be\_cause he has

Chorus.

flocks and herds, And nane hae I. Whe\_ther I get him, whe\_ther I get him,

whether I get him or no; I care na three far\_dins; whether I get him or no.

Alas! that e'er poortith  
On leal hearts should fa;  
For love it turns cauldrie,  
And soon flies awa.  
But whether I get him, &c.

The fairest o' maidens,  
If poor they may be,  
Will a't sit fu' wae fu'  
Wi' the tear in their ee.  
Whether I get him, &c.

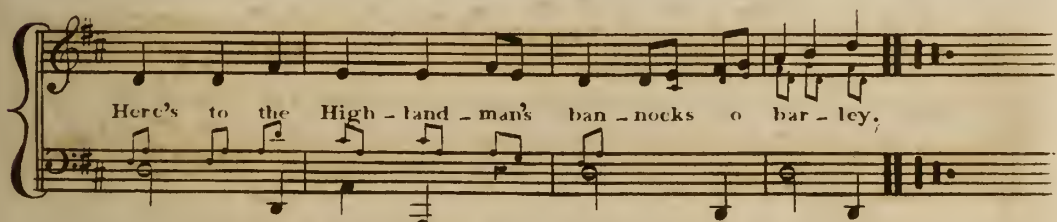
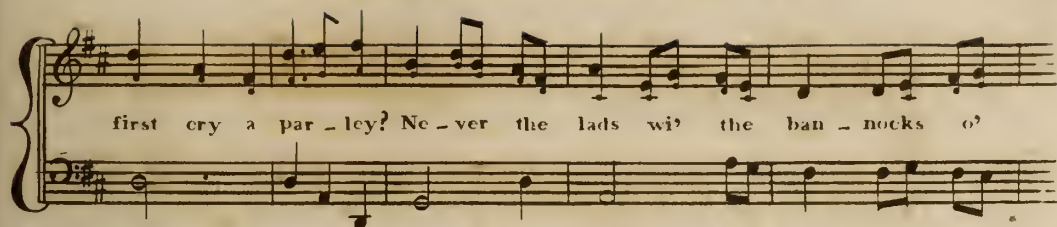
He vow'd, and he promis'd,  
And I did believe;  
But, since that he's faithless,  
'Tis folly to grieve.  
Whether I get him, &c.

## BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

Ban\_nocks o' bear meal, and ban\_nocks o' bar\_ley; Here's to the

high\_land\_man's ban\_nocks o' bar\_ley. Wha in a brul\_zie will





Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha was it cow'd the English loons rarely?  
 And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?  
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

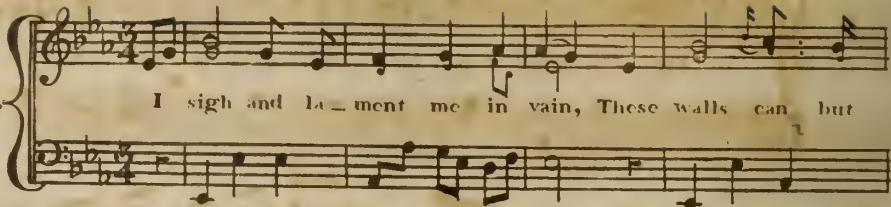
Wha was't, when hope was blasted fairly,  
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?  
 And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dread fu' sairly?  
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

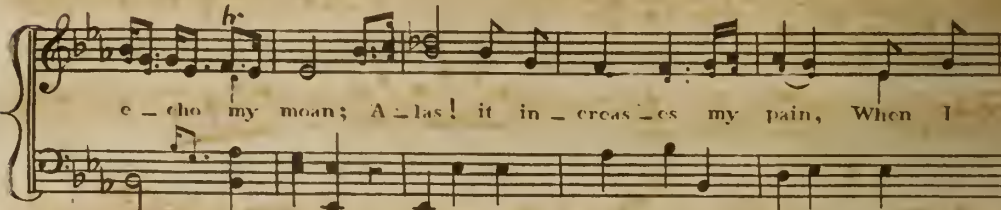
Wha for auld Geordie, at Egypt and Maida,  
 Scotland's proud banner sae fearless display'd - a?  
 Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade - a?  
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

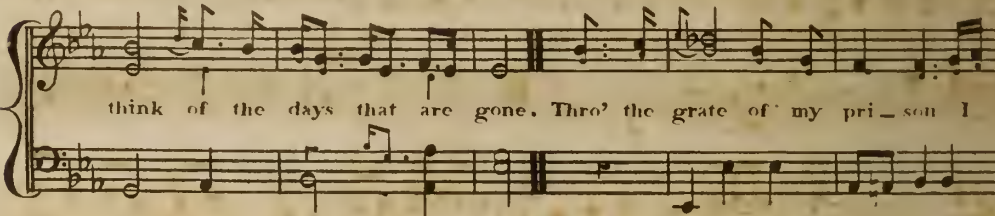
Wha on the Waterloo - heights waukened early?  
 Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,  
 Charged back the faemen, an' stude their grund fairly?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

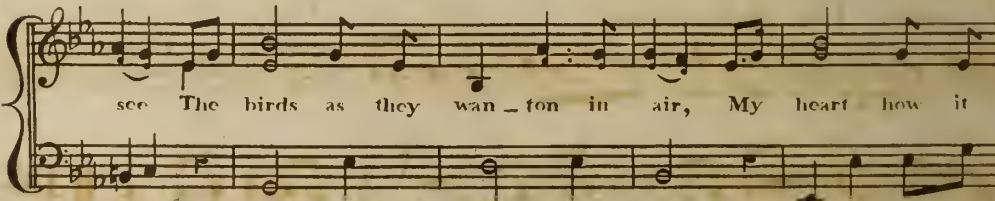
Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,  
 Poured like the bleeze o' their ain mountain heather?  
 Wha frae the Eagles wing plucked its last feather?  
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?  
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

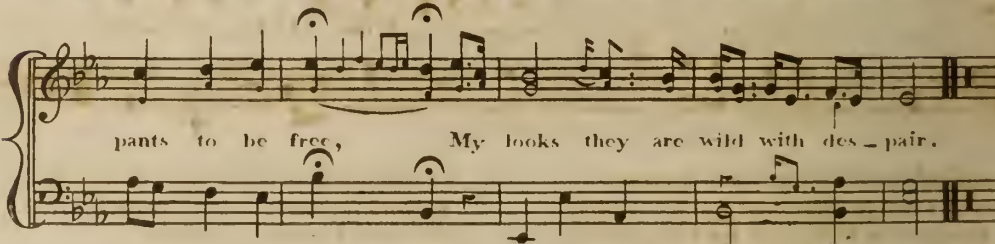
## QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

Feelingly  I sigh and la-ment me in vain, These walls can but

 e-cho my moan; A-las! it in-creas-es my pain, When I

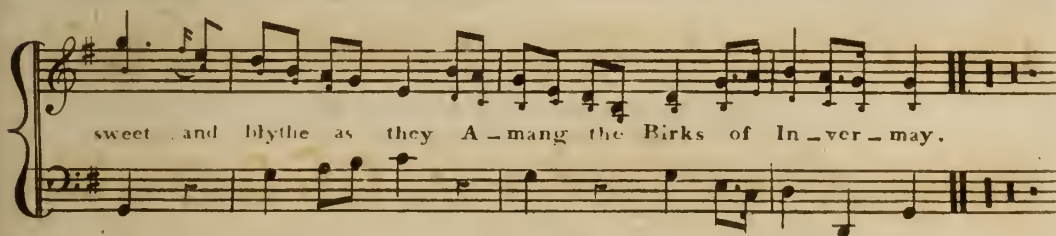
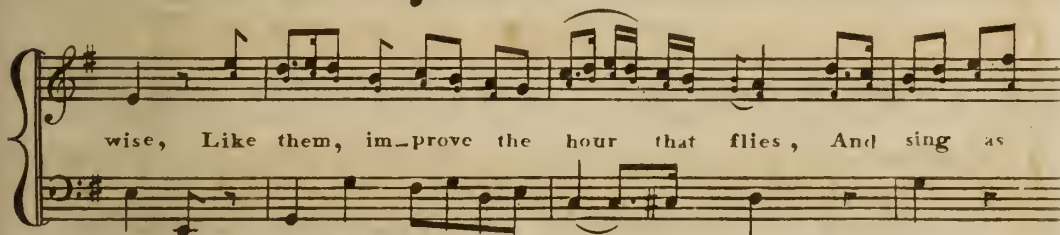
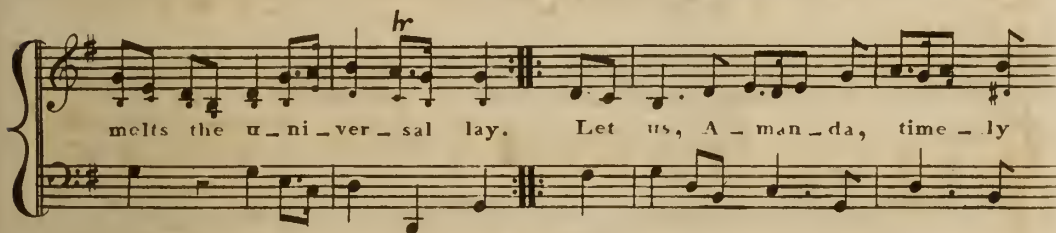
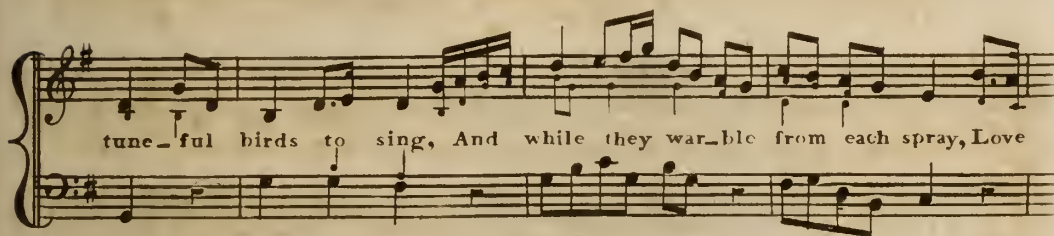
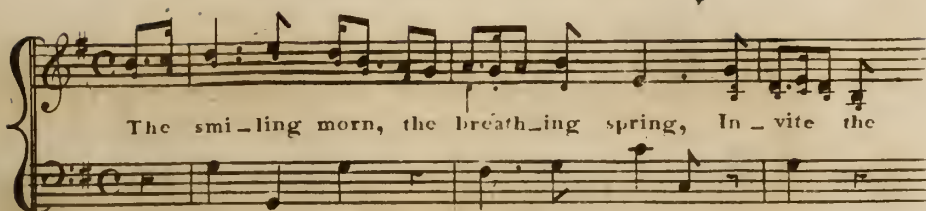
 think of the days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my pri-son I

 see The birds as they wan-ton in air, My heart how it

 pants to be free, My looks they are wild with des-pair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my Fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes,  
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,  
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.  
 False woman! in ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be,  
 And when we are cold in the tomb,  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the evening bell.  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 O Mary! prepare thee to die,  
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.



Behold the hills and vales around,  
With lowing herds and flocks about;  
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
Gambol and dance about their dams;  
The busy bees, with humming noise,  
And all the reptile-kind rejoice:  
Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray  
About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly my love to gladness call;  
The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
And fishes play throughout the streams;

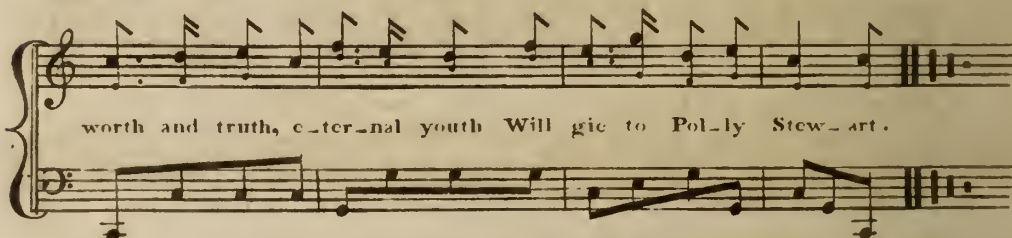
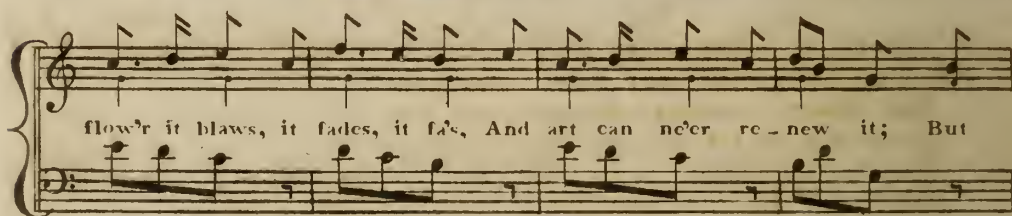
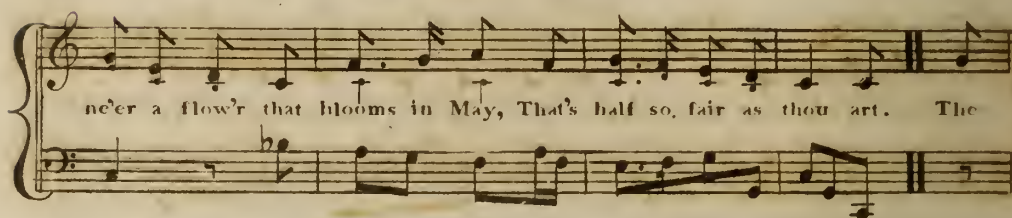
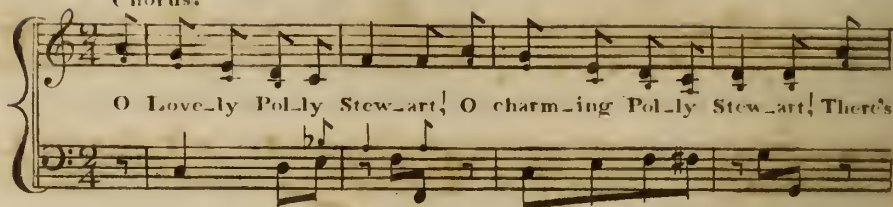
The circling sun does now advance,  
And all the planets round him dance:  
Let us as jovial be as they,  
Among the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear;  
At this thy living bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade:  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters are no more;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the Birks of Invermay.



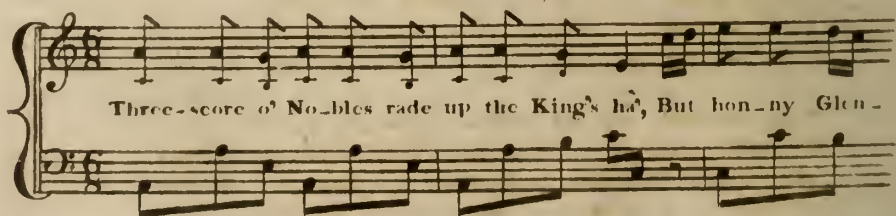
## LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

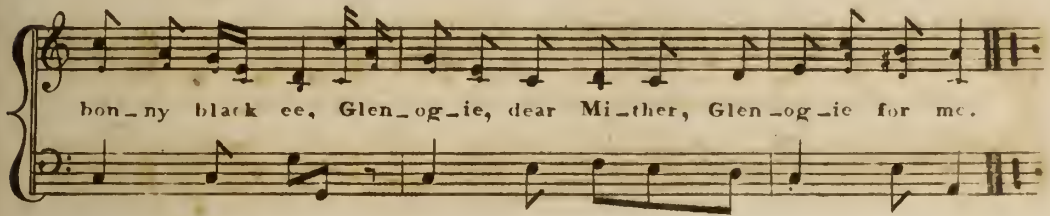
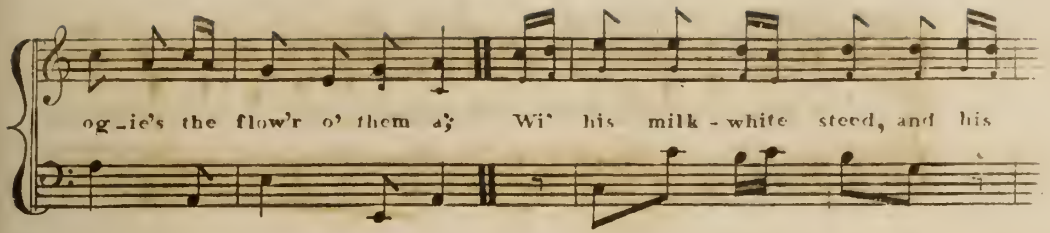
Chorus.



O lovely Polly Stewart!  
 O charming Polly Stewart!  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,  
 That's half sae sweet as thou art.  
 May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,  
 Possess a leal and true heart;  
 To him be given, to ken the heaven,  
 He grasps in Polly Stewart.

## GLENOGIE.





O had your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he;  
O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;  
Tho' Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,  
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,  
Will gae to Glenog-ie, and cum shune again?  
O here am I, a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,  
Will gae to Glenog-ie, and cum shune again.

When he gaed to Glenog-ie, 'twas wash and go dine;  
'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;  
O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it neer shall be mine,  
To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait till I dine;

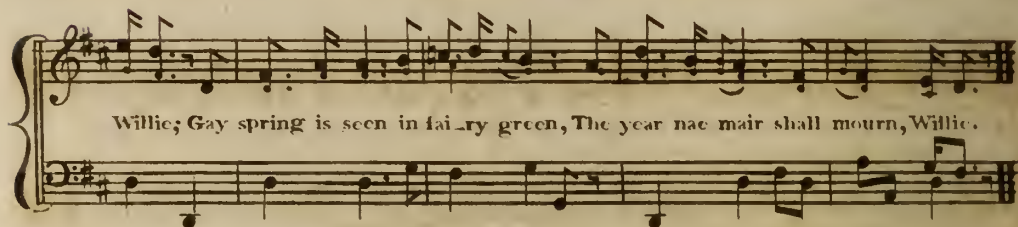
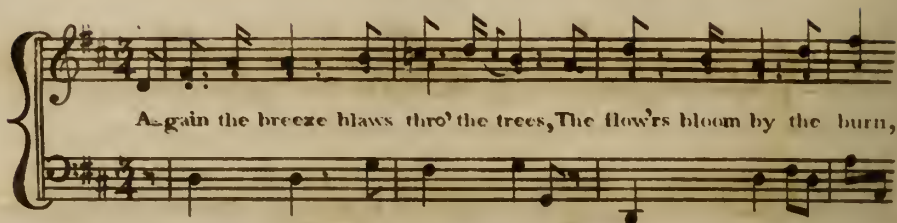
But there is, Glenog-ie, a letter to thee;  
The first line that he read, a low smile gae he;  
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his ee;  
But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown;  
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;  
But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green,  
O bonny Glenog-ie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there,  
Bonny Jean's Mother was tearing her hair;  
Ye're welcome, Glenog-ie, ye're welcome! said she;  
Ye're welcome, Glenog-ie, your Jeanie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenog-ie gaed ben;  
But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;  
She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her ee;  
O blinna feared, Mither, I'll may be no dee.

## O! WILT THOU THINK ON ME, WILLIE?



The tender buds hang on the woods,  
 An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;  
 Its blossom spreads, nor could blast dreads,  
 But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair;  
 She whids along the lea, Willie,  
 Thro' dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,  
 An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,  
 What pleasure can they gie, Willie?  
 My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;  
 It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

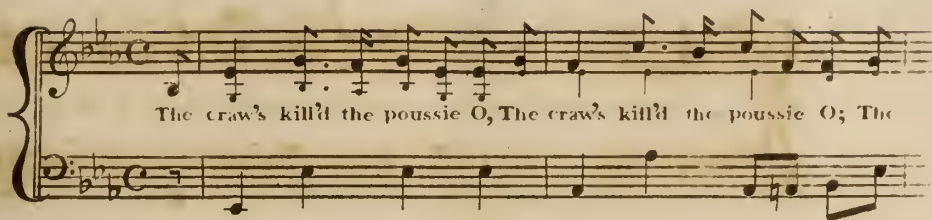
Silent and shy, they now gae bye,  
 That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;  
 Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang;  
 It's a' for loving thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart,  
 That heart nae mair is free, Willie;  
 Then, O! be kind, sin' now its thine,  
 I had nae mair to gie, Willie.

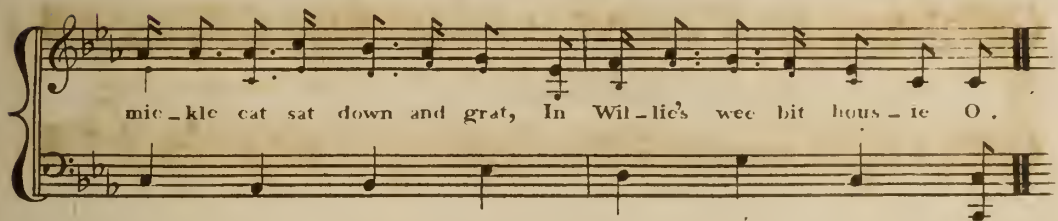
But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed  
 A wealthier bride than me, Willie;  
 Now nought can heal the wound I feel,  
 But lay me down an' die, Willie.

Fareweel ye braes and happier days!  
 By crystal-winding Creec, Willie;  
 When o'er my grave the green grass waves,  
 O wilt thou think on me, Willie.

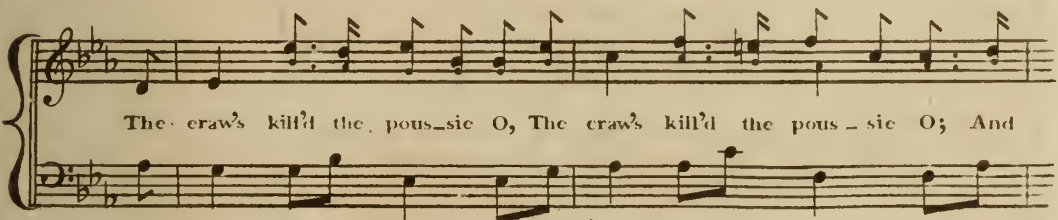




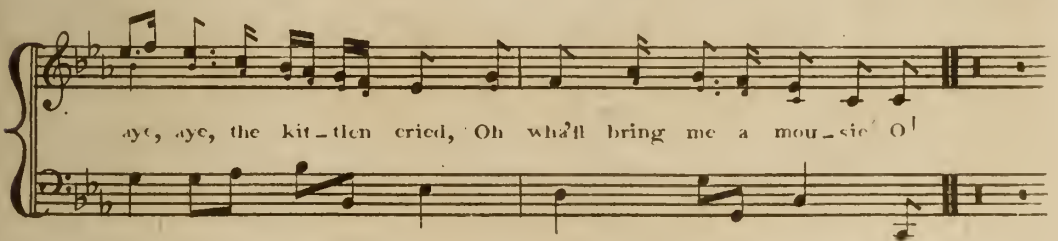
The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; The



mickle cat sat down and grat, In Wil-lie's wee bit hous-ie O.



The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; And



aye, aye, the kit-ten cried, Oh wha'll bring me a moussie O!

Comin' by the rockie O,  
 Comin' by the rockie O,  
 I ficket out the pickle meal,  
 And play'd me wi' the poekie O.  
 The Colly dog he sat and growl'd,  
 But never stirr'd the poussie O;  
 But, waur than a', the mickle craw  
 Has taen and kill'd our poussie O.

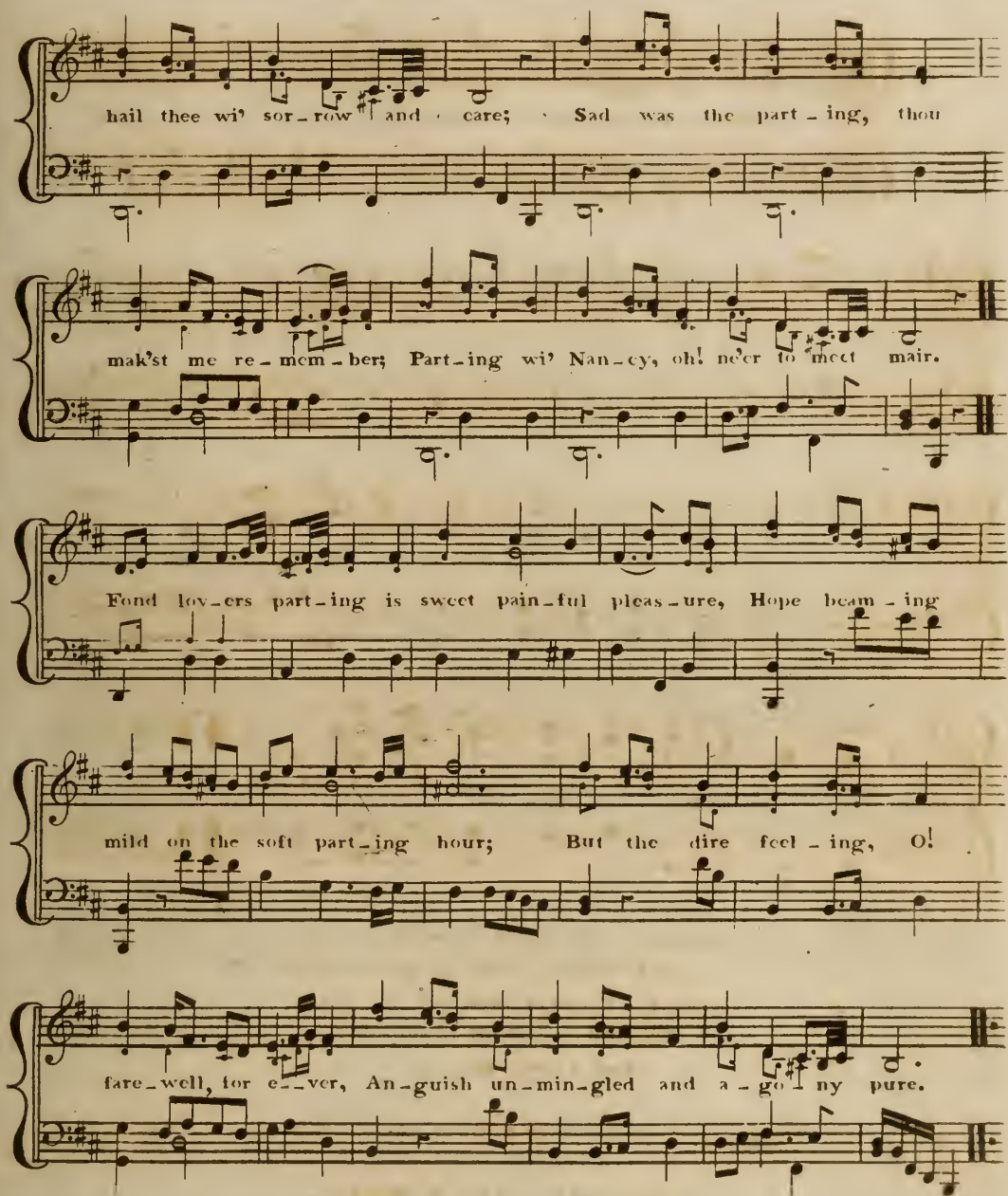
THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWAY.

O, how can I be blythe and glad; Or how can I gang  
brisk and braw; When the bon-nie lad, that I lo'e best, Is  
o'er the hills and far a - wa? When the bon-nie lad, that  
I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far a - wa?

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,  
And silken snoods he gae me twa;  
And I will wear them for his sake,  
The bonnie lad that's far awa.  
And I will, &c.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloom-y De-\_-cem-ber! Ance mair I



hail thee wi' sor-row and care; Sad was the part-ing, thou

mak'st me re-mem-ber; Part-ing wi' Nan-cy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lov-ers part-ing is sweet pain-ful pleas-ure, Hope beam-ing

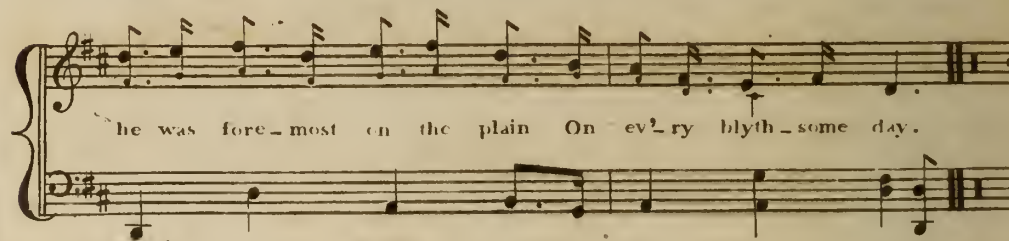
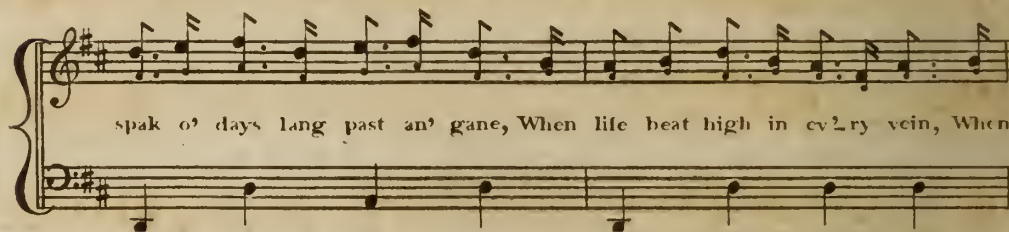
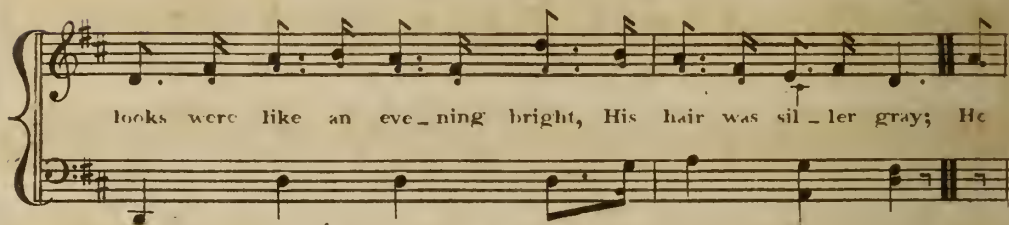
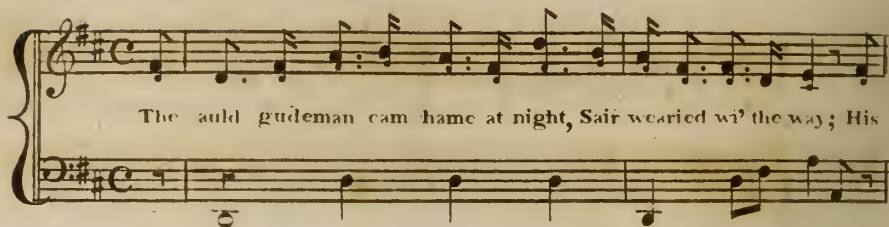
mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O!

fare-well, for e-ver, An-guish un-min-gled and a-gony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;  
 Such is the tempest, has shaken my bosom,  
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.  
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December!  
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
 For sad was the parting, thou makes me remember;  
 Parting wi' Nancy; oh! ne'er to meet mair.



## LORD EGLINTON'S AULD MAN.



The life o' man's a winter day;

Look back, 'tis gane as soon;

But yet his pleasures halve the way,

An' fly before 'tis noon,

But conscious virtue still maintains

The honest heart thro' toils an' pains,

An' hope o' better days remains,

An' hauds the heart aboon.

Lively

It's here a - wa, there a - wa, How they did rin, When they  
 saw the clans march, and in ear - nest be - gin; It's here a - wa,  
 there a - wa, how they did flee, When they heard that Prince Charlie was  
 come owre the sea. It's loons ye maun gae hame.

They got to their feet, just as sure as a gun,  
 When-e'er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come.  
 "Haste, haste ye awa," quo the auld wives wi' glee;  
 "O joy to the day Charlie cam owre the sea."  
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa,  
 For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';  
 Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifu' e'e,  
 For Charlie at last has come over the sea.  
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Our lang Scottish miles they will tire ye right sair,  
 An' aiblins, in mosses an' bogs ye will lair;  
 But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,  
 I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sea.  
 An' loon ye maun gae hame.

Lively

Dun-can Gray cam here to woo, A' but the wor-din' a't;

He cou'd scrape, and he cou'd how; Mum was the burden of,

Mo-ny 'hums and mo-ny heys, Thumbs he twirl'd twenty ways:

But a sound he could not raise; Mum was the bur-den of.

Meg was blythe and Meg was bra,

Hech, hey, the wooin o't;

She had scorned one or two,

And ne'er tuk the ruen fort --

"Dummy lad, now ye'll can spay,

"Tell me wha for life I'll hae?"

He has written *Duncan Gray*;

Fair fa' the wordin o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,

Hech, hey, the weein at;

Death o' words it was nae crime;

Heh, hey, the woin o't;

Duncan yellow gow'd cou'd tell,

Walth had he o' maut an' meal,

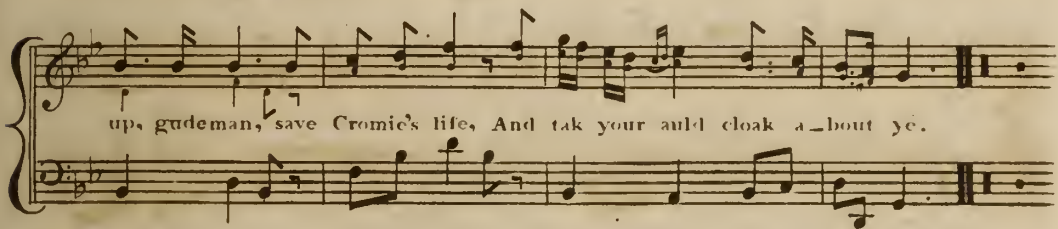
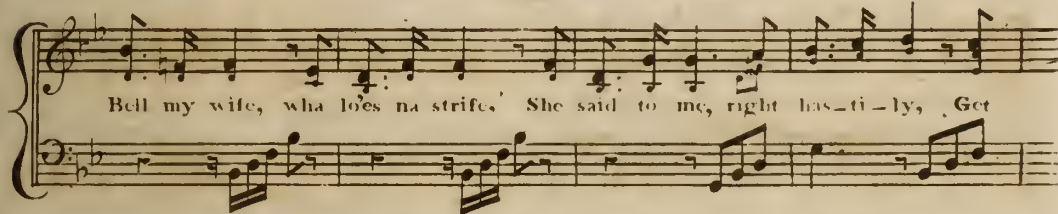
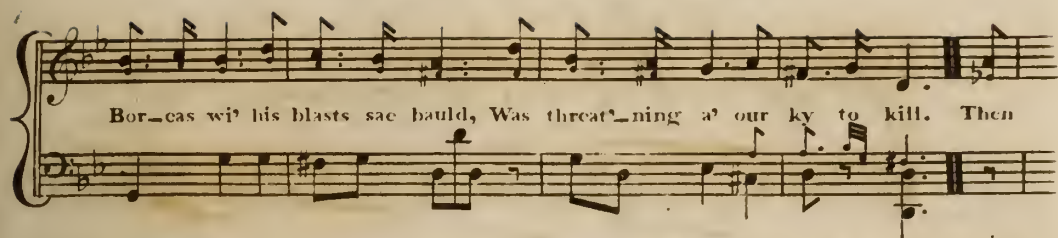
She wad find the words hersell,

Heeh, hey, the wooin o't.

TAKE YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cold, And frost and snow on il. ka hill, And





My Cromie is a usefu' cow,  
 And she is come of a good kyne;  
 Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,  
 And I am laith that she should tynie;  
 Get up, gudeman, it is four time,  
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now its scanty worth a groat,  
 For I have worn't this thirty year;  
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die;  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,  
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half a crown;  
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And ead the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou the man of laigh degree;  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind o' corn it has its hool,  
 I think the world is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurkling in the ase?  
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we ha'e had, between us twa  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten;  
 Now they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es na strife,  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
 Then I'll leave aff whare I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE  
After the Battle of Falkirk.

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment, featuring a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a more active bass line. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables across measures. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The lyrics are as follows:

Thou dark-wind-ing Car-ron ance pleasing to see, To me thou canst  
ne-ver bring plea-sure a-gain; My brave Cal-le-don-ians lie low on the  
lea, And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain! Ah!  
base-heart-ed treach'-ry has doom'd our un-do-ing; My poor bleed-ing  
coun-try, what more can I do? Ev'n va-lour looks pale o'er the  
red field of ru-in, And free-dom be-holds her best warriors laid low!

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, farewell!

Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,  
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,  
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave!  
But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;  
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die:  
On thy wrongs, O my Country! indignant I ponder;  
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

Andante.

Let us go, Las-sie, go To the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther, Where the  
 bla-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie high-land heather; Where the deer and the  
 rac, Light-ly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the  
 braes o' Bal-quhi-ther. Where the deer and the rac, Light-ly bound-ing to-  
 ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther.

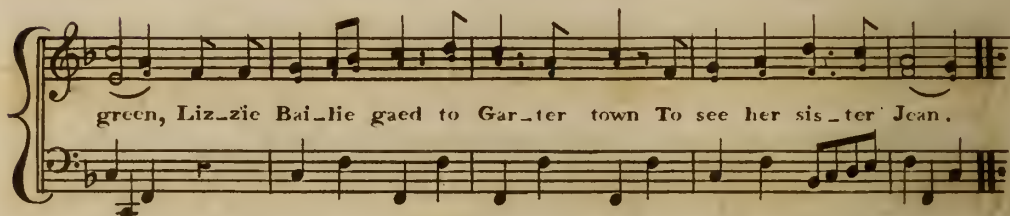
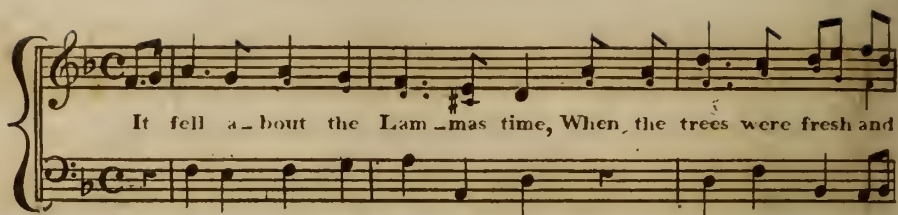
I will twine thee a bow'r  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;  
 I will range thro' the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sae dreary,  
 And return wi' their spoils  
 To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the lin  
 On the night breeze is swelling,  
 Somerrily we'll sing,  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 'Till the dear sheeling ring  
 Wi' the light tilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,  
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming;  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.



## LIZZIE BAILIE.



She'd no been lang in Garter town  
Till she met wi' Duncan Graham,  
Wha kindly there saluted her,  
And wad convey her hame.

And she's cast aff her heigh-heel'd shoon,  
Made o' the morroco leather,  
And she's put on the Highland brogues,  
To skip among the heather.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,  
Ye's hae a tartan plaidie,  
Gin ye will gang along wi' me  
And be a Highland Lady.

And she's put aff her lowland brows,  
Made o' the silk and satin,  
And she's put on the worsted gown,  
To skip among the breckin.

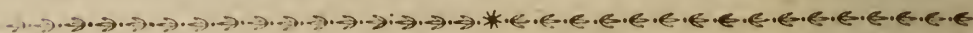
I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wise,  
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;  
For I can neither card nor spin,  
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir.

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,  
Nor be an English lady,  
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,  
And wear a tartan plaidie.

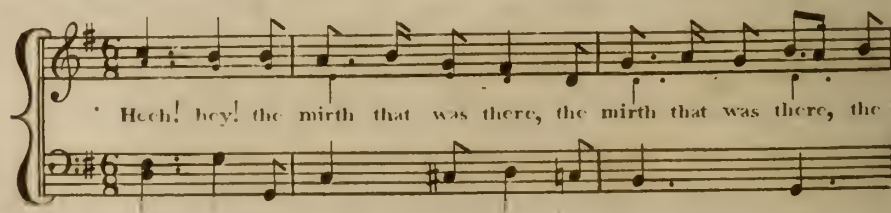
My bonny Lizzie Bailie,  
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;  
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin;  
Your mither weel can want ye.

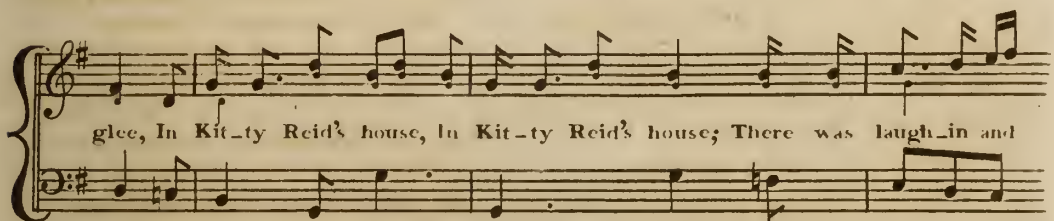
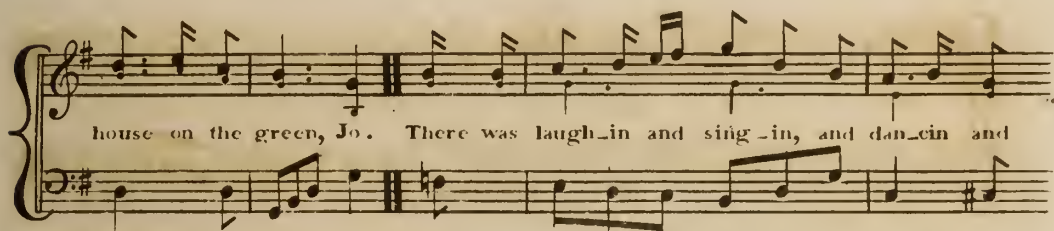
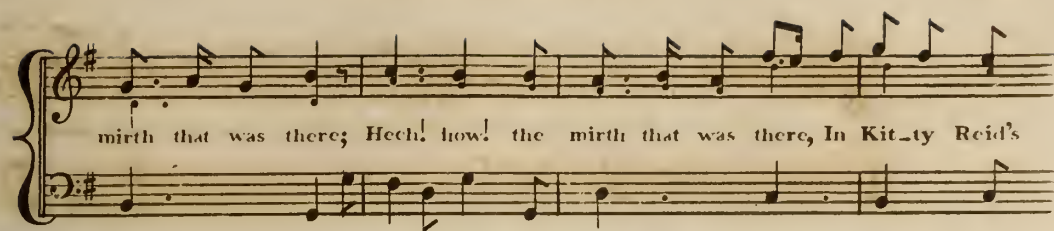
She was nae ten miles frae the town,  
When she began to weary,  
And ayeshe looked back and cried,  
Farewell to Castlecarry!

Now, wae be to you, logger-heads,  
That dwell near Castlecarry,  
To let awa' sic a bonny lass  
Bauld Duncan Graham to marry!



## KITTY REID'S HOUSE ON THE GREEN, 30.





Hech! hey! the fright that was there,  
     The fright that was there,  
     The fright that was there;  
 Hech! how! the fright that was there,  
     In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.  
 The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',  
 An' a' body thought the lift it wad fa',  
 An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa',  
     Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,  
     The dule that was there,  
     The dule that was there;  
 The birds and beasts it wauken'd them a'  
     In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.  
 The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',  
 The Piper, the Fidler, auld Kitty, and a';  
 The Kye fell a routin, the cocks they did crow,  
     In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

## S.A.W' YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Moderato

Saw ye Johnnie comin'?' quo'she; Saw ye Johnnie comin'?

O saw ye Johnnie comin'?' quo'she; Saw ye Johnnie comin'?

comin'?' Wi' a blue bonnet on his head, And his doggie

runnin'?' quo'she; And his doggie runnin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo'she;

Fee him, father, fee him,

For he is a gallant lad,

And a weel doin';

And a' the wark about the house

Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo'she,

Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?

What will I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I ha'e nae to gie him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gie him;

And for a merk of mair fee

Diinna stand wi' him, quo'she;

Diinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo'she;

Weel do I lo'e him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo'she,

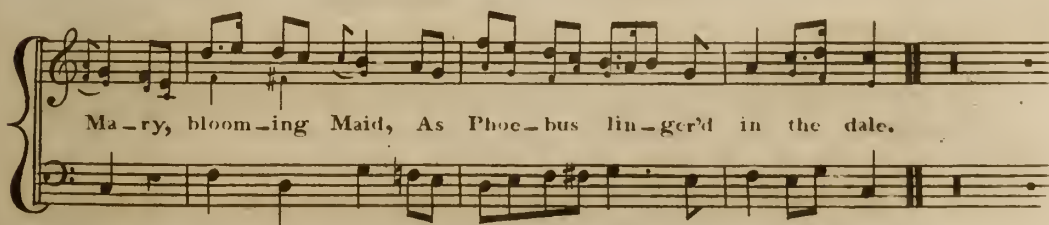
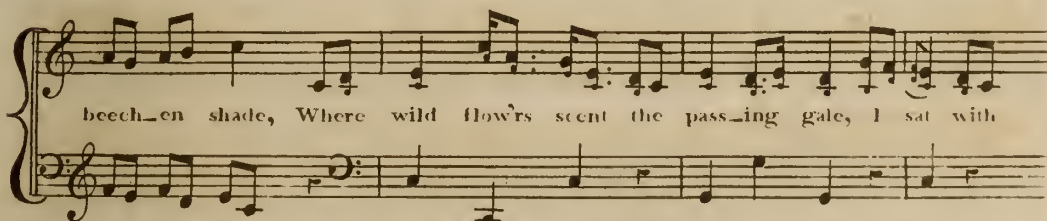
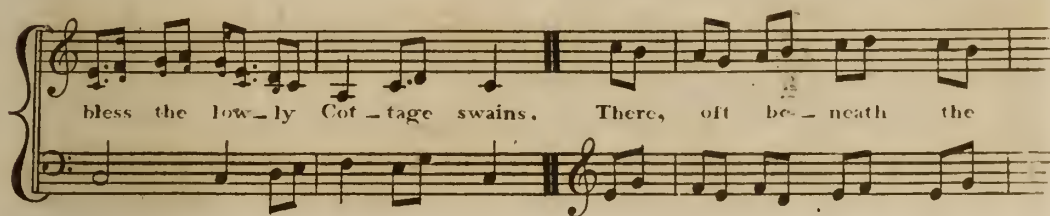
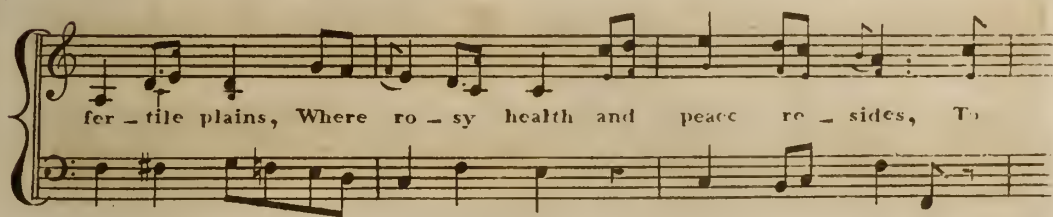
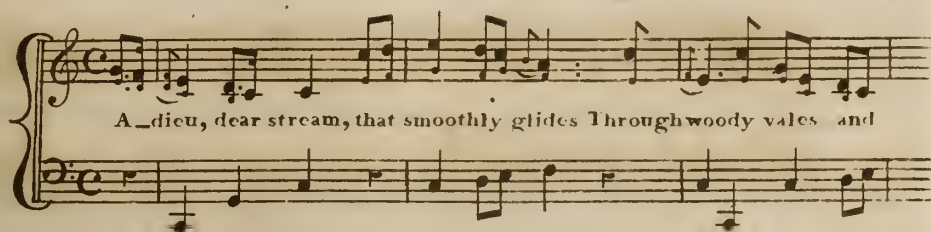
Fee him, father, fee him;

He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,

And crack wi' me at e'en, quo'she;

Crack wi' me at e'en.





No more along thy flowery side,  
 I'll view the fishes eager spring  
 To catch the fly, which on thy tide,  
 Skims unconcern'd, with playful wing.  
 Those scenes for ever I'll hold dear,  
 Tho' hoary Ocean roll between,  
 And oft at eve will shed the tear,  
 And heave the bursting sigh unseen.

## MY RONALD WAS A GALLANT GAY.

My Ronald was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strade he on the plain; But

now he's banish'd far awa, I'll never see him back a-gain. O for him back a-gain!

Chorus.

O for him back a-gain! I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land For Hi' land Ronald back again.

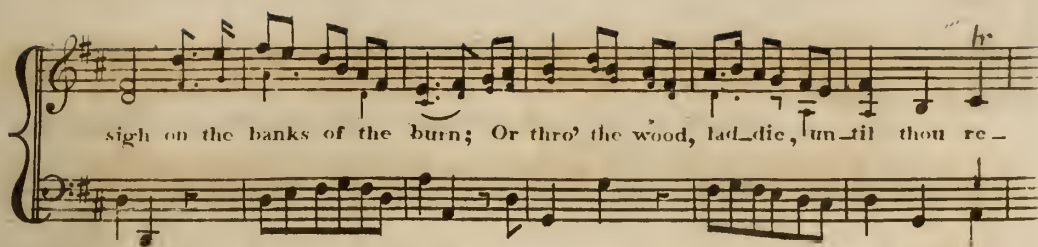
When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen;  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.  
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Ronald back again.  
O for him, &c.

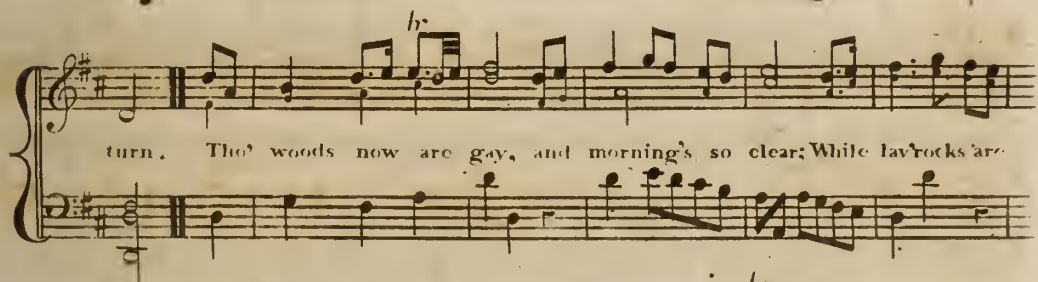
## THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

Slow O San\_dy, why leaves thou thy Nel\_ly to mourn? Thy

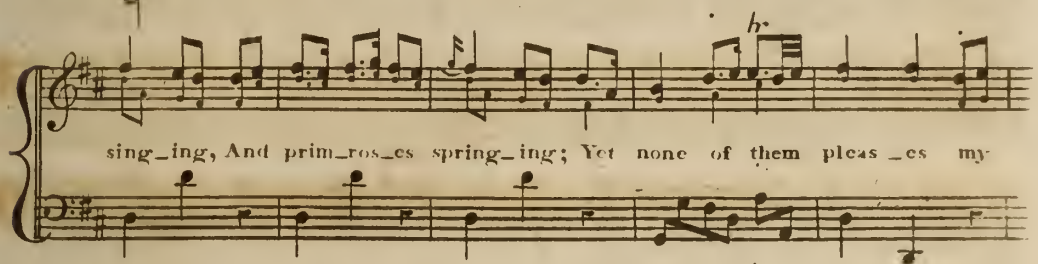
pre\_sence could ease me, When no\_thing can please me; Now, dow\_ie I



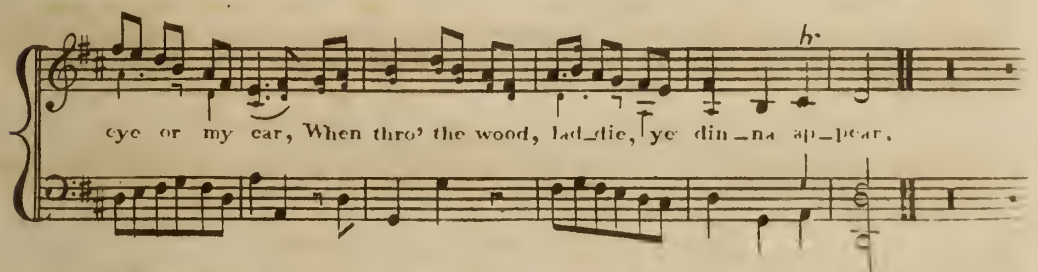
sigh on the banks of the burn; Or thro' the wood, lad-die, un-til thou re-



turn. Tho' woods now are gay, and morning's so clear; While lav'rocks are



sing-ing, And prim-ros-es spring-ing; Yet none of them pleas-es my



eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, lad-die, ye din-na ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell;

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood laddie, I wander mysell,

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

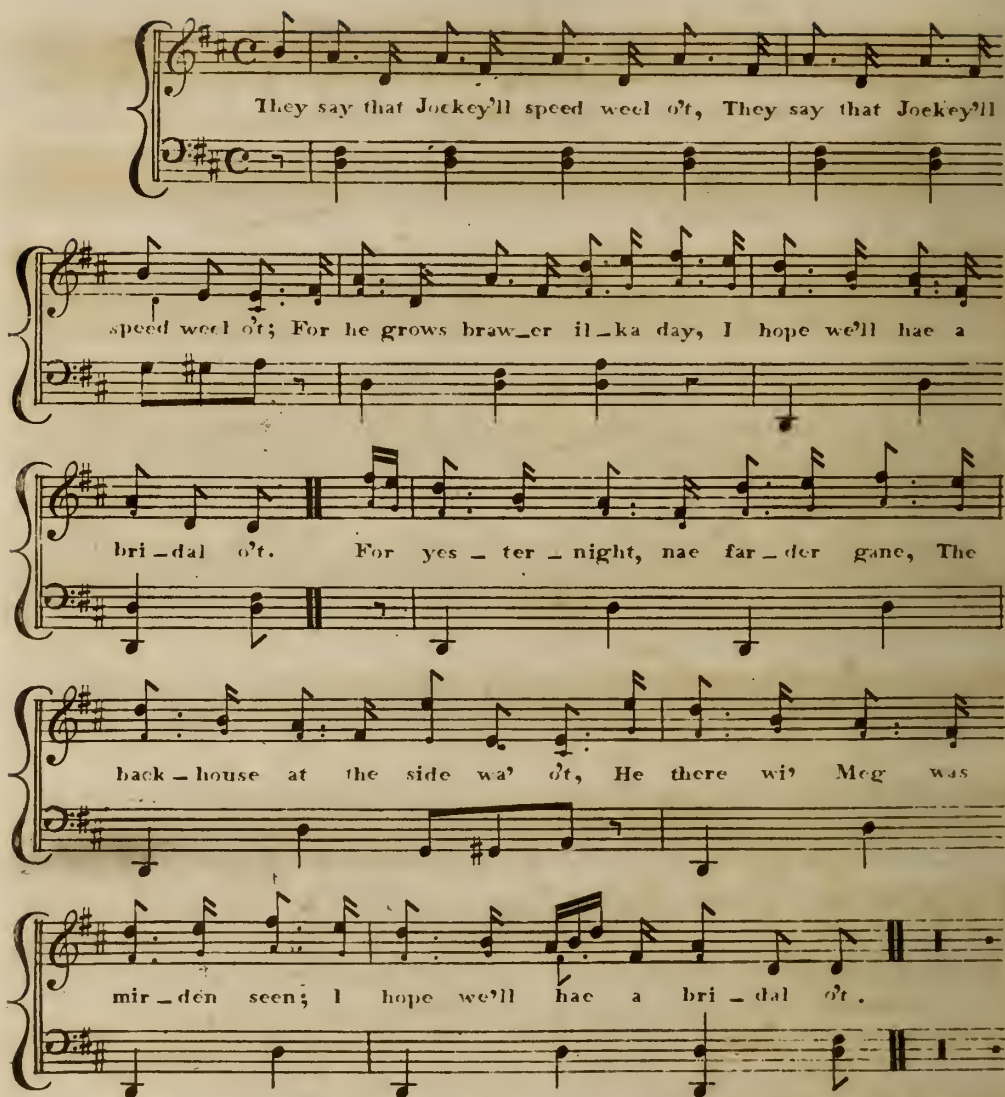
Haste, haste here tomorrow;

For I live in anguish, till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and stray.



## THE BRIDAL O'T.



They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Joekey'll  
speed weel o't; For he grows braw\_er il\_ka day, I hope we'll hae a  
bri\_dal o't. For yes\_ter\_night, nae far\_der gane, The  
back\_house at the side wa' o't, He there wi' Meg was  
mir\_den seen; I hope we'll hae a bri\_dal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,  
An we had but a bridal o't,  
We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,  
Altho' there should betide ill o't,  
For bridal days are merry times,  
And young folks like the coming o't,  
And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
And Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,  
The lasses like a bridal o't;  
Their braws maun be in rank and file,  
Altho' that they should guide 'll o't.  
The boddom o' the kist is then  
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,  
The end that held the keeks sae clean  
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,  
The bangster at the threshing o't,  
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,  
And ilka day's a clashin o't,  
The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,  
The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,  
Can smell a bridal unco far,  
And like to be the middlers o't.

Andante

Gin 'I had a wee house an' a can-ty wee fire, A  
 bon-nie wee Wi-fie to praise an' ad-mire, A bon-nie wee  
 yar-die a-side a wee burn; Fare-weel to the ho-dies that  
 Chorus.  
 yar-mer an' mourn. Sae, hide ye yet, and hide ye yet, Ye  
 lit-tle ken what may be-tide ye yet, Some bon-nie wee bo-dy may  
 fa' to my lot, An' I'll aye be can-ty wi' think-in' o't.

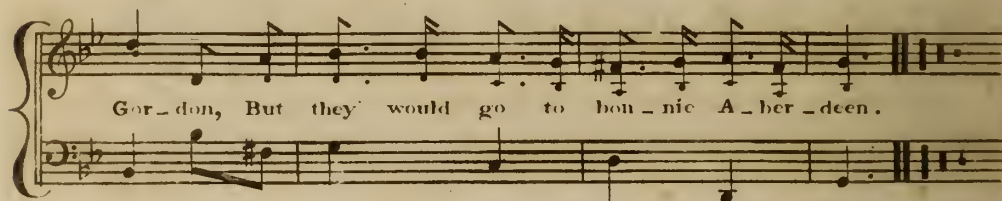
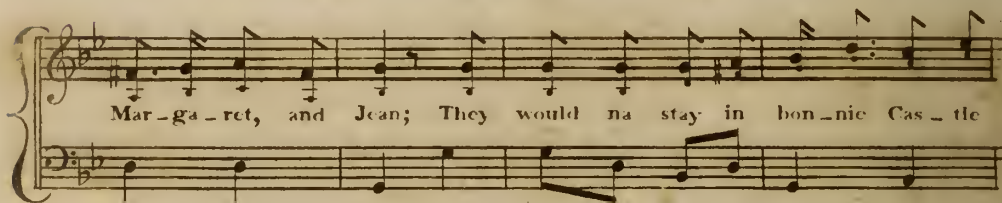
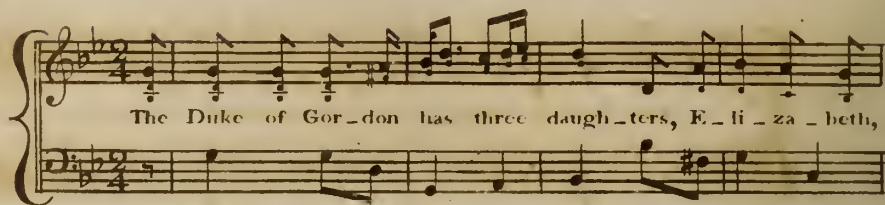
When I gang afield and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee Wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,  
 Wi' a bonny wee hairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry Papa, or Daddy, to me.

Sae hide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be  
 A diff'ence atween my wee Wifie an' me,  
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,  
 I'll kiss her, an' clap her, until she be pleas'd.

Sae hide ye yet, &c.

## THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.



They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Capl Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Jean has fell in love with Capl Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,  
And you'll ride on the grey,  
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only ane,  
Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
But away was Lady Jean.

Where is your sister, maidens?  
Where is your sister, now?  
Where is your sister, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father!  
O pardon us! they did say,  
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae.

And when he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see Captain Ogilvie  
Training up his men.

O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,  
And an ill death thou shalt die,  
For taking awa my daughter Jean,  
Hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,  
If ever he hanged a man.

I will not hang Captain Ogilvie  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold-lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
This penance I'll tak wi';  
If 'this be' for bonny Jeany Gordon  
All this and mair I will dree.

Lady Jean had not been married  
Not a year but only three,  
Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,  
And a third upon her knee.

O, but I'm weary of wandering!  
O, but my fortune is bad!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
To follow a soldier lad.



What think ye o' the scorn - fu' quean, She'll no sit down by me? I'll

see the day that she'll re - pine, Un - less she does a - gree. O

she did hoot, and toot, and flout, Cause I bade her sit down; But

the neist time that e'er I do't, I'll be whip - ped like a loon. Wi' a

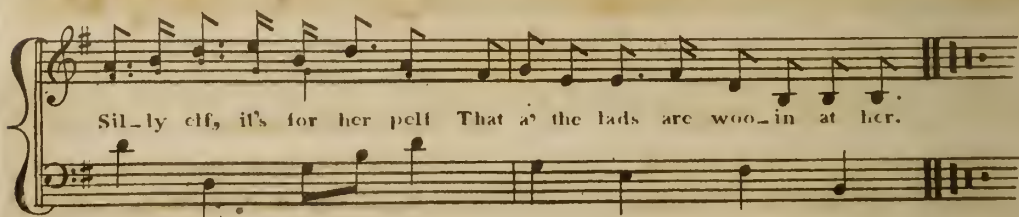
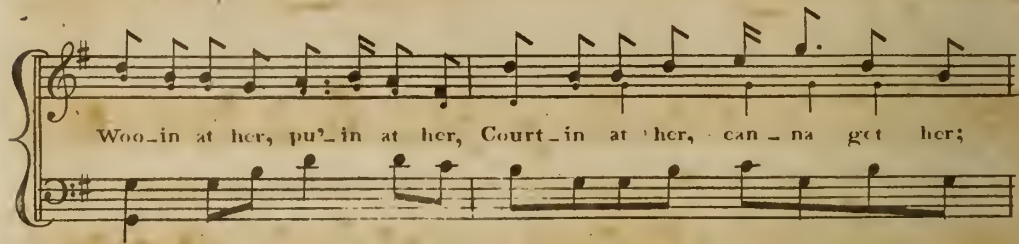
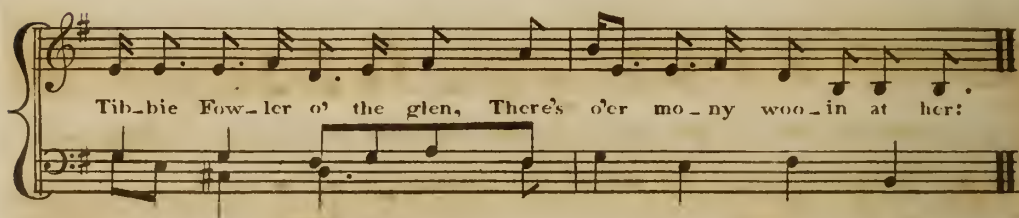
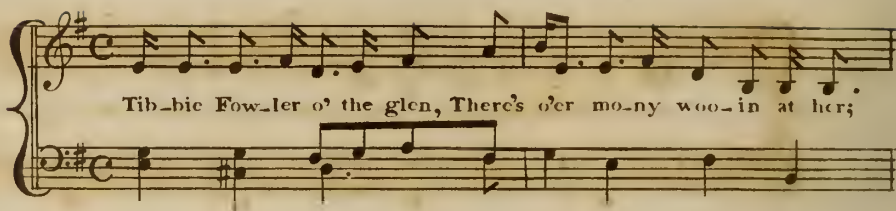
tir - ry, whir - ry, tir - ry, whir - ry, tir - ry, whir - ry, tee; What

think ye o' the scorn - fu' Quean, She'll no sit down by me?

I laid my head upo' my loof,  
 I did na care a strag;  
 I ken'd fu' weel, that in a joof  
 Stand lang she wad na sae.  
 At last a blythsome lass did cry,  
 Come, Sandy, gie's a sang;  
 O now, Meg Dorts, I'll fairly try,  
 Your heart-strings for to twang.  
 Wi' a titty, &c.

## TIBBIE FOWLER.

Slow



Ten came east, and ten came west,  
 Ten came rowin' o'er the water,  
 Twa came down the lang dyke-side;  
 There's twa and thirty woo-in at her.  
 Woo-in at her, &c.

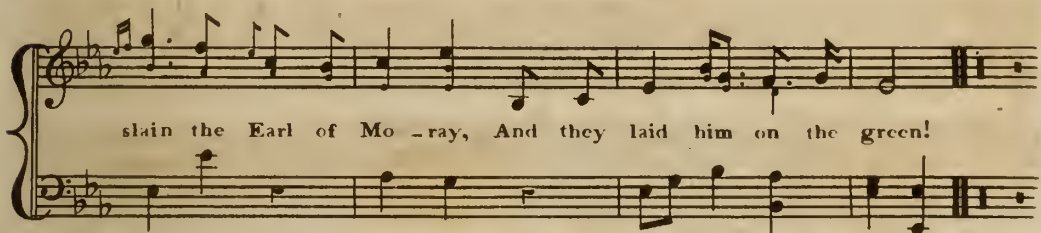
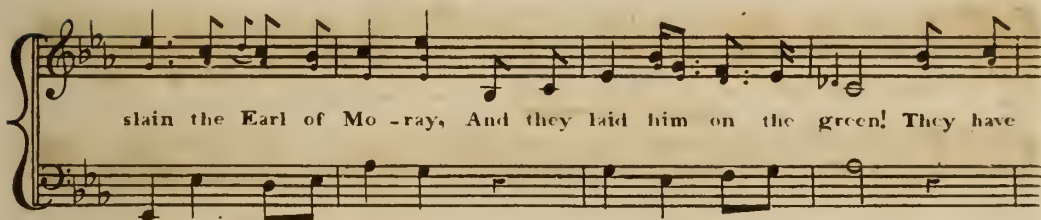
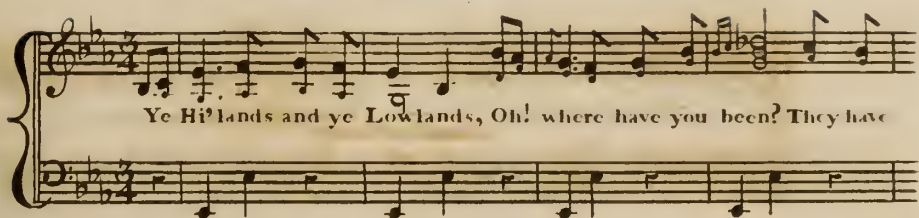
There's seven butt, and seven ben,  
 Seven in the pantry wi' her;  
 Twenty head about the door;  
 There's ane and forty woo-in at her.  
 Woo-in at her, &c.

She sits queen among them a'  
 Ilka chield expects to get her;  
 Gin she but let her thimble fa',  
 There're like to knock their heads together.  
 Woo-in at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,  
 Cockle-shells wad set her better;  
 High-heeld shoon and siller tags,  
 And a' the lads are woo-in at her.  
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 An' she hae the name o' siller,  
 Set her upon Tintock-tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her.  
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,  
 An' she want the penny siller,  
 A flie may tell her in the air,  
 Before a man be even till her.  
 Woo-in at her, &c.



Now wae be to thee, Huntly!  
And wherefore did you sae?  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay.  
I bade, &c.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba'—  
And the bonny Earl of Moray  
Was the flower amang them a'.  
And the, &c.

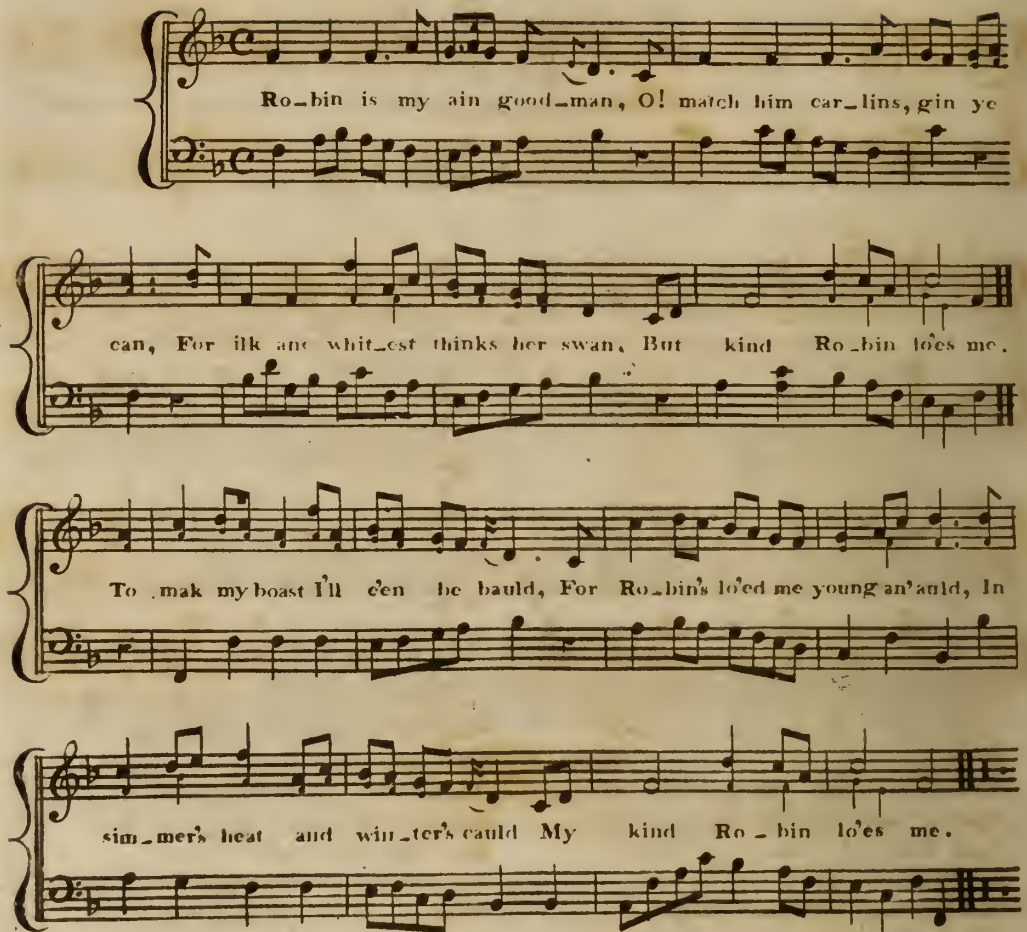
He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring—  
And the bonny Earl of Moray,  
Oh! he might have been a king.  
And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the glove—  
And the bonny Earl of Moray  
Oh! he was the Queen's true love.  
And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady  
Look o'er the Castle Down,  
Ere she see the Earl of Moray  
Come sounding through the town.  
Ere she, &c.



## KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

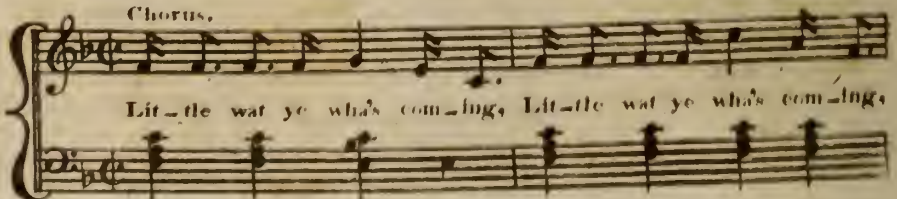


Ro-bin is my ain good-man, O! match him car-lins, gin ye  
 can, For ilk ane whit-est thinks her swan, But kind Ro-bin loes me.  
 To mak my boast I'll e'en be bauld, For Ro-bin's loed me young an'auld, In  
 sim-mer's heat and win-ter's cauld My kind Ro-bin loes me.

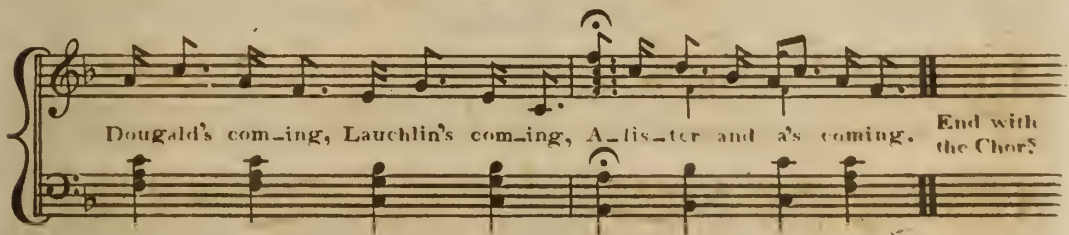
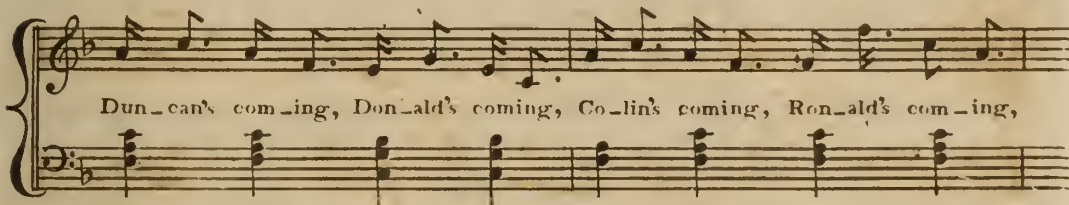
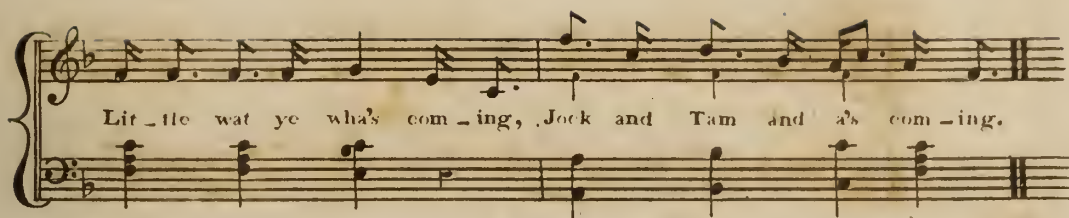
Robin he comes hame at e'en,  
 Wi' pleasure glancin in his een:  
 He tells me a' he's heard an' seen,  
 And syne how he loes me,  
 There's some hae laud, and some hae gowd,  
 And some wad hae them gin they cou'd,  
 But a' I wish o' world's guid  
 Is Robin aye to loe me.

## THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Chorus.



Lit-tle wat ye wha's com-ing, Lit-tle wat ye wha's com-ing,



The Laird o' Mac-Intosh is comin,  
 M<sup>c</sup> Crable and M<sup>c</sup> Leod is comin,  
 M<sup>c</sup> Kenzie and M<sup>c</sup> Pherson's comin,  
 And a' the wild M<sup>c</sup> Craws comin.  
 Hark how the Clans are crying!  
 See how the plaids are flying!  
 There's Keppoch, and Clanronald,  
 Wi' a' the Sandies, and the Donalds.

Atholes men they are comin,  
 Perth's men they are comin,  
 Glengary's men they're comin,  
 And a' the noble Grants are comin  
 The strang, the great, are comin on,  
 Lochiel, Lovat, Fergusson,  
 Appin, Cluny, and Maclean,  
 The big, the wee, the fat, the lean.

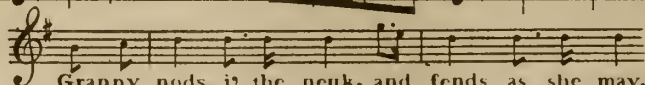
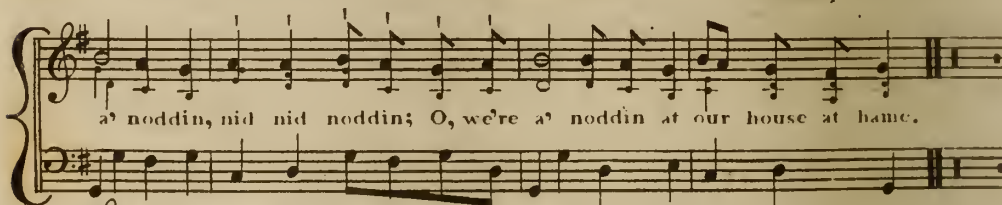
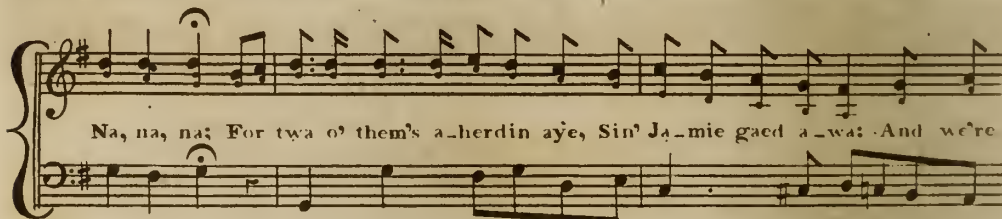
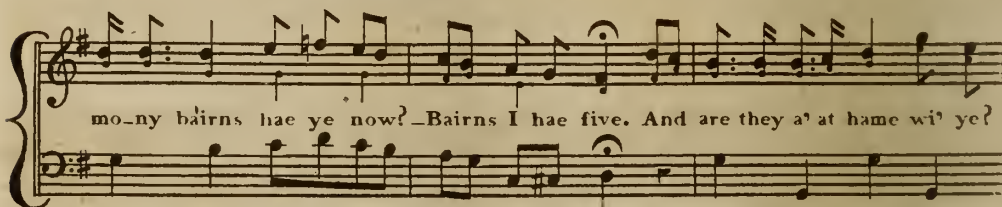
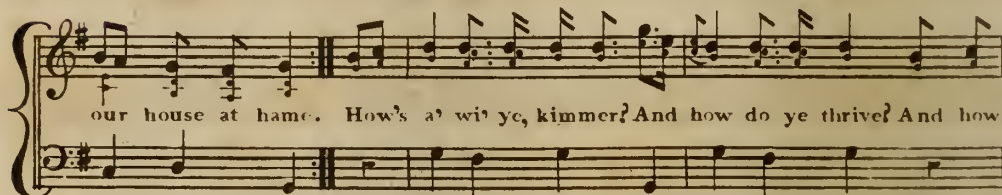
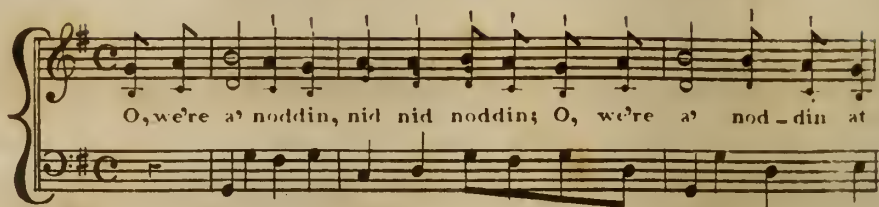
Nithsdale's comin, Kenmure's comin,  
 Derwentwater and Foster's comin,  
 Borland and Mac-Gregor's comin,  
 Mac-Gillivray and a's comin,  
 Mony a' bonny Lord I see,  
 Cromarty and Ogilvie,  
 Lewis Gordon and Glenbuckets  
 The Whigs were niver in sic a racket.

Wigton, Nairne, Withrington,  
 Earl Mar, depend upon,  
 There's Elcho, and Balmerino,  
 Kilmarnock's band we a' know;  
 Brave Kenmure he's comin,  
 Carnwarth he is runnin,  
 Primrose too o' Dunnypalce,  
 And mony mair will rin the race.

Lords and Lairds, and a's comin,  
 Borland and his men's comin;  
 Blythe Cowhill he is comin,  
 And Ilka Dunnymastick comin,  
 Hark, now, the clans are near!  
 Wi' Pipers playing loud and clear,  
 The Whigs will find its nae fun,  
 When they fa' in wi' Donald Gun.

O! bravely do the lads fight,  
 When they ken they're in the right;  
 And, oh! it is a bonny sight  
 To see the hieland Clans comin!  
 They gloom, they glow'r, they blik sae bigs  
 At every stroke they tell a whig—  
 They mair rin, or they'll be dead,  
 For a' the hieland Clans are comin.

## WE'RE A' NODDIN' AT OUR HOUSE AT HAME.



And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day.  
Vow! but she was bonnie, and vow! but she was braw,  
And she had routh o' wooers ance, I's warrant, great an' sma';  
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too;  
She sits i' the corner suppin' a' the broo;  
And when the bit bairnies wad e'en hae their share,  
She gies them the ladle, but ne'er a drap's there:  
For she's aye noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive;  
They say th' French is rinnin' for't, and we'll hae peace behye.\*  
The bear's i' the brier, and the hay's i' the stack,  
And a' will be right wi' gin Jamie were cum back:  
For we're a' noddin, &c.















